PARSONS's MINOR THEATRE.

W. Ridley, sculp.

Mr. FARREN.

Printed for J. Parsons, 21, Paternoster Row. May 1799.

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THE GUARDIAN.

A FARCE

IN TWO ACTS.

WRITTEN BY DAVID GARRICK, ESQ.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRES ROYAL, DRURY-LANE AND COVENT-GARDEN.

The Lines distinguished by inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation.

London:

PRINTED BY J. JARVIS,

FOR J. PARSONS, N° 21, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1793.

The Guardian.

THIS excellent Farce, (a free translation from the French) by the late David Garrick, *was, for the first time presented to the town, on the boards of Old Drury, in* 1759.

Garrick, like the matchless bard he delighted to honour, had studied nature through all her walks. This great actor mixed with society to mark its manners. Of the truth of this, his works, though few, bear honourable testimony. In the study *the creations of his active mind, were raised by nature: on the* stage, *every action, every look, and every tone, were conceived, modelled, and breathed in the strictest conformity to her unerring and chaste principles.*

The character of the Guardian is finely drawn. The two Clackits hold up the mirror to the numerous herd of frivolous beings, which in every age have set sense and reason at defiance, and provoked satire to perform its wholesome office.

Harriet presents a picture of simplicity and candour. The letter scene, in which she, with address and delicacy, avows her affection to an object so worthy of it, places her character in a point of view truly amiable.

At the time this piece was written, gentlemen, even on the wrong side of forty, *were not in the habit of appearing in* eye-wigs. *By a side speech from* Lucy, *it is evident a curly honour of that description was worn by* Heartly, *and which must have injured the scene in its representation.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DRURY-LANE.

Heartly, - -	Mr. Bensley
Sir Charles Clackit, -	Mr. Parsons
Mr. Clackit, -	Mr. Dodd
Servant,	
Harriet, -	Mrs. Wilson
Lucy, - -	Miss Kemble.

COVENT-GARDEN.

Heartly, - -	Mr. Pope
Sir Charles Clackit, -	Mr. Quick
Mr. Clackit, -	Mr. Brown
Servant,	
Harriet, - -	Miss Brunton.
Lucy - -	Mrs. Lessingham.

The Guardian.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter SIR CHARLES CLACKIT, *his* NEPHEW, *and* SERVANT.

Servant.

PLEASE to walk this way, Sir

Sir Cha. Where is your master, friend?

Serv. In his dressing-room, Sir.

Y. Cla. Let him know then——

Sir Cha. Prithee be quiet, Jack; when I am in company, let me direct. 'Tis proper and decent.

Y. Cla. I am dumb, Sir.

Sir Cha. Tell Mr. Heartly, his friend and neighbour Sir Charles Clackit would say three words to him.

Serv. I shall, Sir.—— [*Exit.*

Sir Cha. Now, nephew, consider once again, before I open the matter to my neighbour Heartly, what I am going to undertake for you.——Why don't you speak?

Y. Cla. Is it proper and decent, uncle?

Sir Cha. Psha! don't be a fool—but answer me—Don't you flatter yourself.—What assurance have you that this young lady, my friend's ward, has a liking to you? The young fellows of this age are all coxcombs, and I am afraid you are no exception to the general rule.

Y. Cla. Thank you, uncle—But may I this instant be struck old and peevish, if I would put you upon a false scent to expose you, for all the fine women in Christendom.——I assure you again and again, and you may take my word, uncle, that Miss Harriet has no kind of aversion to your nephew and most humble servant.

Sir Cha. Ay, ay——vanity!——vanity!——but I never take a young fellow's word about women; they'll lie as fast, and with as little conscience, as the Brussels Gazette.——Produce your proofs.

Y. Cla. Can't your eyes see 'em, uncle, without urging me to the indelicacy of repeating 'em?

Sir Cha. Why, I see nothing but a fool's head and a fool's coat, supported by a pair of most unpromising legs.—Have you no better proofs?

Y. Cla. Yes, I have, my good infidel uncle, half a hundred.

Sir Cha. Out with them then.

Y. Cla. First then—Whenever I see her, she never looks at me:—That's a sign of love.—Whenever I speak to her, she never answers me:—Another sign of love.—And whenever I speak to any body else, she seems to be perfectly easy:—That's a certain sign of love.

Sir Cha. The devil it is!

Y. Cla. When I am with her she is always grave; and the moment I get up to leave her, then the poor thing begins:—"Why will you leave me, Mr. Clackit? can't you sacrifice a few moments to my bashfulness?—Stay, you agreeable runaway, stay, I shall soon overcome the fears your presence gives me."——I could say more——But a man of honour, uncle——

Sir Cha. What, and has she said all these things to you?

Y. Cla. O yes, and ten times more—with her eyes.

Sir Cha, With her eyes?—Eyes are very equivocal, Jack.—However, if the young lady has any liking to you, Mr. Heartly is too much a man of the world, and too much my friend, to oppose the match; so do you walk into the garden, and I will open the matter to him.

Y. Cla. Is there any objection to my staying, uncle? The business will be soon ended.—you will propose the match; he will give his consent, I shall give mine; Miss is sent for, and *l'affair est fait.*

[*Snapping his finger.*

Sir Cha. And so you think that a young beautiful heiress, with forty thousand pounds, is to be had with a scrap of French, and a snap of your finger. Prithee get away, and don't provoke me.

Y. Cla. Nay, but my dear uncle—

Sir Cha. Nay, but my impertinent nephew, either retire, or I'll throw up the game. [*Putting him out.*

Y. Cla. Well, well, I am gone, uncle.—When

you come to the point, I shall be ready to make my appearance.—*Bon voyage!* [*Exit.*

Sir Cha. The devil's in these young fellows, I think.—We send 'em abroad to cure their sheepishness, and they get above proof the other way.

Enter Mr. HEARTLY.

—Good-morrow to you, neighbour.

Hea. And to you, Sir Charles; I am glad to see you so strong and healthy.

Sir Cha. I can return you the compliment, my friend:—Without flattery, you don't look more than thirty-five; and, between ourselves, you are on the wrong side of forty—But mum for that.

Hea. Ease and tranquillity keep me as you see.

Sir Cha. Why don't you marry, neighbour? A good wife would do well for you.

Hea. For me? You are pleased to be merry, Sir Charles.

Sir Cha. No faith, I am serious; and had I a daughter to recommend to you, you should say me "Nay" more than once, I assure you, neighbour Heartly, before I would quit you.

Hea. I am much obliged to you.

Sir Cha. But indeed you are a little too much of the philosopher to think of being troubled with women and their concerns.

Hea. I beg your pardon, Sir Charles—Though there are many who call themselves philosophers, that live single, and perhaps are in the right of it, yet I cannot think that marriage is at all inconsist-

nt with true philosophy.—'A wise man will resolve to live like the rest of the world, with this only difference, that he is neither a slave to passions nor events.'—It is not because I have a little hilosophy, but because I am on the wrong side of orty, Sir Charles, that I desire to be excused.

Sir Cha. As you please, Sir;—and now to my buness.—You have no objection, I suppose, to tie p your ward, Miss Harriet, though you have slipd the collar yourself.—Ha, ha, ha!

Hea. Quite the contrary, Sir; I have taken her me time from the boarding-school, and brought r home, in order to dispose of her worthily, with r own inclination.

Sir Cha. Her father, I have heard you say, rommended that particular care to you, when she d reached a certain age.

Hea. He did so—and I am the more desirous to ey him scrupulously in this circumstance, as she ill be a most valuable acquisition to the person ho shall gain her—for, not to mention her forne, which is the least consideration, her sentients are worthy her birth; she is gentle, modest, d obliging.—In a word, my friend, I never saw outh more amiable or discreet—but perhaps I am little partial to her.

Sir Cha. No, no; she is a delicious creature, ery body says so.—But I believe, neighbour, mething has happened that you little think of.

Hea. What, pray, Sir Charles?

Sir Cha. My nephew, Mr. Heartly——

Enter YOUNG CLACKIT.

Y. Cla. Here I am, at your service, Sir—my uncle is a little unhappy in his manner; but I'll clear the matter in a moment—Miss Harriet, Sir,—your ward—

Sir Cha. Get away, you puppy!

Y. Cla. Miss Harriet, Sir, your ward—a most accomplished young lady, to be sure——

Sir Cha. Thou art a most accomplished coxcomb, to be sure.

Hea. Pray, Sir Charles, let the young gentleman speak.

Y. Cla. You'll excuse me, Mr. Heartly—My uncle does not set up for an orator—little confused, or so, Sir—You see me what I am—But I ought to ask pardon for the young lady and myself.—We are young, Sir—I must confess we were wrong to conceal it from you—But my uncle, I see, is pleased to be angry; and therefore I shall say no more at present.

Sir Cha. If you don't leave the room this moment, and stay in the garden till I call you——

Y. Cla. I am sorry I have displeased you—I did not think it was *mal-a-propos*; but you must have your way, uncle—You command—I submit—Mr. Heartly, yours. [*Exit Young Clackit.*

Sir Cha. Puppy! *(aside.)* My nephew's a little unthinking, Mr. Heartly, as you see; and therefore I have been a little cautious how I have proceeded in this affair: But indeed he has in a manner persuaded me, that your ward and he are not ill together.

Hea. Indeed! This is the first notice I have had of it, and I cannot conceive why Miss Harriet should conceal it from me; for I have often assured her, that I would never oppose her inclination, though I might endeavour to direct it.

Sir Cha. 'Tis human nature, neighbour.—We are all ashamed of our first passion, that we would willingly hide it from ourselves—But will you mention my nephew to her?

Hea. I must beg your pardon, Sir Charles.—The name of the gentleman whom she chooses, must first come from herself.—My advice or importunity shall never influence her: If guardians would be less rigorous, young people would be more reasonable; and I am so unfashionable to think, that happiness in marriage can't be bought too dear—I am still on the wrong side of forty, Sir Charles.

Sir Cha. No, no—You are right, neighbour.—But here she is. Don't alarm her young heart too much, I beg of you.—Upon my word, she is a sweet morsel.

Enter MISS HARRIET *and* LUCY.

Miss Har. He is with company—I'll speak to him another time. [*Retiring.*

Lucy. Young, handsome, and afraid of being seen!—You are very particular, Miss.

Hea. Miss Harriet, you must not go.—[*Harriet returns.*) Sir Charles, give me leave to introduce you to this young lady.—You know, I suppose, the reason of this gentleman's visit to me? [*To Harriet.*

Miss Har. Sir! *(confused.)*

Hea. You may trust me, my dear.—Don't be disturb'd, I shall not reproach you with any thing but keeping your wishes a secret from me so long.

Miss Har. —Upon my word, Sir.—Lucy!

Lucy. Well, and Lucy! I'll lay my life 'tis a treaty of marriage.—Is that such a dreadful thing! Oh, for shame, Madam! Young ladies of fashion are not frightened at such things now-a-days.

Hea. (to Sir Cha.) We have gone too far, Sir Charles.—We must excuse her delicacy, and give her time to recover:—I had better talk with her alone; we will leave her now.——Be persuaded that no endeavours shall be wanting on my part to bring this affair to a happy and a speedy conclusion.

Sir Cha. I shall be obliged to you, Mr. Heartly. —Young lady, your servant.—What grace and modesty! She is a most engaging creature, and I shall be proud to make her one of my family.

Hea. You do us honour, Sir Charles.

[*Exeunt Sir Charles and Heartly.*

Lucy. Indeed, Miss Harriet, you are very particular; you was tired of the boarding-school, and yet seem to have no inclination to be married.—What can be the meaning of all this!—That smirking old gentleman is uncle to Mr. Clackit; and, my life for it, he has made some proposals to your guardian.

Miss Har. Prithee, don't plague me about Mr. Clackit.

Lucy. But why not, Miss? Though he is a little fantastical, loves to hear himself talk, and is somewhat self-sufficient; you must consider he is young,

been abroad, and keeps good company:—The
de will soon be at an end, if young ladies and
tlemen grow over nice and exceptious.

Miss Har. But if I can find one without these
lts, I may surely please myself.

Lucy. Without these faults! and is he young,
ss?

Miss Har. He is sensible, modest, polite, affable,
generous; and charms from the natural impulses
his own heart, as much as others disgust by their
seless airs and insolent affectation.

Lucy. Upon my word!—But why have you kept
s secret so long?—Your guardian is kind to you
ond conception.——What difficulties can you
e to overcome?

Miss Har. Why, the difficulty of declaring my sen-
ents.

Lucy. Leave that to me, Miss.—But your spark,
h all his accomplishments, must have very little
etration, not to have discovered his good fortune
your eyes.

Miss Har. I take care that my eyes don't tell too
ch; and he has too much delicacy to interpret
ks to his advantage. Besides, he would certainly
approve my passion; and if I should ever make
declaration, and meet with a denial, I should
olutely die with shame.

Lucy. I'll insure your life for a silver thimble.—
t what can possibly hinder your coming together?

Miss Har. His excess of merit.

Lucy. His excess of a fiddlestick!——But come,

I'll put you in the way:—You shall trust me with the secret;—I'll intrust it again to half a dozen friends; they shall intrust it to half a dozen more, by which means it will travel half the town over in a week's time: the gentleman will certainly hear of it; and then if he is not at your feet in the fetching of a sigh, I'll give up all my perquisites at your wedding.—What is his name, Miss?

Miss Har. I cannot tell you his name,—indeed I cannot; I am afraid of being thought too singular.—But why should I be ashamed of my passion? Is the impression which a virtuous character makes upon our hearts such a weakness that it may not be excused?

Lucy. By my faith, Miss, I can't understand you: You are afraid of being thought singular, and you really are so;—I would sooner renounce all the passions in the universe, than have one in my bosom beating and fluttering itself to pieces.——Come, come, Miss, open the window, and let the poor devil out.

Enter HEARTLY.

Hea. Leave us, Lucy.

Lucy. There's something going forward—'tis very hard I can't be of the party. [*Exit.*

Hea. She certainly thinks, from the character of the young man, that I shall disapprove of her choice. [*Aside.*

Miss Har. What can I possibly say to him? I am as much ashamed to make the declaration, as he would be to understand it.

Hea. Don't imagine, my dear, that I would know more of your thoughts than you desire I should; but the tender care which I have ever shewn, and the sincere friendship which I shall always have for you, give me a sort of right to enquire into every thing that concerns you.—Some friends have spoken to me in particular.—But that is not all.—I have lately found you thoughtful, absent, and disturbed.—Be plain with me—Has not somebody been happy enough to please you?

Miss Har. I cannot deny it, Sir:—Yes:—somebody indeed has pleased me—but I must intreat you not to give credit to any idle stories, or inquire farther into the particulars of my inclination; for I cannot possibly have resolution enough to say more to you.

Hea. But have you made a choice, my dear?

Miss Har. I have, in my own mind, Sir; and 'tis impossible to make a better—Reason, honour, every thing must approve it.

Hea. And how long have you conceived this passion?

Miss Har. Ever since I left the country—to live with you. [*Sighs.*

Hea. I see your confusion, my dear, and will relieve you from it immediately—I am informed of the whole—

Miss Har. Sir!

Hea. Don't be uneasy; for I can with pleasure assure you, that your passion is return'd with equal tenderness.

Miss Har. If you are not deceiv'd—I cannot be more happy.

Hea. I think I am not deceiv'd.—But, after the declaration you have made, and the assurances which I have given you, why will you conceal it any longer? Have I not deserv'd a little more confidence from you?

Miss Har. You have indeed deserv'd it, and should certainly have it, were I not well assur'd that you would oppose my inclinations.

Hea. I oppose 'em!—Am I then so unkind to you, my dear?—Can you in the least doubt of my affection for you!—I promise you that I have no will but yours.

Miss Har. Since you desire it then, I will endeavour to explain myself.

Hea. I am all attention—Speak, my dear.

Miss Har. And if I do, I feel I shall never be able to speak to you again.

Hea. How can that be, when I shall agree with you in every thing?

Miss Har. Indeed you won't:—Pray let me retire to my own chamber—I am not well, Sir.

Hea. I see your delicacy is hurt, my dear:—but let me intreat you once more to confide in me. Tell me his name, and the next moment I will go to him, assure him, that my consent shall confirm both your happiness.

Miss Har. You will easily find him:———And when you have, pray tell him how improper it is for a young woman to speak first:———Persuade him

spare my blushes, and to release me from so ter-
ble a situation.—I shall leave him with you—and
pe that this declaration will make it impossible for
u to mistake me any longer.

[Harriet *is going, but, upon seeing* Y. Clackit, *re-*
mains upon the stage.]

Hea. Are we not alone? what can this mean? [*Aside.*

Y. Cla. Apropos, faith! here they are together.

Hea. I did not see him; but now the riddle's ex-
ain'd. [*Aside.*

Miss Har. What can he want now?———This is
e most spiteful interruption. [*Aside.*

Y. Cla. By your leave, Mr. Heartly.—

[*Crosses him to go to* Harriet.

Have I caught you at last, my divine Harriet!——
ell, Mr. Heartly, *sans facon*———But what's
e matter, ho!—Things look a little gloomy here:
———One mutters to himself, and gives me no
swer; and the other turns the head, and winks at
e.——How the devil am I to interpret all this?

Miss Har. I wink at you, Sir! Did I, Sir!

Y. Cla. Yes, you, my angel———But mum——
r. Heartly, for Heaven's sake what is all this?
peak I conjure you, is it life or death with me?

Miss Har. What a dreadful situation I am in!

Y. Cla. Hope for the best;—I'll bring matters
out, I warrant you.

Hea. You have both of you great reason to be sa-
fied—Nothing shall oppose your happiness.

Y. Cla. Bravo, Mr. Heartly!

Hea. Miss Harriet's will is a law to me; and for

you, Sir——the friendship which I have ever professed for your uncle is too sincere not to exert some of it upon this occasion.

Miss Har. I shall die with confusion! [*Aside.*

Y. Cla. I am alive again.—Dear Mr. Heartly, thou art a most adorable creature! What a happiness it is to have to do with a man of sense, who has no foolish prejudices, and can see when a young fellow has something tolerable about him!——

Hea. Sir, not to flatter you, I must declare, that it is from a knowledge of your friends and family that I have hopes of seeing you and this young lady happy. I will go directly to your uncle, and assure him that every thing goes on to our wishes.— [*going.*

Miss Har. Mr. Heartly—Pray, Sir!

Hea. Poor Miss Harriet, I see your distress, and am sorry for it; but it must be got over, and the sooner the better.——Mr. Clackit, my dear, will be glad of an opportunity to entertain you for the little time I shall be absent!—Poor Miss Harriet! [*Smiling.*

[*Exit Heartly.*

Y. Cla. Allez, allez, Monsieur!—I'll answer for that.——Well, Ma'am, I think every thing succeeds to our wishes.—Be sincere, my adorable———Don't you think yourself a very happy young lady?

Miss Har. I shall be most particularly obliged to you, Sir, if you would inform me what is the meaning of all this?

Y. Cla. Inform you, Miss!—The matter, I believe, is pretty clear:——Our friends have understanding—we have affections———and a marriage follows of course.

Miss Har. Marriage, Sir!——Pray what relation particular connection is there between you and , Sir?

Y. Cla. I may be deceived, faith;—but upon my nour, I always supposed that there was a little attering of inclination between us.

Miss Har. And have you spoke to my guardian on this supposition, Sir?

Y. Cla And are you angry at it? I believe not.—*miling.)* Come, come, I believe not.—'Tis de-te in you to be upon the reserve.—

Miss Har. Indeed, Sir, this behaviour of yours is st extraordinary.

Y. Cla. Come, come, my dear, don't carry this jest far, *è troppo troppo mia Carissima*—What the devil, en every thing is agreed upon, and uncles and rdians and such folks have given their consent, y continue the hypocrisy?

Miss Har. They may have consented for you; but n mistress of my affections, and will never dispose em by proxy.

Y. Cla. Upon my soul, this is very droll:—What, not your guardian been here this moment, and ressed all imaginable pleasure at our intended on?

Miss Har. He is in an error, Sir:—And had I not n too much astonished at your behaviour, I had leceiv'd him long before now.

Y. Cla. (Humming a tune.) But, pray, Miss, to urn to business—What can be your intention in ing all this confusion in the family, and opposing r own inclinations?

Miss Har. Opposing my own inclinations, Sir!

Y. Cla. Ay, opposing your own inclinations, Madam.——Do you know, child, if you carry on this farce any longer, I shall begin to be a little angry?

Miss Har. I would wish it, Sir;——for be assur'd, that I never in my life had the least thought about you.

Y. Cla. Words, words, words————

Miss Har. 'Tis most sincerely and literally true.

Y. Cla. Come, come, I know what I know————

Miss Har. Don't make yourself ridiculous, Mr. Clackit.

Y. Cla. Don't make yourself miserable, Miss Harriet.

Miss Har. I am only so when you persist to torment me.

Y. Cla. (Smiling.) And you really believe that you don't love me?

Miss Har. Positively not.

Y. Cla. (*Conceitedly.*) And you are very sure now, that you hate me?

Miss Har. Oh! most cordially.

Y. Cla. Poor young lady! I do pity you from my soul.

Miss Har. Then why won't you leave me?

Y. Cla. ————"*She never told her love,*

"*But let concealment, like a worm i' th' bud.*

"*Feed on her damask cheek.*"————

Take warning, Miss, when you once begin to *pine in thought*, 'tis all over with you; and be assured, since you are obstinately bent to give yourself airs, that,

you once suffer me to leave this house in a pet—do you mind me?—not all your sighing, whining, fits, vapours, and hysterics, shall ever move me to take the least compassion on you——*Coute qui coute.*

Enter HEARTLY *and* SIR CHARLES.

Sir Cha. I am overjoy'd to hear it:—There they are, the pretty doves! That is the age, neighbour Heartly, for happiness and pleasure.

Hea. I am willing, you see, to lose no time; which may convince you, Sir Charles, how proud I am of this alliance in our families.

Sir Cha. The thought of it rejoices me:——Gad, I will send for the fiddles, and take a dance myself, and a fig for the gout and rheumatism.——But hold, hold,——the lovers, methinks are a little out of humour with each other—What is the matter, Jack? Not pouting, sure, before your time.

Y. Cla. A trifle, Sir——the lady will tell you——

[*Hums a tune.*

Hea. You seem to be troubled, Harriet?—What can this mean?

Miss Har. You have been in an error, Sir, about me.—I did not undeceive you, because I could not imagine that the consequences could have been so serious and so sudden:—But I am now forced to tell you, that you have misunderstood me—that you have distressed me.——

Hea. How, my dear?

Sir Cha. What do you say, Miss?

Y. Cla. Mademoiselle is pleased to be out of hu-

mour: but I can't blame her; for, upon my honour, I think a little coquetry becomes her.

Sir Cha. Ay, ay, ay,—Oh, ho!—Is that all? These little squalls seldom overset the lover's boat, but drive it faster to port—Ay, ay, ay———

Hea. Don't be uneasy, my dear, that you have declared your passion.—Be consistent now, lest you should be thought capricious.

Y. Cla. Talk to her a little, Mr. Heartly; she is a fine lady, and has many virtues; but she does not know the world.

Sir Cha. Come, come, you must be friends again my children.

Miss Har. I beg you leave me alone, Sir.

Hea. For heaven's sake, Miss Harriet, explain this riddle to me.

Miss Har. I cannot, Sir—I have discovered the weakness of my heart—I have discovered it to you, Sir.—But your unkind interpretations, and reproachful looks, convince me, that I have already said but too much.—[*Exit Harriet.*] [*Heartly musing.*

Sir Cha. Well, but hark'ye, nephew—This is going a little too far.——What have you done to her?

Hea. I never saw her so much moved before!

Y. Cla. Upon my soul, gentlemen, I am as much surprised at it as you can be:——The little *broniller* between us arose upon her persisting that there was no passion, no *penchant*, between us.

Sir Cha. I'll tell you what, Jack——there is a certain kind of impudence about you, that I don't ap-

ve of; and were I a young girl, those coxcomical s of yours would surfeit me.

Y. Cla. But as the young ladies are not quite so eamish as you, uncle, I fancy they will choose me am. Ha! ha!—But what can the lady object to? ave offered to marry her; is not that a proof suf-ent that I like her? A young fellow must have ne affection that will go to such lengths to indulge Ha! ha!

Sir Cha. Why really, friend Heartly, I don't see w a young man can well do more, or a lady desire re.——What say you, neighbour?

Hea. Upon my word, I am puzzled about it.—— thoughts upon the matter are so various, and so fused—Every thing I see and hear is so contra-tory——is so——She certainly cannot like any ly else!

Y. Cla. No, no, I'll answer for that——

Hea. Or she may be fearful then, that your passion her is not sincere; or, like other young men of times, you may grow careless upon marriage, and glect her.

Y. Cla. Ha! Egad you have hit it; nothing but a le natural delicate sensibility—— [*Hums a tune.*

Hea. If so, perhaps the violence of her reproaches y proceed from the lukewarmness of your pro-sions.

Y. Cla. *Je vous demande pardon*—I have sworn to a hundred and a hundred times, that she should the happiest of her sex.—But there is nothing prising in all this; it is the misery of an overfond rt, to be always doubtful of its happiness.

Hea. And if she marries thee, I fear that she'll b kept in a state of doubt as long as she lives.

[*Half aside.*

Enter LUCY.

Lucy. Pray, gentlemen, what is the matter amon you? And which of you has affronted my mistress She is in a most prodigious taking yonder, and sh vows to return into the country again—I can get no thing but sighs from her.

Y. Cla. Poor thing!

Lucy. Poor thing! The devil take this love, I s —There's more rout about it than 'tis worth.

Y. Cla. I beg your pardon for that, Mrs. Abigail

Hea. I must inquire further into this; her beha viour is too particular for me not to be disturbe at it.

Lucy. She desires, with the leave of these gentle men, that, when she has recovered herself, she ma talk with you alone, Sir. [*To Heart*

Hea. I shall with pleasure attend her. [*Exit Luc*

Y. Cla. Divin Bacchus: La, la, la! [*Sing*

Sir Cha. I would give, old as I am, a leg or a arm to be belov'd by that sweet creature as you ar Jack!

Y. Cla. And throw your gout and rheumatism i to the bargain, uncle!—Ha, ha! *Divin Bacchus.* La, la, la, &c. [*Sing*

Sir Cha. What the plague are you quavering a Thou hast no more feeling for thy happiness than a stick here.

Y. Cla. I beg your pardon for that, my dear ncle. [*Takes out a pocket looking-glass.*

Sir Cha. I wonder what the devil is come to the ung fellows of this age, neighbour Heartly?—hy, a fine woman has no effect upon 'em—Is there method to make 'em less fond of themselves, and ore mindful of the ladies?

Hea. I know but of one, Sir Charles.—

Sir Cha. Ay, what's that?

Hea. Why, to break all the looking-glasses in the ngdom. [*Pointing to Y. Clackit.*

Sir Cha. Ay, ay, they are such fops, so taken up ith themselves!—Zounds, when I was young, and love—

Y. Cla. You were a prodigious fine sight, to be re.

Hea. Look'ye, Mr. Clackit, if Miss Harriet's affections declare for you, she must not be treated with eglect or disdain—Nor could I bear it, Sir.—Any an must be proud of her partiality to him; and he ust be fashionably insensible indeed, who wou'd not ake it his darling care to defend from every inquiude the most delicate and tender of her sex.

Sir Cha. Most nobly and warmly said, Mr. Heart-.—Go, to her, nephew, directly.—Throw yourself t her feet, and swear how much her beauty and irtue have captivated you, and don't let her go till ou have set her dear little heart at rest.

Y. Cla. I must desire to be excus'd. Would you ave me say the same thing over and over again?—

I can't do it, positively. It is my turn to be piqu'd now.

Sir Cha. Damn your conceit, Jack, I can bear it no longer.

Hea. I am very sorry to find that any young lady, so near and dear to me, shou'd bestow her heart where there is so little prospect of its being valued as it ought. However, I shall not oppose my authority to her inclinations; and so——Who waits there? [*Enter servant.*] Let the young lady know that I shall attend her commands in the library. [*Exit servant.*] Will you excuse me, gentlemen?

Sir Cha. Ay, ay—We'll leave you to yourselves; and pray convince her, that I and my nephew are most sincerely her very humble servants.

Y. Cla. O yes, you may depend upon me.

Hea. A very slender dependence truly. [*Aside.*]

[*Exit.*

Y. Cla. We'll be with you again to know what your *téte-a-téte* produces; and in the mean time I am her's,—and yours—Adieu. Come, uncle.—Fal, lal, la, la

Sir Cha. I could knock him down with pleasure.

[*Aside.*

[*Exeunt Sir Charles and Y. Clackit.*

THE END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II. SCENE I.

HEARTLY, *(speaking to a servant.)*

TELL Miss Harriet that I am here.—If she is indisposed, I will wait upon her in her own room.—

[*Exit servant.*

However mysterious her conduct appears to me, yet still it is to be deciphered—This young gentleman has certainly touch'd her. There are some objections to him, and among so many young men of fashion that fall in her way, she certainly might have made a better choice. She has an understanding to be sensible of this; and, if I am not mistaken, it is a struggle between her reason and her passion that occasions all this confusion.—But here she is.

Enter Miss HARRIET.

Miss Har. I hope you are not angry, Sir, that I left you so abruptly without making any apology?

Hea. I am angry that you think an apology necessary.—The matter we were upon was of such a delicate nature, that I was more pleased with your confusion, than I should have been with your excuses. You'll pardon me, my dear—

Miss Har. I have reflected, that the person for whom I have conceived a most tender regard, may, from the wisest motives, doubt of my passion; and therefore I would endeavour to answer all his objec-

tions, and convince him how deserving he is of my highest esteem.

Hea. I have not yet apprehended what kind of dispute could arise between you and Mr. Clackit:—I would advise you both to come to a reconciliation as soon as possible. The law of nature is an imperious one, and cannot, like those of our country, be easily evaded; and though reason may suggest some disagreeable reflections, yet when the stroke is to be given, we must submit to it.

Miss Har. He still continues in his error, and I cannot undeceive him [*Aside.*

Hea. Shall I take the liberty of telling you, my dear *(Taking her hand.)*—You tremble, Harriet!—What is the matter with you?

Miss Har. Nothing, Sir.—Pray go on.

Hea. I guess whence proceeds all your uneasiness—You fear that the world will not be so readily convinced of this young gentleman's merit as you are:—and, indeed, I could wish him more deserving of you; but your regard for him gives him a merit he otherwise would have wanted, and almost makes me blind to his failings.

Miss Har. And would you advise me, Sir, to make choice of this gentleman?

Hea. I would advise you, as I always have done, to consult your own heart upon such an occasion.

Miss Har. If that is your advice, I will most religiously follow it; and, for the last time, I am resolved to discover my real sentiments; but as a confession of this kind will not become me, I have been

nking of some innocent stratagem to spare my ushes, and in part to relieve me from the shame of declaration.—Might I be permitted to write to m?—

Hea. I think you may, my dear, without the least ence to your delicacy! And indeed you ought to plain yourself; your late misunderstanding makes absolutely necessary.

Miss Har. Will you be kind enough to assist me? ill you write it for me, Sir?

Hea. Oh most willingly!—And as I am made a rty, it will remove all objections.

Miss Har. I will dictate to you in the best manner am able. [*Sighing.*

Hea. And here is pen, ink, and paper, to obey your mmands. [*Draws the table.*

Miss Har. Lord, how my heart beats! I fear I can- t go through it. [*Aside.*

Hea. Now, my dear, I am ready. Don't be sturb'd. He is certainly a man of family; and tho' e has some little faults, time and your virtues will rrect them. Come, what shall I write?

[*Preparing to write.*

Miss Har. Pray give me a moment's thought.— 'Tis a terrible task, Mr. Heartly.

Hea. I know it is.—Don't hurry yourself: I shall ait with patience.—Come, Miss Harriet.

Miss Har. [*dictating*] "It is in vain for me to " conceal, from one of your understanding, the se- " crets of my heart."

Hea. "The secrets of my heart." [*Writing.*

Miss Har. "Though your humility and modesty
"will not suffer you to perceive it."

Hea. Do you think, my dear, that he is much troubled with those qualities?

Miss Har. Pray indulge me, Sir.

Hea. I beg your pardon—"Your humility and "modesty will not suffer you to perceive it."—[*Writes.*] So.

Miss Har. "Every thing tells you, that it is you "that I love."

Hea. Very well. [*Writes.*

Miss Har. Yes:—YOU *that I love*;—do you understand me?

Hea. O! yes, yes—I understand you—*that it is* YOU *that I love.*—This is very plain, my dear.

Miss Har. I would have it so.—"And tho' I am "already bound in gratitude to you"—

Hea. In gratitude to Mr. Clackit?

Miss Har. Pray write, Sir.

Hea. Well—"In gratitude to you. [*Writes.*] I must write what she would have me. [*Aside.*

Miss Har. "Yet my passion is a most disinterest-"ed one."—

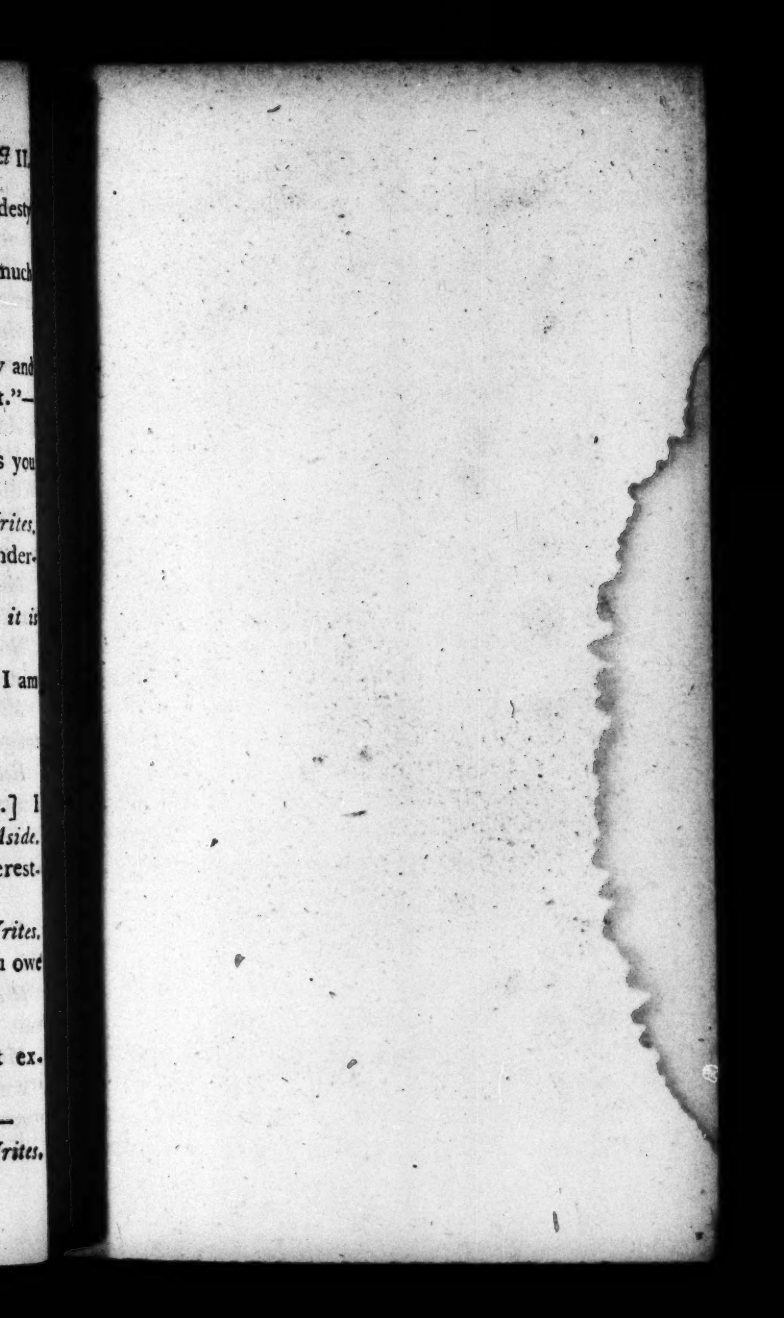
Hea. "Most disinterested one." [*Writes.*

Miss Har. "And to convince you, that you owe "much more to my affections"—

Hea. And then?

Miss Har. "I could wish that I had not experienced"—

Hea. Stay, stay:—"Had not experienced"—
[*Writes.*



PARSONS's MINOR THEATRE.

C. A. Ryley, del. Dated for J. Parsons, 21, Dunsmore Row. Nov. 1799. Angus, sc.

Miss Har. "Your tender care of me in my in-
"fancy."—

Hea. [*Disturbed.*] What did you say?—Did I hear right, or am I in a dream! [*Aside.*

Miss Har. Why have I declared myself?—He'll hate me for my folly. [*Aside.*

Hea. Harriet!

Miss Har. Sir!

Hea. To whom do you write this letter?

Miss Har. To—to—Mr. Clackit—is it not?

Hea. You must not mention then the care of your infancy? it would be ridiculous.

Miss Har. It would indeed—I own it—It is improper.

Hea. What, did it escape you in your confusion?

Miss Har. It did indeed.

Hea. What must I put in its place?

Miss Har. Indeed I don't know. I have said more than enough to make myself understood.

Hea. Then I'll only finish your letter with the usual compliment, and send it away.

Miss Har. Yes—send it away—if you think I ought to send it.

Hea. [*Troubled.*] Ought to send it!—Who's there?—[*Enter a servant.*] Carry this letter.

[*An action escapes from* HARRIET, *as if to hinder the sending the letter.*

—Is it not for Mr. Clackit?

Miss Har. [*Peevishly*] Who can it be for?

Hea. [*To the servant.*] Here, take this letter to Mr. Clackit. [*Gives the letter.*] [*Exit servant.*

Miss Ha. What a terrible situation! [*Aside.*

Hea. I am thunderstruck? [*Aside.*

Miss Har. I cannot speak another world. [*Aside.*

Hea. My prudence fails me! [*Aside.*

Miss Har. He disapproves my passion, and I shall die with confusion. [*Aside.*

Enter LUCY.

Lucy. The conversation is over, and I may appear. [*Aside.*—Sir Charles is without, Sir, and is impatient to know your determination. May he be permitted to see you?

Hea. [*Aside.*] I must retire to conceal my weakness. [*Exit.*

Lucy. Upon my word, this is very whimsical.—What is the reason, Miss, that your guardian is gone away without giving me an answer?

Miss Har. What a contempt he must have for me, to behave in this manner! [*Exit.*

Lucy. Extremely well this, and equally foolish, on both sides!—But what can be the meaning of it?—Ho, ho—I think I have a glimmering at last. Suppose she shou'd not like young Shatter-brains after all; and indeed she has never absolutely said she did; who knows but she has at last opened her mind to my good master, and he finding her taste (like that of other girls at her age) most particularly ridiculous, has not been so complaisant as he used to be. What a shame it is that I don't know more of this matter, a wench of spirit as I am, a favourite of my mistress, and as inquisitive as I ought to be!

It is an affront to my character, and I must have satisfaction immediately. [*Going.*] I will go directly to my young mistress; tease her to death, till I am at the bottom of this; and if threat'ning, soothing, scolding, whimpering, crying, and lying, will not prevail, I will e'en give her warning, and go upon the stage. [*Exit.*

Enter HEARTLY.

Hea. The more I reflect upon what has pass'd, the more I am convinc'd that she did not intend writing to this young fellow. What am I to think of it then? Let a man be ever so much upon his guard against the approaches of vanity, yet he will find himself weak in that quarter. Had not my reason made a little stand against my presumption, I might have interpreted some of Harriet's words in my own favour; but—I may well blush, though alone, at my extravagant folly!—"Can it be possible that so "young a creature shou'd even cast a thought of "that kind upon me?—Upon me! Presumptuous "vanity!"—No, no;—I will do her and myself the justice to acknowledge, that, for a very few slight appearances, there are a thousand reasons that destroy so ridiculous a supposition.

Enter Sir CHARLES.

Sir Cha. Well, Mr. Heartly, what are we to hope for?

Hea. Upon my word, Sir, I am still in the dark; we puzzle about, indeed, but we don't get forward.

Sir Cha. What the devil is the meaning of all this? There never sure were lovers so difficult to bring together. But have you not been a little too rough with the lady. For as I pass'd by her but now, she seem'd a little out of humour——and, upon my faith, not the less beautiful for a little pouting.

Hea. Upon my word, Sir, Charles, what I can collect from her behaviour is, that your nephew is not so much in her good graces as he made you believe.

Sir Cha. 'Egad, like enough.——But hold, hold, ——this must be look'd a little into:——If it is so, I wou'd be glad to know, why, and wherefore, I have been made so ridiculous.—Eh, Mr. Heartly; does he take me for his fool, his beast, his Merry Andrew! By the Lord Harry.—

Hea. In him a little vanity is excusable.

Sir Cha. I am his vanity's humble servant for that tho'.—

Hea. He is of an age, Sir Charles.—

Sir Cha. Ay, of an age to be very impertinent; but I shall desire him to be less free with his uncle for the future, I assure him.

Enter LUCY.

Lucy. I have it, I have it, Gentlemen! You need not puzzle any more about the matter. I have got the secret.—I know the knight-errant that has wounded our distress'd lady.

Sir Cha. Well, and who, and what, child?

Lucy. What, has not she told you, Sir!

[*To Heartly.*

Hea. Not directly.

Lucy. So much the better. What pleasure it is to discover a secret, and then tell it to all the world!—I press'd her so much, that she at last confess'd.

Sir Cha. Well, what?

Lucy. That, in the first place, she did not like your nephew.

Sir Cha. And I told the puppy so.

Lucy. That she had a most mortal antipathy for the young men of this age; and that she had settled her affections upon one of riper years, and riper understanding.

Sir Cha. Indeed!

Lucy. And that she expected from a lover in his autumn, more affection, more complaisance, more constancy, and more discretion of course.

Hea. This is very particular.

Sir. Cha. Ay, but it is very prudent for all that.

Lucy. In short, as she had openly declar'd against the nephew, I took upon me to speak of his uncle.

Sir Cha. Of me, Child?

Lucy. Yes, of you, Sir———And she did not say me nay——but cast such a look, and fetch'd such a sigh,——that if ever I look'd and sigh'd in my life, I know how it is with her.

Sir Cha. What the devil!—Why surely—Eh, Lucy! You joke for certain.—Mr. Heartly!—Eh!

Lucy. Indeed I do not, Sir.—'Twas in vain for me to say that nothing could be so ridiculous as such a choice.—Nay, Sir, I went a little farther, (you'll excuse me), and told her——Good God, Madam,

said I, why, he is old and gouty, asthmatic, rheumatic, sciatic, spleen-atic,—It signified nothing, she had determined.

Sir Cha. But you need not have told her all that.

Hea. I am persuaded, Sir Charles, that a good heart and a good mind will prevail more with that young lady, than the more fashionable accomplishments.

Sir Cha. I'll tell you what, neighbour, I have had my days, and have been well receiv'd among the ladies, I have—But in truth, I am rather in my winter than my autumn; she must mean somebody else. Now I think again—it can't be me.—No, no, it can't be me.

Lucy But I tell you it is, Sir.——You are the man—Her stars have decreed it; and what they decree, though ever so ridiculous, must come to pass.——

Sir Cha. Say you so?——Why then, monsieur nephew, I shall have a little laugh with you—Ha, ha, ha! The tid bit is not for you, my nice Sir——Your betters must be serv'd before you.—But here he comes—Not a word for your life.——We'll laugh at him most triumphantly—Ha, ha! but mum mum.

Enter Y. CLACKIT. [*Music plays without.*

Y. Cla. That will do most divinely well.——Bravo, Bravo, Messieurs Vocal and Instrumental!—Stay in that chamber, and I will let you know the time for your appearance. [*To the Musicians.*]—Meeting by accident with some artists of the string, and my particular friends, I have brought 'em to

celebrate Miss Harriet's and my approaching happiness. [*To Heartly.*

Sir Cha. Do you hear the puppy? [*To Lucy.*

Hea. It is time to clear up all mistakes.

Sir Cha. Now for it.

Hea. Miss Harriet, Sir, was not destin'd for you.

Y. Cla. What do you say, Sir?

Hea. That the young lady has fix'd her affections upon another.

Y. Cla. Upon another!

Sir Cha. Yes, Sir, *another*:—That is English, Sir; and you may translate it into French, if you like it better.

Y. Cla. Vous êtes bien drole, mon oncle.—Ha, ha!

Sir Cha. Ay, ay, show your teeth, you have nothing else for it——But she has fix'd her heart upon another, I tell you.

Y. Cla. Very well, Sir, extremely well.

Sir Cha. And that other, Sir, is one to whom you owe great respect.

Y. Cla. I am his most respectful humble servant.

Sir Cha. You are a fine youth, my sweet nephew, to tell me a story of a cock and a bull, of you and the young lady, when you have no more interest in her than the Czar of Muscovy.

Y. Cla. [*Smiling.*] But, my dear uncle, don't carry this jest too far—I shall begin to be uneasy.

Sir Cha. Ay, ay, I know your vanity:—You think now that the women are all for you young fellows.—

Y. Cla. Nine hundred and nienty-nine in a thousand, I believe, uncle:—Ha, ha, ha!

Sir Cha. You'll make a damn'd foolish figure by and by, Jack.

Y. Cla. Whoever my precious rival is, he must prepare himself for a little humility;——for be he ever so mighty, my dear uncle, I have that in my pocket will lower his top-sails for him.

[*Searching his pockets.*

Sir Cha. Well, what's that?

Y. Cla. A fourteen pounder only, my good uncle —A letter from the lady. [*Takes it out of his pocket.*

Sir Cha. What, to you?

Y. Cla. To me, Sir—This moment receiv'd, and overflowing with the tenderest sentiments.

Sir Cha. To you!

Y. Cla. Most undoubtedly.—She reproaches me with my excessive modesty.—There can be no mistake.

Sir Cha. What letter is this he chatters about?

[*To Heartly.*

Hea. One written by me, and dictated by the young lady.

Sir Cha. What! sent by her to him?

Hea. I believe so,

Sir Cha. Well, but then——How the devil——Mrs. Lucy!——Eh!——What becomes of your fine story?

Lucy. I don't understand it.

Sir Cha. ——Nor I!

Hea. [*hesitating*] Nor—I——

Y. Cla. But I do,—and so you will all presently. ——Well my dear uncle, what! are you astonished, petrify'd, annihilated?

Sir Cha. With your impudence, Jack!——But I'll see it out.

Enter Miss HARRIET.

Miss Harriet. Bless me, Mr. Heartly, what is all this music for in the next room?

Y. Cla. I brought the gentlemen of the string, Mademoiselle, to convince you, that I feel, as I ought, the honour you have done me——[*Showing the letter.*] But for Heaven's sake, be sincere a little with these good folks: they tell me here that I am nobody, and there is another happier than myself; and for the soul of me, I don't know how to believe them.—Ha, ha, ha!

Sir Cha. Let us hear Miss speak.

Miss Har. It is a most terrible task: but I am compell'd to it; and to hesitate any longer wou'd be injurious to my guardian, his friend, this young gentleman, and my own character.

Y. Cla. Most judicious upon my soul.

Sir Cha. Hold your tongue, Jack.

Y. Cla. I am dumb.

Miss Har. You have all been in an error.——My bashfulness may have deceived you—My heart never did.—

Y. Cla. C'est vrai.

Miss Har. Therefore, before I declare my sentiments, it is proper that I disavow any engagement:—But at the same time must confess—

Y. Cla. Ho—ho!—

Miss Har. With fear and shame confess——

Y. Cla. Courage Mademoiselle!

Miss Har. That another, not you, Sir, has gain'd a power over my heart.—— [*To Y. Clacket.*

Sir Cha. Another, not *you*; mind that, Jack. Ha! ha!

Miss Har. It is a power indeed which he despises. —I cannot be deceived in his conduct.—Modesty may tie the tongue of our sex, but silence in him could proceed only from contempt.

Sir Cha. How prettily she reproaches me!—But I'll soon make it up with her.

Miss Har. As to that letter, Sir, your error there is excusable; and I own myself in that particular a little blameable.——But it was not my fault that it was sent to you; and the contents must have told you, that it could not possibly be meant for you.

[*To Y. Clackit.*

Sir Cha. Proof positive, Jack:—Say no more.— Now is my time to begin.—Hem!—hem!—Sweet young lady!—hem! whose charms are so mighty, so far transcending every thing that we read of in history or fable, how could you possibly think that my silence proceeded from contempt? Was it natural or prudent, think you, for a man of sixty-five, nay, just entering into his sixty-sixth year—

Y. Cla. O Misericorde! What, is my uncle my rival! Nay, then I shall burst, by Jupiter!—Ha! ha! ha!

Miss Har. Don't imagine, Sir, that to me your age is any fault.

Sir Cha. [*Bowing.*] You are very obliging, Madam.

Miss Har. Neither is it, Sir, a merit of that extra-

ordinary nature, that I should sacrifice to it an inclination which I have conceived for another.

Sir Cha. How is this?

Y. Cla. Another! not you—mind that, uncle.

Lucy. What is the meaning of all this?

Y. Cla. Proof positive, uncle—and very positive.

Sir Cha. I have been led into a mistake, Madam, which I hope you will excuse; and I have made myself very ridiculous, which I hope I shall forget:—And so, Madam, I am your humble servant.—This young lady has something very extraordinary about her.

Hea. What I now see, and the remembrance of what is past, force me to break silence.

Y. Cla. Ay, now for it.—Hear him—hear him!—

Hea. O my Harriet!—I too must be disgraced in my turn.—Can you think that I have seen and conversed with you unmoved?—Indeed I have not.—The more I was sensible of your merit, the stronger were my motives to stifle the ambition of my heart.—But now I can no longer resist the violence of my passion, which casts me at your feet, the most unworthy indeed of all your admirers, but of all the most affectionate.

Y. Cla. So, so, the moon has changed, and the grown gentlemen begin to be frisky.

Lucy. What, my master in love too!—I'll never trust these tye-wigs again. [*Aside.*

Miss Har. I have refused my hand to Sir Charles and this young gentleman: The one accuses me of caprice, the other of singularity.—Should I refuse

my hand a third time *(smiling)*, I might draw upon myself a more severe reproach;—and therefore I accept your favour, Sir, and will endeavour to deserve it.

Hea. And thus I seal my acknowledgments, and from henceforth devote my every thought, and all my services, to the author of my happiness.

[*Kisses her hand.*

'*Lucy.* Since matters are so well settled, give me 'leave, Sir, to congratulate you on your success,— 'and my young lady on her judgment.—You have 'my taste exactly, Miss; ripe fruit for my money: 'when it is too green, it sets one's teeth on edge; 'and when too mellow, it has no flavour at all.'

Sir Cha. 'Hold your tongue, you baggage, *(To 'Lucy.)*'—Well, my dear discreet nepnew, are you satisfied with the fool's part you have given me, and played yourself, in the farce?

Y. Cla. What would you have me say, Sir? I am too much a philosopher to fret myself because the wind which was east this morning is now west.—The poor girl in pique has killed herself, to be revenged on me; but hark ye, Sir, I believe Heartly will be cursed mad to have me live in his neighbourhood.—A word to the wise——

Sir Cha. Thou hast a most incorrigible vanity, Jack, and nothing can cure thee.—Mr. Heartly, I have sense enough, and friendship enough, not to be uneasy at your happiness.

Hea. I hope, Sir Charles, that we shall still continue to live as neighbours and friends. For you,

my Harriet, words cannot express my wonder or my joy; my future conduct must tell you what a sense I have of my happiness, and how much I shall endeavour to deserve it.

For ev'ry charm that ever yet bless'd youth,
Accept compliance, tenderness, and truth;
My friendly care shall change to grateful love,
And the fond husband still the GUARDIAN prove.

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And the fond husband still the GUARDIAN prove.

Engraved by W. Ridley, from a Painting by Smith.

Mr. DIGNUM.

Printed for J. Parsons, 21, Paternoster Row. Nov. 1793.

THE MINOR.

A COMEDY

IN THREE ACTS.

WRITTEN BY SAMUEL FOOTE, ESQ.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRES ROYAL, DRURY-LANE AND COVENT-GARDEN.

The Lines distinguished by inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation.

London:

PRINTED BY J. JARVIS,

FOR J. PARSONS, N° 21, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1793.

The Minor.

THIS inimitable satire was written by the late Samuel Foote, and, for the first time, represented at the Haymarket Little Theatre in the Summer of 1760.

It was welcomed with that applause, which could only be produced by its intrinsic merit; for the characters were very indifferently sustained.

Nothing, however, acts more powerfully than the grateful sunshine of public favour; for thirty-eight nights the Minor drew full benches; while the performers mellowed into their business by repetition and encouragement.

A woman of infamous memory, known, at the time the piece was written, by the appellation of MOTHER DOUGLASS, *was held up to general odium, in the character of* MRS. COLE; *while that of* SMIRKE *produced a laugh at the expence of* Langford *the auctioneer, whose peculiarities in his calling attracted the wit's observation, and provoked his ridicule.*

In the conclusion, FOOTE, *in the part of* Shift, *gave an exact imitation of the voice and manner of the late Reverend George Whitfield. In this hazardous attempt, the disapprobation expressed by the few, was over-ruled by the many.*

As the Writer, *and his* Object, *are removed from the* GRAND STAGE, *upon which they both sustained their respective parts; their interest, in human decision, has long ceased: therefore, as its blame, or its praise, affects them no more, we drop the pen, in the flattering hope, that candour will pardon where it can't approve, and that in the company of the Minor our readers will find amusement.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DRURY-LANE.

Sir William Wealthy,	Mr. Baddeley
Shift, Smirk, and Mrs. Cole,	Mr. John Bannister
Sir George Wealthy,	Mr. Whitfield
Loader,	Mr. R. Palmer
Mr. Richard Wealthy,	Mr. Packer
Dick, -	Mr. Burton
Transfer, -	Mr. Hollingsworth
Lucy - -	Miss Collins.

COVENT-GARDEN.

Sir William Wealthy,	Mr. Chas. Bannister
Shift, Smirk, and Mrs. Cole,	Mr. Wewitzer
Sir George Wealthy,	Mr. M'Cready
Loader, -	Mr. Cubitt
Mr. Richard Wealthy,	Mr. Thompson
Dick, -	Mr. Stevens
Transfer, -	Mr. Rock
Lucy, -	Mrs. Lewis.

THE MINOR.

INTRODUCTION.

'*Enter* CANKER *and* SMART.

'*Smart.*

'BUT are you sure he has leave?

'*Cank.* Certain.

'*Smart.* I'm damn'd glad on't. For now we 'shall have a laugh, either with him or at him; it 'does not signify which.

'*Cank.* Not a farthing.

'*Smart.* D'you know his scheme?

'*Cank.* Not I. But is not the door of the Little 'Theatre open?

'*Smart.* Yes. Who is that fellow that seems to 'stand centry there?

'*Cank.* By his tatter'd garb and meagre visage, he 'must be one of the troop.

'*Smart.* I'll call him. Halloa, Mr. ———

'*Enter* PEARSE.

'What, is there any thing going on over the way?

'*Pear.* A rehearsal.

'*Smart.* Of what?

'*Pear.* A new piece.

'*Smart.* Foote's?

'*Pear.* Yes.

'*Cank.* Is he there?

'*Pear.* He is.

'*Smart.* Zounds, let's go and see what he is about.

'*Cank.* With all my heart.

'*Smart.* Come along then. [*Exeunt.*

'*Enter* FOOTE *and an* ACTOR.

'*Foote.* Sir, this will never do; you must get rid 'of your high notes, and country cant. Oh, 'tis the 'true strolling—

'*Enter* SMART *and* CANKER.

'*Smart.* Ha! ha! ha! what, hard at it, my boy? 'Here's your old friend Canker and I come for a 'peep. Well, and hey, what is your plan?

'*Foote.* Plan!

'*Smart.* Ay, what are your characters? Give us 'your group; how is your cloth fill'd?

'*Foote.* Characters!

'*Smart.* Ay.—Come, come, communicate. What, 'man, we will lend thee a lift. I have a damn'd 'fine original for thee, an aunt of my own, just 'come from the north, with the true Newcastle burr 'in her throat; and a nose and a chin—I am afraid 'she is not well enough known: but I have a re-'medy for that. I'll bring her the first night of your piece, place her in a conspicuous station, and

'whisper the secret to the whole house. That will 'be damn'd fine, won't it?

'*Foote.* Oh, delicious!

'*Smart.* But don't name me: for if she smokes 'me for the author, I shall he dash'd out of her co-'dicil in a hurry.

'*Foote.* Oh, never fear me. But I should think your uncle Tom a better character.

'*Smart.* What, the politican?

'*Foote,* Ay; that every day, after dinner, as soon as the cloth is remov'd, fights the battle of Minden, batters the French with cherry-stones, and pursues, 'em to the banks of the Rhine in a stream of spilt Port.

'*Smart.* Oh, damn it, he'll do.

'*Foote.* Or what say you to your father-in law, 'Sir Timothy? who, though as broken-winded as a Hounslow post-horse, is eternally chaunting Venetian ballads. Kata tore cara higlia.

'*Smart.* Admirable! by heavens!—Have you got 'em?

Foote. No.

'*Smart.* Then in with 'em, my boy.

'*Foote.* Not one.

'*Smart.* Prithee why not?

'*Foote.* Why, look'e, Smart, though you are in the language of the world, my friend, yet there is one thing you, I'm sure, love better than any body.

'*Smart.* What's that?

'*Foote,* Mischief.

'*Smart.* No prithee—

'*Foote.* How, now, am I sure that you, who so 'readily give up your relations, may not have some 'design upon me?

'*Smart.* I don't understand you.

'*Foote.* Why, as soon as my characters begin to 'circulate a little successfully, my mouth is stopp'd 'in a minute by the clamour of your relations.—'Oh, damne, 'tis a shame,—it should not be,—peo-'ple of distinction brought upon the stage,—And 'so, out of compliment to your cousins, I am to be 'beggar'd for treating the public with the follies of 'your family, at your own request.

'*Smart.* How can you think I wou'd be such a 'dog? What the devil, then, are we to have nothing 'personal? Give us the actors, however.

'*Foote.* Oh, that's stale. Besides, I think they 'have, of all men, the best right to complain.

'*Smart.* How so?

'*Foote.* Because, by rendering them ridiculous 'in their profession, you at the same time injure 'their pockets. Now, as to the other gentry, they 'have providentially something besides their under-'standing to rely on; and the only injury they can 'receive is, that the whole town is then diverted 'with what before was only the amusement of pri-'vate parties.

'*Cank.* Give us then a national portrait: a Scotch-'man or an Irishman.

'*Foote.* If you mean merely the dialect of the two 'countries, I can't think it either a subject of satire

'or humour; it is an accidental unhappiness, for 'which a man is no more accountable than the 'colour of his hair. Now, affectation I take to be 'the true comic object. If, indeed, a North Briton, 'struck with a scheme of reformation, should ad-'vance from the banks of the Tweed, to teach the 'English the true pronunciation of their own lan-'guage, he would, I think, merit your laughter: 'nor would a Dublin mechanic, who, from heading 'the Liberty Boys in a skirmish on Ormond Quay, 'should think he had a right to prescribe military 'laws to the first commander in Europe, be a less 'ridiculous object.

'*Smart.* Are there such?

'*Foote.* If you mean that the blunders of a few 'peasants, or the partial principles of a single scoun-'drel, are to stand as characteristical marks of a whole 'country; your pride may produce a laugh; but, 'believe me, it is at the expence of your understand-'ing.

'*Cank.* Heyday, what a system is here! Laws for 'laughing! And pray, sage Sir, instruct us when we 'may laugh with propriety?

'*Foote.* At an old beau, a supernannuated beauty, a 'military coward, a stuttering orator, or a gouty dan-'cer. In short, whoever affects to be what he is 'not, or strives to be what he cannot, is an object 'worthy the poet's pen and your mirth.

'*Smart.* Psha, I don't know what you mean by 'your, is nots, and, cannots,—damn'd abstruse jar-'gon. Ha, Canker.

'*Cank.* Well, but if you will not give us persons, 'let us have things. Treat us with a modern 'amour, and a state intrigue, or a—

'*Foote.* And so amuse the public ear at the expence 'of private peace. You must excuse me.

'*Cank.* And with these principles you expect to 'thrive on this spot?

'*Smart.* No, no, it won't do. I tell thee, the 'plain roast and boil'd of the theatres will never do 'at this table. We must have high-season'd ragouts 'and rich sauces.

'*Foote.* Why, perhaps, by way of desert, I may 'produce something that may hit your palate.

'*Smart.* Your bill of fare?

'*Foote.* What think you of one of those itinerant 'field orators, who, though at declared enmity with 'common sense, have the address to poison the prin-'ciples, and at the same time pick the pockets, of 'half our industrious fellow-subjects?

'*Cank.* Have a care. Dangerous ground. *Ludere 'cum sacris*, you know.

'*Foote.* Now I look upon it in a different manner. 'I consider these gentlemen in the light of public 'performers like myself; and whether we exhibit 'at Tottenham-court or the Hay-market, our pur-'pose is the same, and the place is immaterial.

'*Cank.* Why, indeed, if it be considered—

'*Foote.* Nay, more, I must beg leave to assert, 'that ridicule is the only antidote against this per-'nicious poison. This is a madness that argument 'cannot cure: and should a little wholesome seve-

'rity be applied, persecution would be the immediate 'cry: where then can we have recourse but to the 'Comic Muse? Perhaps the archness and severity 'of her smile may redress an evil that the laws can-'not reach, or reason reclaim.

'*Cank.* Why, if it does not cure those already dis-'temper'd, it may be a means to stop the infection.

'*Smart.* But how is your scheme conducted?

'*Foote.* Of that you may judge. We are just 'going upon a repetition of the piece. I should be 'glad to have your opinion.

'*Smart.* We will give it you.

'*Foote.* One indulgence: As you are Englishmen, 'I think I need not beg, that as, from necessity, most 'of my performers are new, you will allow for their 'inexperince, and encourage their timidity.

'*Smart.* But reasonable.

'*Foote.* Come then, Prompter, begin.

'*Pear.* Lord, Sir, we are all at a stand.

'*Foote.* What's the matter?

'*Pear.* Mrs. O-Schohnesy has return'd the part 'of the bawd; she says she is a gentlewoman, and 'it would be a reflection on her family to do any 'such thing.

'*Foote.* Indeed!

'*Pear.* If it had been only a whore, says she, I 'should not have minded it; because no lady need 'be ashamed of doing that.

'*Foote.* Well, there is no help for it; but these 'gentlemen must not be disappointed. Well, I will 'do the character myself.' [*Exeunt.*

ACT I.

Sir WILLIAM WEALTHY *and Mr.* RICHARD WEALTHY.

Sir William.

COME, come, brother, I know the world. People who have their attention eternally fixed upon one object, can't help being a little narrow in their notions.

R. Weal. A sagacious remark that; and highly probable that we merchants, who maintain a constant correspondence with the four quarters of the world, should know less of it then your fashionable fellows, whose whole experience is bounded by Westminster-bridge.

Sir Wil. Nay, brother, as a proof that I am not blind to the benefit of travelling, George, you know, has been in Germany these four years.

R. Weal. Where he is well grounded in gaming and gluttony: France has furnished him with fawning and flattery; Italy equipped him with capriols and cantatas; and, thus accomplished, my young gentleman is returned with a cargo of whores, cooks, valets de chambre, and fiddle-sticks, a most valuable member of the British commonwealth.

Sir Wil. You dislike, then, my system of education.

R. Weal. Most sincerely.

Sir Wil. The whole?

R. Weal. Every particular.

Sir Wil. The early part, I should imagine, might merit your approbation.

R. Weal. Least of all. What, I suppose, because he has run the gauntlet through a public school, where, at sixteen, he had practised more vices than he would otherwise have heard of at sixty.

Sir Wil. Ha, ha, prejudice!

R. Weal. Then, indeed, you removed him to the university; where, lest his morals should be mended, and his understanding improved, you fairly set him free from the restraint of the one and the drudgery of the other, by the privileged distinction of a silk gown and a velvet cap.

Sir Wil. And all these evils, you think, a city education would have prevented.

R. Weal. Doubtless.——Proverbs, proverbs, brother William, convey wholesome instruction. Idleness is the root of all evil. Regular hours, constant employment, and good example, can't fail to form the mind.

Sir Wil. Why, truly brother, had you stuck to your old civic vices, hypocrisy, cozenage, and avarice, I don't know whether I might not have committed George to your care; but you cockneys now beat us suburbians at our own weapons. What, old boy, times are changed since the date of thy indentures; when the sleek crop-ear'd prentice us'd to dangle after his mistress, with the great bible under

his arm, to St Bride's on a Sunday; bring home the text, repeat the divisions of the discourse, dine at twelve, and regale, upon a gaudy day, with buns and beer at Islington or Mile-end.

R. Weal. Wonderfully facetious!

Sir. Wil. Our modern lads are of a different metal. They have their gaming clubs in the garden, their little lodgings, the snug depositories of their rusty swords and occasional bag-wigs; their horses for the turf; aye, and their commissions of bankruptcy too, before they are well out of their time.

R. Weal. Infamous aspersion!

Sir Wil. But the last meeting at Newmarket, Lord Lofty received, at the hazard-table, the identical note from the individual tailor to whom he had paid it but the day before for a new set of liveries.

R. Weal. Invention!

Sir Wil. These are anecdotes you will never meet with in your weekly travels from Cateaton-street to your boarded box in Clapham, brother.

R. Weal. And yet that boarded box, as your prodigal spendthrift proceeds will soon be the only seat of the family.

Sir Wil. May be not. Who knows what a reformation our project may produce.

R. Weal. I do. None at all.

Sir Wil. Why so?

R. Weal. Because your means are ill-proportioned to their end. Were he my son, I would serve him.

Sir Wil. As you have done your daughter. Discard him. But consider, I have but one.

R. Weal. That would weigh nothing with me: for, was Charlotte to set up a will of her own, and reject the man of my choice, she must expect to share the fate of her sister. I consider families as a smaller kind of kingdoms, and would have disobedience in the one as severely punished as rebellion in the other. Both cut off from their respective societies.

Sir Wil. Poor Lucy! But surely you begin to relent. May not I intercede?

R. Weal. Look ye, brother, you know my mind. I will be absolute. If I meddle with the management of your son, it is at your own request; but if, directly or indirectly, you interfere with my banishment of that wilful, headstrong, disobedient hussy, all ties between us are broke; and I shall no more remember you as a brother than I do her as a child.

Sir Wil. I have done. But to return. You think there is a probability in my plan?

R. Weal. I shall attend the issue.

Sir Wil. You will lend your aid, however?

R. Weal. We shall see how you go on.

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. A letter, Sir.

Sir Wil. Oh, from Capias, my attorney. Who brought it?

Serv. The person is without, Sir.

Sir Wil. Bid him wait. [*Reads.*] [*Exit servant.*

Worthy Sir,

The bearer is the person I promised to procure. I thought it was proper for you to xamine him viva voce.

So if you administer a few interrogatories, you will find, by cross-questioning him, whether he is a competent person to prosecute the cause you wot of. I wish you a speedy issue: and as there can be no default in your judgment, am of opinion it should be carried into immediate execution. I am,

Worthy Sir, &c.

TIMOTHY CAPIAS.

P. S. *The party's name is* Samuel Shift. *He is an admirable mime, or mimic, and most delectable company; as we experience every Tuesday night at our club, the Magpye and Horse-shoe, Fetter-lane.*

Very methodical indeed, Mr. Capias!—John.

Enter SERVANT.

Bid the person who brought this letter walk in. [*Exit servant.*] Have you any curiosity, brother?

R. Weal. Not a jot. I must to the 'Change. In the evening you may find me in the counting-house, or at Jonathan's. [*Exit R. Wealthy.*

Sir Wil. You shall hear from me.

Enter SHIFT *and* SERVANT.

Shut the door, John, and remember, I am not at home. [*Exit servant.*] You came from Mr. Capias?

Shift. I did, Sir.

Sir Wil. Your name, I think, is Shift?

Shift. It is, Sir.

Sir Wil. Did Mr. Capias drop any hint of my business with you?

Shift. None. He only said, with his spectacles on his nose, and his hand upon his chin, Sir William

Wealthy is a respectable personage, and my client: he wants to retain you in a certain affair, and will open the case, and give you your brief himself: if you adhere to his instructions, and carry your cause, he is generous, and will discharge your bill without taxation.

Sir Wil. Ha, ha! my friend Capias to a hair!—Well, Sir, this is no bad specimen of your abilities. But see that the door is fast. Now, Sir, you are to—

Shift. A moment's pause, if you please. You must know, Sir William, I am a prodigious admirer of forms. Now, Mr. Capias tells me, that it is always the rule to administer a retaining fee before you enter upon the merits.

Sir Wil. Oh, Sir, I beg your pardon!

Shift. Not that I questioned your generosity; but forms, you know—

Sir Wil. No apology, I beg. But as we are to have a closer connection, it may not be amiss, by way of introduction, to understand one another a little. Pray, Sir, where was you born?

Shift. At my father's.

Sir Wil. Hum!—And what was he?

Shift. A gentleman.

Sir Wil. What was you bred?

Shift. A gentleman.

Sir Wil. How do you live?

Shift. Like a gentleman.

Sir Wil. Could nothing induce you to unbosom yourself?

Shift. Look'e, Sir William, there is a kind of something in your countenance, a certain openness and generosity, a *je ne scai quoi* in your manner, that I will unlock:—you shall see me all.

Sir Wil. You will oblige me.

Shift. You must know, then, that fortune, which frequently delights to raise the noblest structures from the simplest foundations; who from a tailor made a pope, from a gin-shop an empress, and many a prime minister from nothing at all, has thought fit to raise me to my present height, from the humble employment of—Light your Honour—A link boy.

Sir Wil. A pleasant fellow. Who were your parents?

Shift. I was produced, Sir, by a left-handed marriage; in the language of the newspapers, between an illustrious lamp-lighter and an itinerant cat and dog butcher. Cat's meat and dog's meat. I dare say, you have heard my mother, Sir. But as to this happy pair I owe little besides my being, I shall drop them where they dropt me—in the street.

Sir Wil. Proceed.

Shift. My first knowledge of the world I owe to a school which has produced many a great man,—the avenues of the playhouse. There, Sir, leaning on my extinguished link, I learned dexterity from pick-pockets, connivance from constables, politics and fashions from footmen, and the art of making and breaking a promise from their masters. Here, sirrah, light me across the kennel. I hope your honour will remember poor Jack. You ragged ras-

cal, I have no halfpence—I'll pay you the next time I see you.—But, lack-a-day, Sir, that time I saw as seldom as his tradesmen.

Sir Wil. Very well.

Shift. To these accomplishments from without the theatre, I must add one that I obtained within.

Sir Wil. How did you gain admittance there?

Shift. My merit, Sir, that, like my link, threw a radiance round me. A detachment from the head-quarters here took possession, in the summer, of a country corporation, where I did the honours of the barn, by sweeping the stage and clipping the candles. There my ſkill and address were so conspicuous, that it procured me the same office, the ensuing winter, at Drury-lane, where I acquired intrepidity, the crown of all my virtues.

Sir Wil. How did you obtain that?

Shift. By my post. For, I think, Sir, he that dares stand the shot of the gallery, in lighting, snuffing, and sweeping, the first night of a new play, may bid defiance to the pillory, with all its customary compliments.

Sir Wil. Some truth in that.

Shift. But an unlucky crab apple, applied to my right eye by a patriot gingerbread baker from the Borough, who would not suffer three dancers from Switzerland, because he hated the French, forced me to a precipitate retreat.

Sir Wil. Poor devil!

Shift. Broglio and Contades have done the same. But, as it happened, like a tennis-ball, I rose higher from the rebound.

Sir Wil. How so?

Shift. My misfortune, Sir, moved the compassion of one of our performers, a whimsical man; he took me into his service. To him I owe, what, I believe, will make me useful to you.

Sir Wil. Explain.

Shift. Why, Sir, my master was remarkable happy in an art, which, however, disesteemed at present, is, by Tully, reckoned amongst the perfections of an orator; mimickry.

Sir Wil. Why, you are deeply read, Mr. Shift!

Shift. A smattering—but as I was saying, Sir, nothing came amiss to my master: Bipeds or quadrupeds; rationals or animals; from the clamour of the bar to the cackle of the barn-door; from the soporific twang of the tabernacle of Tottenham-court to the melodious bray of their long-eared brethren in Bunhill-fields; all were objects of his imitation and my attention. In a word, Sir, for two whole years, under this professor, I studied and starved, impoverished my body and pampered my mind; till thinking myself pretty near equal to my master, I made him one of his own bows, and set up for myself.

Sir Wil. You have been successful, I hope.

Shift. Pretty well. I cannot complain. My art, Sir, is a *passe-par-tout.* I seldom want employment. Let's see how stand my engagements. [*Pulls out a pocket book.*] Hum—hum—Oh! Wednesday at Mrs. Gammut's, near Hanover-square. There, there, I shall make a meal upon the Mingotti; for her lady-

ship is in the opera interest; but, however, I shall revenge her cause upon her rival Mattei. Sunday evening at Lady Sustinuto's concert. Thursday I dine upon the actors, with ten Templars, at the Mitre, in Fleet-street. Friday I am to give the amorous parley of two intriguing cats in a gutter, with the disturbing of a hen-roost, at Mr. Deputy Sugarsop's, near the Monument. So, Sir, you see my hands are full. In short, Sir William, there is not a buck or a turtle devoured within the bills of mortality, but there I may, if I please, stick a napkin under my chin.

Sir Wil. I'm afraid, Mr. Shift, I must break in a little upon your engagements; but you shall be no loser by the bargain.

Shift. Command me.

Sir Wil. You can be secret as well as serviceable!

Shift. Mute as a mackarel.

Sir Wil. Come hither then. If you betray me to my son——

Shift. Scalp me.

Sir Wil. Enough.—You must know then, the hopes of our family are, Mr. Shift, centered in one boy.

Shift. And I warrant he is a hopeful one.

Sir Wil. No interruption, I beg. George has been abroad these four years, and from his late behaviour, I have reason to believe, that had a certain event happened, which I'm afraid he wished,—my death——

Shift. Yes; that's natural enough.

Sir Wil. Nay, pray,—there would soon be an end to an ancient and honourable family.

Shift. Very melancholy, indeed. But families, like besoms, will wear to the stumps, and finally fret out, as you say.

Sir Wil. Prithee peace for five minutes.

Shift. I am tongue-ty'd.

Sir Wil. Now I have projected a scheme to prevent this calamity.

Shift. Ay, I should be glad to hear that.

Sir Wil. I am going to tell it you.

Shift. Proceed.

Sir Wil. George, as I have contriv'd it, shall experience all the miseries of real ruin, without running the least risk.

Shift. Ay, that will be a *coup de maitre.*

Sir Wil. I have prevail'd upon his uncle, a wealthy citizen——

Shift. I don't like a city plot.

Sir Wil. I tell thee it is my own.

Shift. I beg pardon.

Sir Wil. My brother, I say, some time since wrote him a circumstantial account of my death; upon which he is return'd, in full expectation of succeeding to my estate.

Shift. Immediately?

Sir Wil. No; when at age. In about three months.

Shift. I understand you.

Sir Wil. Now, Sir, guessing into what hands my heedless boy would naturally fall on his return,

have, in a feigned character, associated myself with a set of rascals, who will spread every bait that can flatter folly, inflame extravagance, allure inexperience, or catch credulity. And when, by their means, he thinks himself reduced to the last extremity; lost even to the most distant hope—

Shift. What then?

Sir Wil. Then will I step in, like his guardian-angel, and snatch him from perdition. If, mortified by misery, he becomes conscious of his errors, I have saved my son; but if, on the other hand, gratitude can't bind, nor ruin reclaim him, I will cast him out, as an alien to my blood, and trust for the support of my name and family to a remoter branch.

Shift. Bravely resolved. But what part am I to sustain in this drama?

Sir Wil. Why, George, you are to know, is already stript of what money he could command by two sharpers: but as I never trust them out of my sight, they can't deceive me.

Shift. Out of your sight!

Sir Wil. Why, I tell thee, I am one of the knot: an adept in their science; can slip, shuffle, cog, or cut with the best of 'em.

Shift. How do you escape your son's notice?

Sir Wil. His firm persuasion of my death, with the extravagance of my disguise.—Why, I would engage to elude your penetration, when I am beau'd out for the Baron. But of that by and bye. He has, of course, after his ill success, to the ten per cent. gentry, the usurers, for a farther supply.

Shift. Natural enough.

Sir Wil. Pray do you know,—I forget his name,—a wrinkled old fellow, in a thread-bare coat? He sits every morning, from twelve till two, in the left corner of Lloyd's coffee-house; and every evening, from five till eight, under the clock, at the Temple Exchange.

Shift. What, little Transfer, the broker?

Sir Wil. The same. Do you know him?

Shift. Know him! Aye, rot him. It was but last Easter Tuesday he had me turned out, at a feast in Leather-sellers' hall, for singing *Room for Cuckolds*, like a parrot; and vowed it meant a reflection upon the whole body corporate.

Sir Wil. You have reason to remember him.

Shift. 'Yes, yes, I recommended a Minor to him 'myself, for the loan only of fifty pounds; and, 'would you believe it, as I hope to be saved, we 'dined, supped, and wetted five and thirty guineas 'upon tick, in meetings at the Cross Keys, in order 'to settle the terms; and, after all, the scoundrel 'would not lend us a stiver.

Sir Wil. Could you personate him?

'*Shift.* Him! Oh, you shall see me shift into 'his shamble in a minute, and with a withered face, 'a bit of a purple nose, a cautionary stammer, and 'a sleek silver head, I would undertake to deceive 'even his banker. But to speak the truth, I have 'a friend that can do this inimitably well.' Have 'not you something of more consequence for me?

Sir Wil. I have. Could not you, Master Shift,

assume another shape? You have attended auctions?

Shift. Auctions! a constant puff. Deep in the mystery; a professed connoisseur, from a Niger to a Nautilus; from the Apollo Belvidere to a Butterfly.

Sir Wil. One of these insinuating oily orators I will get you to personate; for we must have the plate and jewels in our possession, or they will soon fall into other hands.

Shift. I will do it.

Sir Wil. Within I'll give you farther instructions.

Shift. I'll follow you.

Sir Wil. (Going, returns.) You will want materials.

Shift. Oh, my dress I can be furnished with in five minutes. [*Exit Sir Wil.*] A whimsical old blade this. I shall laugh if this scheme miscarries. I have a strange mind to lend it a lift—never had a greater.—Pho, a damn'd unnatural connection this of mine!—What have I to do with fathers and guardians! a parcel of preaching, prudent, careful, curmudgeonly—dead to pleasures themselves, and the blasters of it in others.——Mere dogs in a manger—No, no, I'll veer, tack about, open my budget to the boy, and join in a counter-plot. But hold, hold, hold, friend Stephen, see first how the land lies. Who knows whether this Germanized genius has parts to comprehend, or spirit to reward thy merit. There's danger in that; ay, marry is there. Egad, before I shift the helm, I'll first examine the

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coast; and then, if there be but a bold shore and a good bottom, have a care, old Square Toes, you will meet with your match. [*Exit.*

Enter SIR GEORGE, LOADER, *and* SERVANT.

Sir Geo. Let the martin pannels for the vis-a-vis be carried to Long-acre, and the pye-balls sent to Hall's to be bitted——You will give me leave to be in your debt till the evening, Mr. Loader. I have just enough to discharge the Baron; and we must, you know, be punctual with him, for the credit of the country.

Load. Fire him, a snub-nosed son of a bitch. Levant me, but he got enough last night to purchase a principality amongst his countrymen, the High-dutchians and Hussarians.

Sir Geo. You had your share, Mr. Loader.

Load. Who, I? Lurch me at four, but I was mark'd to the top of your trick by the Baron, my dear. What, I am no cinque and quatre man. Come, shall we have a dip in the history of the Four Kings this morning?

Sir Geo. Rather too early. Besides, it is the rule abroad, never to engage afresh till our old scores are discharged.

Load. Capot me, but those lads abroad are pretty fellows, let 'em say what they will. Here, Sir, they will vowel you, from father to son, to the twentieth generation. They would as soon now-a-days pay a tradesman's bill as a play debt. All sense of honour is gone, not a stiver stirring. They could as

soon raise the dead as two pounds two. Nick me, but I have a great mind to tie up, and ruin the rascals.—What, has Transfer been here this morning?

Enter DICK.

Sir Geo. Any body here this morning, Dick?

Dick. Nobody, your honour.

Load. Repique the rascal. He promised to be here before me.

Dick. I beg your honour's pardon. Mrs. Cole from the Piazza was here between seven and eight.

Sir Geo. An early hour for a lady of her calling.

Dick. Mercy on me! The poor gentlewoman is mortally altered since we used to lodge there, in our jaunts from Oxford; wrapt up in flannels; all over the rheumatiss.

Load. Ay, ay, old Moll is at her last stake.

Dick. She bade me say, she just stopt in her way to the Tabernacle; after the exhortation, she says, she'll call again.

Sir Geo. Exhortation! Oh, I recollect. Well, whilst they only make proselytes from that profession, they are heartily welcome to them. She does not mean to make me a convert?

Dick. I believe she has some such design upon me; for she offered me a book of hymns, a shilling, and a dram, to go along with her.

Sir Geo. No bad scheme, Dick. Thou hast a fine, sober, psalm-singing countenance; and when thou hast been some time in their trammels, may'st make as able a teacher as the best of them.

Dick. Laud, Sir, I want learning.

Sir Geo. Oh, the spirit, the spirit, will supply all that, Dick; never fear.

Enter SIR WILLIAM *as a German Baron.*

My dear Baron, what news from the Haymarket? What says the Florenza? Does she yield? Shall I be happy? Say yes, and command my fortune.

Sir Wil. I was never did see so fine a woman since I was leave Hamburgh; dere was all de colour, all red and white, dat was quite natural; point d'artifice. Then she was dance and sing——I vow to heaven, I was never see de like!

Sir Geo. But how did she receive my embassy? What hopes?

Sir Wil. Why dere was, Monsieur le Chevalier, when I first enter, dree or four damn'd queer people; ah, ah, dought I, by Gad I guess your business. Dere was one fat big woman's, dat I know long time: le valet de chambre was tell me dat she came from a grand merchand; ha, ha, dought I, by your leave, stick to your shop; or, if you must have de pretty girl, dere is de play-hous, dat do very well for you; but for de opera, pardonnez, by Gar dat is meat for your master.

Sir Geo. Insolent mechanic!—But she despis'd him?

Sir Wil. Ah, ma foy, he is damn'd rich, has beaucoup de guineas; but after de fat woman was go, I was tell the Signora, Madam, der is one certain Chevalier of dis country, who has travell'd,

see de world, bien fait, well made, beaucoup d'esprit, a great deal of monies, who beg, by Gar, to have de honour to drow himself at your feet.

Sir Geo. Well, well, Baron.

Sir Wil. She aska your name: as soon as I tell her, aha, by Gar, dans an instant she melt like de lomp of sugar: she run to her beaureau, and, in de minute, return wid de paper.

Sir Geo. Give it me.

Les preliminaries d'une traité entre le Chevalier Wealthy and la Signora Diamenti.

A bagatelle, a trifle: she shall have it.

Load. Hark'e, Knight, what is all that there outlandish stuff?

Sir Geo. Read, read! the eloquence of angels, my dear Baron!

Load. Slam me but the man's mad! I don't understand their gibberish.—What is it in English?

Sir Geo. The preliminaries of a subsidy treaty between Sir G. Wealthy and Signora Florenza; that the said Signora will resign the possession of her person to the said Sir George, on the payment of three hundred guineas monthly, for equipage, table, domestics, dress, dogs, and diamonds; her debts to be duly discharged, and a note advanced of five hundred by way of entrance.

Load. Zounds, what a cormorant! She must be devilish handsome.

Sir Geo. I am told so.

Load. Told so! Why, did you never see her?

Sir Geo. No; and possibly never may, but from my box at the opera.

Load. Hey day! Why what the devil.—

Sir Geo. Ha, ha, you stare; I don't wonder at it. This is an elegant refinement, unknown to the gross voluptuaries of this part of the world. This is, Mr. Loader, what may be called a debt to your dignity: for an opera girl is as essential a piece of equipage for a man of fashion as his coach.

Load. The devil!

Sir Geo. 'Tis for the vulgar only to enjoy what they possess: the distinction of ranks and conditions are, to have hounds, and never hunt; cooks, and dine at taverns; houses, you never inhabit; mistresses, you never enjoy——

Load. And debts, you never pay. Egad, I am not surpriz'd at it; if this be your trade, no wonder that you want money for necessaries, when you give such a damn'd deal for nothing at all.

Enter SERVANT.

Ser. Mrs. Cole, to wait upon your honour.

Sir Geo. My dear baron, run, dispatch my affair, conclude my treaty, and thank her for the very reasonable conditions.

Sir Wil. I sall.

Sir Geo. Mr. Loader, shall I trouble you to introduce the lady? she is, I think, your acquaintance.

Load. Who, old Moll? Ay, ay, she's your market-woman. I wou'd not give sixpence for your Signoras. One armful of good wholesome British

beauty, is worth a ship load of their trapsing, tawdry trollops. But hark'e Baron, how much for the table Why she must have a devilish large family, or a monstrous stomach.

Sir Wil. Ay, ay, dere is her moder, la complaisante to walk in de park, and to go to de play; two broders, deux valets, dree Spanish lap-dogs, and de monkey.

Load. Strip me if I would set five shillings against the whole gang. May my partner renounce with the game in his hand, if I were you, Knight, if I would not——

Sir Geo. But the lady waits. [*Ex.* Load.] A strange fellow this. What a whimsical jargon he talks. Not an idea abstracted from play. To say truth, I am sincerely sick of my acquaintance: But, however, I have the first people in the kingdom to keep me in countenance. Death and the dice level all distinctions.

Enter MRS. COLE, *supported by* LOADER *and* DICK.

Mrs. Cole. Gently, gently, good Mr Loader.

Load. Come along, old Moll. Why you jade, you look as rosy this morning, I must have a smack at your muns. Here, taste her, she is as good as old hock to get you a stomach.

Mrs. Cole. Fie, Mr Loader, I thought you had forgot me.

Load. I forget you! I would as soon forget what is trumps.

Mrs. Cole. Softly, softly, young man. There, there, mighty well. And how does your honour do? I hant seen your honour the——Oh! mercy on me, there's a twinge——

Sir Geo. What's the matter, Mrs. Cole?

Mrs. Cole. My old disorder, the rhumatise; I han't been able to get a wink of——Oh la!—What, you have been in town these two days?

Sir Geo. Since Wednesday.

Mrs. Cole. And never once called upon old Cole! No, no, I am worn out, thrown by, and forgotten, like a tatter'd garment, as Mr. Squintum says. Oh, he is a dear man! But for him I had been a lost sheep; never known the comforts of the new birth; no.—— There's your old friend Kitty Carrot at home still. What, shall we see you this evening? I have kept the Green Room for you ever since I heard you were in town.

Load. What, shall we take a snap at old Moll's? Hey, Beldam, have you a good batch of burgundy abroach?

Mrs. Cole. Bright as a ruby; and for flavour! You know the colonel—— He and Jenny Cummins drank three flasks, hand to fist, last night.

Load. What, and bilk thee of thy share?

Mrs Cole. Ah, don't mention it, Mr. Loader. No, that's all over with me. The time has been, when I could have earned thirty shillings a-day by my own drinking, and the next morning was neither sick nor sorry: but now, O laud, a thimble-full turns me topsy-turvy.

Load. Poor old girl!

Mrs. Cole. Ay, I have done with these idle vanities; my thoughts are fixed upon a better place. What, I suppose, Mr. Loader, you will be for your old friend the black-ey'd girl from Rosemary-lane. Ha, ha! Well, 'tis a merry little tit, A thousand pities she's such a reprobate!—But she'll mend; her time is not come: all shall have their call, as Mr. Squintum says, sooner or later; regeneration is not the work of a day. No, no, no.—Oh!

Sir George. Not worse, I hope.

Mrs. Cole. Rack, rack, gnaw, gnaw, never easy, a-bed or up, all's one. Pray, honest friend, have you any clary or mint-water in the house?

Dick. A case of French drams.

Mrs. Cole. Heaven defend me! I would not touch a dram for the world.

Sir George. They are but cordials, Mrs. Cole. Fetch 'em, you blockhead. *Exit Dick.*

Mrs. Cole. Ay, I am a-going; a-wasting, and a-wasting, Sir George. What will become of the house when I am gone, heaven knows!——No.——When people are missed, then they are mourned. Sixteen years have I lived in the Garden, comfortably and creditably; and, though I say it, could have got bail any hour of the day: Reputable tradesmen, Sir George, neighbours, Mr. Loader knows; no knock me-down doings in my house. A set of regular, sedate, sober customers. No rioters. Sixteen did say—Ay, eighteen years have I paid scot and lot in the parish of St. Paul's; and, during the whole

time, nobody have said, Mrs. Cole, why do you so? Unless twice that I was before Sir Thomas De Val, and three times in the round-house.

Sir George. Nay, don't weep, Mrs. Cole.

Load. May I lose deal, with an honour at bottom, if old Moll does not bring tears into my eyes.

Mrs. Cole. However, it is a comfort, after all, to think one has passed thro' the world with credit and character. Ay, a good name, as Mr. Squintum says, is better than a gallipot of ointment.

Enter DICK *with a dram.*

Load. Come, haste, Dick, haste; sorrow is dry. Here, Moll, shall I fill thee a bumper?

Mrs. Cole. Hold, hold, Mr. Loader! Heaven help you, I could as soon swallow the Thames. Only a sip to keep the gout out of my stomach.

Load. Why then, here's to thee.—Levant me, but it is supernaculum.—Speak when you have enough.

Mrs. Cole. I won't trouble you for the glass; my hands do so tremble and shake, I shall but spill the good creature.

Load. Well pulled. But now to business. Prithee, Moll, did not I see a tight young wench, in a linen gown, knock at your door this morning?

Mrs. Cole. Ay; a young thing from the country.

Load. Could we not get a peep at her this evening?

Mrs. Cole. Impossible! She is engaged to Sir Timothy Trotter. I have taken earnest for her the three months.

Load. Pho, what signifies such a fellow as that? ip him an old trader, and give her to the knight.

Mrs. Cole. Tip him an old trader!—Mercy on us, here do you expect to go when you die, Mr. Load-?

Load. Crop me, but this Squintum has turned her rains.

Sir Geo. Nay, Mr. Loader, I think the gentleman as wrought a most happy reformation.

Mrs. Cole. Oh, it was a wonderful work. There d I been tossing in a sea of sin, without rudder or mpass. And had not the good gentleman piloted e into the harbour of grace, I must have struck ainst the rocks of reprobation, and have been quite allowed up in the whirlpool of despair. He was e precious instrument of my spiritual sprinkling.— ut however, Sir George, if your mind be set upon young country thing, to-morrow night, I believe, can furnish you.

Load. As how?

Mrs. Cole. I have advertised this morning in the gister-office for servants under seventeen; and ten one but I light on something that will do.

Load. Pillory me but it has a face.

Mrs. Cole. Truly, consistently with my conscience, would do any thing for your honour.

Sir Geo. Right, Mrs. Cole, never lose sight of at monitor. But, pray, how long has this heaven-change been wrought in you?

Mrs. Cole. Ever since my last visitation of the gout. on my first fit, seven years ago, I began to have

my doubts and my waverings; but I was lost in a labyrinth, and nobody to show me the road. One time I thought of dying a Roman, which is truly a comfortable communion enough for one of us: but it would not do.

Sir Geo. Why not?

Mrs. Cole. I went one summer over to Boulogne to repent; and, would you believe it, the bare-footed, bald-pated beggars would not give me absolution without I quitted my business——Did you ever hear of such a set of scabby——Besides, I could not bear their barbarity. Would you believe it, Mr. Loader, they lock up for their lives, in a nunnery, the prettiest, sweetest, tender, young things:——Oh, six of them, for a season, would finish my business here, and then I should have nothing to do but to think of hereafter.

Load. Brand me, what a country!

Sir Geo. Oh, scandalous!

Mrs Cole. O no, it would not do. So, in my last illness, I was wish'd to Mr. Squintum; who stept in with his saving grace, got me with the new-birth, and I became, as you see, regenerate, and another creature.

Enter. DICK.

Dick. Mr. Transfer, Sir, has sent to know if your honour be at home.

Sir Geo. Mrs Cole, I am mortified to part with you. But business, you know——

Mrs Cole. True, Sir George. Mr. Loader, your arm——Gently, oh, oh!

C. Ryley, del.

Printed for J. Parsons, 21, Paternoster Row. Nov.r 1793.

Sir Geo. Would you take another thimbleful, Mrs. Cole.

Mrs. Cole. Not a drop—I shall see you this evening.

Sir Geo. Depend upon me.

Mrs. Cole. To-morrow I hope to suit you——We are to have, at the Tabernacle, an occasional hymn, with a thanksgiving sermon for my recovery. After which, I shall call at the register-office, and see what goods my advertisement has brought in.

Sir Geo. Extremely obliged to you, Mrs. Cole.

Mrs. Cole. Or if that should not do, I have a tit-bit at home will suit your stomach. Never brushed by a beard. Well, heaven bless you—Softly, have a care, Mr. Loader——Richard, you may as well give me the bottle into the chair, for fear I should be taken ill on the road. Gently——so, so!

[*Exit. Mrs. Cole and Loader.*

'*Sir Geo.* Dick, show Mr. Transfer in——Ha, ha, 'what a hoge podge! How the jade has jumbled to-'gether the carnal and the spiritual!—with what ease 'she reconciles her new birth to her old calling! No 'wonder these preachers have plenty of prbselytes, 'whilst they have the address so comfortably to blend 'the hitherto jarring interests of the two worlds.

'*Enter* LOADER.

'*Load.* Well, knight, I have housed her; but 'they want you within, Sir.

'*Sir Geo.* I'll go to them immediately. [*Exeunt.*'

THE END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

Enter DICK, *introducing* TRANSFER.

Dick.

MY master will come to you presently. [*Exit.*

Enter Sir GEORGE.

Sir Geo. Mr. Transfer, your servant.

Trans. Your honour's very humble. I thought to have found Mr. Loader here.

Sir Geo. He will return immediately. Well, Mr. Transfer——but take a chair—you have had a long walk. Mr. Loader, I presume, opened to you the urgency of my business.

Trans. Ay, ay, the general cry, money, money! I don't know, for my part, where all the money is flown to. Formerly a note, with a tolerable endorsement, was as current as cash. If your uncle Richard now would join in this security—

Sir Geo. Impossible.

Trans. Ay, like enough. I wish you were of age.

Sir Geo. So do I. But as that will be considered in the premium—

Trans. True, true——I see you understand business—And what sum does your honour lack at present?

Sir Geo. Lack!—How much have you brought!

Trans. Who, I? Dear me, none!

Sir Geo. Zounds, none!

Trans. Lack-a-day, none to be had, I think. All the morning have I been upon the hunt. There, Ephraim Barebones, the tallow-chandler in Thames-street, us'd to be a never-failing chap; not a guinea to be got there. Then I tottet'd away to Nebuchadnezzar Zebulon, in the Old Jewry, but it happen'd to be Saturday; and they never touch on the Sabbath, you know.

Sir Geo. Why, what the devil can I do?

Trans. Good me, I did not know your honour had been so pressed.

Sir Geo. My honour pressed! Yes, my honour is not only pressed, but ruined, unless I can raise money to redeem it. That blockhead Loader, to depend upon this old doating——

Trans. Well, well, now I declare I am quite sorry to see your honour in such a taking.

Sir Geo. Damn your sorrow.

Trans. But come, don't be cast down: Tho' money is not to be had, money's worth may, and that's the same thing.

Sir Geo. How, dear Transfer?

Trans. Why, I have, at my warehouse in the city, ten casks of whale-blubber, a large cargo of Dantzick dowlass, with a curious sortment of Birmingham hafts, and Whitney blankets for exportation.

Sir Geo. Hey!

Trans. And stay, stay; then, again, at my country-house, the bottom of Gray's-inn-lane, there's a hundred ton of fine old hay, only damaged a little

last winter for want of thatching; with forty load of flint-stones.

Sir Geo. Well.

Trans. Your honour may have all these for a reasonable profit, and convert them into cash.

Sir Geo. Blubber and blankets! Why, you old rascal, do you banter me?

Trans. Who, I? O la! marry, heaven forbid.

Sir Geo. Get out of my—you stuttering scoundrel.

Trans. If your honour wou'd but hear me—

Sir Geo. Troop, I say, unless you have a mind to go a shorter way than you came. [*Ex. Tr.*] And yet there is something so uncommonly ridiculous in his proposal, that, were my mind more at ease—[*Enter* LOADER.] So, Sir, you have recommended me to a fine fellow.

Load. What's the matter?

Sir Geo. He can't supply me with a shilling! and wants, besides, to make me a dealer in dowlass.

Load. Ay, and a very good commodity too. People that are upon ways and means must not be nice, knight. A pretty piece of work you have made here! Thrown up the cards with the game in your hands.

Sir Geo. Why, prithee, of what use wou'd his—

Load. Use! of every use. Procure you the spankers, my boy. I have a broker, that, in a twinkling, shall take off your bargain.

Sir Geo. Indeed!

Load. Indeed! Ay, indeed. You sit down to hazard and not know the chances! I'll call him back.

—Hollo, Transfer.—A pretty, little, busy, bustling —You may travel miles before you will meet with his match. If there is one pound in the city he will get it. He creeps, like a ferret, into their bags, and makes the yellow-boys bolt again.

Enter TRANSFER.

Come hither, little Transfer; what, man, our minor was a little too hasty; he did not understand trap: knows nothing of the game, my dear.

Trans. What I said was to serve Sir George: as he seemed——

Load. I told him so. Well, well, we will take thy commodities, were they as many more. But try, prithee, if thou could'st not procure us some of the ready for present spending.

Trans. Let me consider.

Load. Ay, do: come, shuffle thy brains; never fear the Baronet. To let a lord of lands want shiners; 'tis a shame.

Trans. I do recollect, in this quarter of the town, an old friend that used to do things in this way.

Load. Who?

Trans. Statute the scrivener.

Load. Slam me, but he has nicked the chance.

Trans. A hard man, master Loader.

Sir Geo. No matter.

Trans. His demands are exhorbitant.

Sir Geo. That is no fault of ours.

Load. Well said, knight!

Trans. But, to save time, I had better mention his terms.

Load. Unnecessary.

Trans. Five per cent. legal interest.

Sir Geo. He shall have it.

Trans. Ten, the premium.

Sir Geo. No more words.

Trans. Then, as you are not of age, five more for insuring your life.

Load. We will give it.

Trans. As for what he will demand for the risk—

Sir Geo. He shall be satisfied.

Trans. You pay the attorney.

Sir Geo. Amply, amply. Loader, dispatch him.

Load. There, there, little Transfer; now, every thing is settled. All terms shall be complyed with, reasonable or unreasonable. What, our principal is a man of honour. [*Exit Tr.*] Hey, my knight, this is doing business. This pinch is a sure card.

Re-enter TRANSFER.

Trans. I had forgot one thing. I am not the principal; you pay the brokerage.

Load. Ay, ay; and a handsome present into the bargain, never fear.

Trans. Enough, enough.

Load Hark'e, Transfer, we'll take the Birmingham hafts and Whitney wares.

Trans. They shall be forthcoming.——You would not have the hay, with the flints?

Load. Every pebble of 'em. The magistrates of

the Baronet's borough are infirm and gouty. He shall deal them as new pavement. [*Exit Tr.*] So, that's settled. I believe, knight, I can lend you a helping hand as to the last article. I know some traders that will truck: -fellows with finery. Not commodities of such clumsy conveyance as old Transfer's.

Sir Geo. You are very obliging.

Load. I'll do it, boy; and get you, into the bargain a bonny auctioneer, that shall dispose of 'em all in a crack. [*Exit.*

Enter DICK.

Dick. Your uncle, Sir, has been waiting some time.

Sir Geo. He comes in a lucky hour. Show him in. [*Exit Dick.*] Now for a lecture. My situation shan't sink my spirits, however. Here comes the musty trader, running over with remonstrances. I must banter the cit.

Enter RICHARD WEALTHY.

R. Weal. So, Sir; what, I suppose this is a spice of your foreign breeding, to let your uncle kick his heels in your hall, whilst your presence-chamber is crouded with pimps, bawds, and gamesters.

Sir Geo. Oh, a proof of my respect, dear uncle. Would it have been decent now, uncle, to have introduced you into such company?

R. Weal. Wonderfully considerate. Well, young man, and what do you think will be the end of all this? Here I have received by the last mail a quire

of your drafts from abroad. I see you are determined our neighbours should taste of your magnificence.

Sir Geo. Yes, I think I did some credit to my country.

R. Weal. And how are all these to be paid?

Sir Geo. That I submit to you, dear uncle.

R. Weal. From me!—Not a souse to keep you from the counter.

Sir Geo. Why then let the scoundrels stay. It is their duty. I have other demands, debts of honour, which must be discharged.

R. Weal. Here's a diabolical distinction! Here's a prostitution of words!—Honour! 'Sdeath, that a rascal who has picked your pocket shall have his crime gilded with the most sacred distinction, and his plunder punctually paid, whilst the industrious mechanic, who ministers to your very wants, shall have his debt delayed, and his demand treated as insolent.

Sir Geo. Oh! a truce to this thread-bare trumpery, dear uncle.

R. Weal. I confess my folly! but make yourself easy; you won't be troubled with many more of my visits. I own I was weak enough to design a short expostulation with you; but as we in the city know the true value of time, I shall take care not to squander away any more of it upon you.

Sir Geo. A prudent resolution.

R. Weal. One commission, however, I can't dispense with myself from executing.—It was agreed between your father and me, that as he had but one son and I one daughter——

Sir Geo. Your gettings should be added to his estate, and my cousin Margery and I squat down together in the comfortable state of matrimony.

R. Weal. Puppy! Such was our intention. Now, his last will claims this contract.

Sir Geo. Dispatch, dear uncle.

R. Weal. Why then, in a word, see me here demand the execution.

Sir Geo. What d'ye mean? For me to marry Margery?

R. Weal. I do.

Sir Geo. What, moi—me?

R. Weal. You, you——Your answer, ay or no?

Sir Geo. Why then, concisely and briefly, without evasion, equivocation, or further circumlocution,——No.

R. Weal. I am glad of it.

Sir Geo. So am I.

R. Weal. But pray, if it would not be too great a favour, what objections can you have to my daughter? Not that I want to remove 'em, but merely out of curiosity, What objections?

Sir Geo. None. I neither know her, have seen her, inquir'd after her, or ever intend it.

R. Weal. What, perhaps I am the stumbling block?

Sir Geo. You have hit it.

R. Weal. Ay, now we come to the point. Well, and pray——

Sir Geo. Why, it is not so much a dislike to your person, though that is exceptionable enough; but

your profession, dear uncle, is an insuperable obstacle.

R. Weal. Good lack! And what harm has that done, pray?

Sir Geo. Done! so stained, polluted, and tainted the whole mass of your blood, thrown such a blot on your 'scutcheon, as ten regular successions can hardly efface.

R. Weal. The deuce!

Sir Geo. And could you now, consistently with your duty as a faithful guardian, recommend my union with the daughter of a trader?

R. Weal. Why, indeed, I ask pardon; I am afraid I did not weigh the matter as maturely as I ought.

Sir Geo. Oh, a horrid, barbarous scheme!

R. Weal. But then I thought her having the honour to partake of the same flesh and blood with yourself might prove, in some measure, a kind of fullers-earth, to scour out the dirty spots contracted by commerce.

Sir Geo. Impossible!

R. Weal. Besides, here, it has been the practice even of peers.

Sir Geo. Don't mention the unnatural intercourse! Thank Heav'n, Mr. Richard Wealthy, my education has been in another country, where I have been too well instructed in the value of nobility to think of intermixing it with the offspring of a Bourgeois. Why, what apology cou'd I make to my children for giving them such a mother?

R. Weal. I did not think of that. Then I must despair, I am afraid.

Sir Geo. I can afford but little hopes. Tho', upon recollection——Is the grisette pretty?

R. Weal. A parent may be partial. She is thought so.

Sir Geo. Ah, la jolie petite Bourgeoise! Poor girl, I sincerely pity her. And I suppose, to procure her emersion from the mercantile mud, no consideration wou'd be spar'd.

R. Weal. Why, to be sure, for such an honour one wou'd strain a point.

Sir Geo. Why then, not totally to destroy your hopes, I do recollect an edict in favour of Brittany; that when a man of distinction engages in commerce, his nobility is suffered to sleep.

R. Weal. Indeed!

Sir Geo. And, upon his quitting the contagious connection, he is permitted to resume his rank.

R. Weal. That's fortunate.

Sir Geo. So, nuncle Richard, if you will sell out of the stocks, shut up your counting-house, and quit St. Mary-axe for Grosvenor-square—

R. Weal. What then?

Sir Geo. Why, when your rank has had time to rouse itself, for I think your nobility, nuncle, has had a pretty long nap, if the girl's person is pleasing, and the purchase-money is adequate to the honour, I may in time be prevailed upon to restore her to the right of her family.

R. Weal. Amazing condescension.

Sir Geo. Good-nature is my foible. But, upon my soul, I would not have gone so far for any body else.

R. Weal. I can contain no longer. Hear me, spendthrift, prodigal, do you know, that in ten days your whole revenue won't purchase you a feather to adorn your empty head?—

Sir Geo. Heyday! what's the matter now?

R. Weal. And that you derive every acre of your boasted patrimony from your great-uncle, a soap-boiler!

Sir Geo. Infamous aspersion!

R. Weal. It was his bags, the fruits of his honest industry, that preserved your lazy, beggarly nobility. His wealth repaired your tottering hall, from the ruins of which even the rats had run.

Sir Geo. Better our name had perished! Insupportable! soap-boiling, uncle!

R. Weal. Traduce a trader in the country of commerce! It is treason against the community; and, for your punishment, I would have you restored to the sordid condition from whence we drew you, and, like your predecessors the Picts, stript, painted, and fed upon hips, haws, and blackberries.

Sir Geo. A truce, dear haberdasher.

R. Weal. One pleasure I have, that to this goal you are upon the gallop; but have a care, the sword hangs but by a thread. When next we meet, know me for the master of your fate. [*Exit.*

Sir Geo. Insolent mechanic! But that his Bourgeois blood would have soiled my sword—

Enter BARON *and* LOADER.

Sir Wil. What is de matter?

Sir Geo. A fellow here, upon the credit of a little affinity, has dar'd to upbraid me with being sprung from a soap-boiler.

Sir Wil. Vat, you from the boiler of soap?

Sir Geo. Me!

Sir Wil. Aha, begar, dat is anoder ting—And marka you, Mister Monsieur, ha—how dare a you have d'affrontary—

Sir Geo. How?

Sir Wil. De impertinence to sit down, play wid me?

Sir Geo. What is this?

Sir Wil. A beggarly Bourgeois vis-a-vis, a Baron of twenty descents.

Load. But, Baron—

Sir. Wil. Bygar, I am almost ashamed to win of such a low, dirty—Give me my monies, and let a me never see your face.

Load. Why, but Baron, you mistake this thing; I know the old buck this fellow prates about.

Sir Wil. May be.

Load. Pigeon me, as true a gentleman as the Grand Signior. He was, indeed, a good-natur'd, obliging, friendly fellow; and being a great judge of soap, tar, and train-oil, he us'd to have it home to his house, and sell it to his acquaintances for ready money, to serve them.

Sir Wil. Was dat all?

Load. Upon my honour.

Sir Wil. Oh dat, dat is anoder ting. Bygar I was afraid he was negotiant.

Load. Nothing like it.

Enter DICK.

Dick. A gentleman to enquire for Mr. Loader.

[*Exit.*

Load. I come—A pretty son-of-a-bitch this Baron! Pimps for the man, picks his pocket, and then wants to kick him out of company, because his uncle was an oilman. [*Exit.*

Sir Wil. I beg pardon, Chevalier, I was mistake.

Sir Geo. Oh, don't mention it; had the flam been fact, your behaviour was natural enough.

Enter LOADER.

Load. Mr. Smirk, the auctioneer.

Sir Geo. Show him in by all means.

[*Exit Loader.*

Sir Wil. You have affair.

Sir Geo. If you'll walk into the next room, they will be finished in five minutes. [*Exit Sir William.*

Enter LOADER, *with* SHIFT *as* SMIRK.

Load. Here master Smirk, this is the gentleman. Hark'e, Knight, did I not tell you old Moll was your mark? Here she has brought you a pretty piece of man's meat already; as sweet as a nosegay, and as ripe as a cherry, you rogue. Dispatch him, mean time we'll manage the girl. [*Exit.*

Smirk. You are the principal.

Sir Geo. Even so. I have, Mr. Smirk, some things of a considerable value, which I want to dispose of immediately.

Smirk. You have?

Sir Geo. Could you assist me?

Smirk. Doubtless.

Sir Geo. But directly?

Smirk. We have an auction at twelve. I'll add your cargo to the catalogue.

Sir Geo. Can that be done?

Smirk. Every day's practice: it is for the credit of the sale. Last week, amongst the valuable effects of a gentleman going abroad, I sold a choice collection of china, with a curious service of plate; though the real party was never master of above two Delf dishes and a dozen of pewter in all his life.

Sir Geo. Very artificial. But this must be conceal'd.

Smirk. Bury'd here. Oh, many an aigrette and solitaire have I sold, to discharge a lady's play debt. But then we must know the parties, otherwise it might be knock'd down to the husband himself.—Ha, ha.—Hey ho!

Sir Geo. True. Upon my word, your profession requires parts.

Smirk. Nobody's more. Did you ever hear, Sir George, what first brought me into the business?

Sir Geo. Never.

Smirk. Quite an accident, as I may say. You must have known my predecessor, Mr. Prig, the greatest man in the world in his way, aye, or that ever was, or ever will be; quite a jewel of a man: he would touch you up a lot; there was no resisting him. He wou'd force you to bid whether you wou'd or no. I shall never see his equal.

Sir Geo. You are modest, Mr. Smirk.

Smirk. No, no, but his shadow. Far be it from me to vie with that great man. But as I was saying, my predecessor Mr. Prig, was to have a sale, as it might be on a Saturday. On Friday, at noon, I shall never forget the day, he was suddenly seized with a violent cholic. He sent for me to his bed-side, squeez'd me by the hand; dear Smirk, said he, what an accident! You know what is to-morrow; the greatest show this season; prints, pictures, bronzes, butterflies, medals, and minionettes, all the world will be there; Lady Dy Joss, Mrs. Nankyn, the Duchess of Dupe, and every body at all: you see my state, it will be impossible for me to mount. What can I do? It was not for me you know to advise that great man.

Sir Geo. No, no,

Smirk. At last, looking wishfully at me, Smirk, says he, d'you love me?—Mr. Prig, can you doubt it?—I'll put it to the test, says he; supply my place to-morrow.—I, eager to show my love, rashly and rapidly replied,—I will.

Sir Geo. That was bold.

Smirk. Absolute madness! But I had gone too far to recede. Then the point was, to prepare for the awful occasion. The first want that occurred to me was a wig, but this was too material an article to depend on my own judgment; I resolved to consult my friends. I told them the affair—You hear, gentlemen, what has happened; Mr. Prig, one of the greatest men in his way the world ever saw, or ever will, quite a jewel of a man, taken with a violent fit

of the cholic; to-morrow, the greatest show this season; prints, pictures, bronzes, butterflies, medals, and minionettes; every body in the world to be there; Lady Dy Joss, Mrs. Nankyn, Duchess of Dupe, and all mankind: it being impossible he should mount, I have consented to sell—They star'd—it is true, gentlemen. Now I should be glad to have your opinions as to a wig. They were divided: some recommended a tye, others a bag; one mentioned a bob, but was soon over rul'd. Now, for my part, I own I rather inclin'd to the bag; but to avoid the imputation of rashness, I resolved to take Mrs. Smirk's judgment, my wife, a dear good woman, fine in figure, high in taste, a superior genius, and knows old china like a Nabob.

Sir Geo. What was her decision?

Smirk. I told her the case.—My dear, you know what has happened. My good friend Mr. Prig, the greatest man in the world, in his way, that ever was, or ever will be, quite a jewel of a man, a violent fit of the cholic—the greatest show this season to-morrow, pictures, and every thing in the world; all the world will be there: now, as it is impossible he should, I mount in his stead. You know the importance of a wig; I have ask'd my friends—some recommended a tye, others a bag,—what is your opinion? Why, to deal freely, Mr. Smirk, says she, a tye for your round, regular, smiling face, would be rather too formal, and a bag rather too boyish, deficient in dignity for the solemn occasion; were I worthy to advise, you should wear a something between both.—

I'll be hang'd if you don't mean a major. I jumpt at the hint, and a major it was.

Sir Geo. So, that was fixt.

Smirk. Finally. But next day when I came to mount the rostrum, then was the trial. My limbs shook, and my tongue trembled. The first lot was a chamber-utensil, in Chelsea china, of the pea-green pattern. It occasioned a great laugh; but I got through it. Her Grace, indeed, gave me great encouragement. I overheard her whisper to Lady Dy, upon my word Mr. Smirk does it very well. Very well, indeed, Mr. Smirk, addressing herself to me. I made an acknowledging bow to her Grace, as in duty bound. But one flower flounced involuntarily from me that day, as I may say. I remember Dr. Trifle called it enthusiastic, and pronounc'd it a presage of my future greatness.

Sir Geo. What was that?

Smirk. Why, Sir, the lot was a guido? a single figure, a marvellous fine performance; well preserv'd, and highly finish'd. It stuck t five-and-forty; I, charm'd with the picture and piqu'd at the people, A-going for five-and-forty, nobody more than five-and-forty?——Pray Ladies and Gentlemen, look at this piece, quite flesh and blood, and only wants a touch from the torch of Prometheus to start from the canvass and fall a bidding. A general plaudit ensu'd; I bow'd, and in three minutes knock'd it down at sixty-three, ten.

Sir Geo. That was a stroke at least equal to your master.

Smirk. O dear me! you did not know the great man, alike in every thing. He had as much to say upon a ribbon as a Raphael. His manner too was inimitably fine. I remember, they took him off at the play-house, some time ago; pleasant, but wrong. Public characters should not be sported with—They are sacred—But we lose time.

Sir Geo. Oh, in the lobby, on the table, you will find the particulars.

Smirk. We shall see you. There will be a world of company. I shall please you. But the great nicety of our art is, the eye. Mark how mine skims round the room. Some bidders are shy, and only advance with a nod; but I nail them. One, two, three, four, five. You will be surpriz'd—Ha, ha, ha,—heigh ho! [*Exeunt.*

THE END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT

ACT III.

Enter SIR GEORGE *and* LOADER.

Sir George.

A MOST infernal run. Let's see. (*Pulls out a card*). Loader a thousand, the Baron two, Tally ——Enough to beggar a banker. Every shilling of Transfer's supply exhausted! nor will even the sale of my moveables prove sufficient to discharge my debts. Death and the devil! In what a complication of calamities has a few days plung'd me! And no resource!

Load. Knight, here's old Moll come to wait on you; she has brought the tid-bit I spoke of. Shall I bid her send her in?

Sir Geo. Pray do. [*Exit Loader.*

Enter Mrs. COLE *and* LUCY.

Mrs. Cole. Come along Lucy. You bashful baggage, I thought I had silenc'd your scruples. Don't you remember what Mr. Squintum said? A woman's not worth saving, that won't be guilty of a swinging sin; for then they have matter to repent upon. Here, your honour, I leave her to your management. She is young, tender, and timid! does not know what is for her own good: but your honour will soon teach her. I would willingly stay, but I must not lose the lecture, [*Exit.*

Sir Geo. Upon my credit, a fine figure! Aukward —Can't produce her publickly as mine! but she will do for private amusement—Will you be seated, Miss? —Dumb! quite a picture! She too wants a touch of the Promethean torch—Will you be so kind, Ma'am, to walk from your frame and take a chair? —Come, prithee, why so coy? Nay, I am not very adroit in the custom of this country. I suppose I must conduct you—Come, Miss.

Lucy. O, Sir!

Sir Geo. Child!

Lucy. If you have any humanity, spare me.

Sir Geo. In tears! What can this mean! Artifice. A project to raise the price, I suppose. Look'e, my dear, you may save this piece for another occasion. It won't do with me; I am no novice—So, child, a truce to your tragedy, I beg.

Lucy. Indeed you wrong me, Sir; indeed you do.

Sir Geo. Wrong you! how came you here, and for what purpose?

Lucy. A shameful one. I know it all; and yet believe me, Sir, I am innocent.

Sir Geo. Oh, I don't question that. Your pious patroness is a proof of your innocence.

Lucy. What can I say to gain your credit? And yet, Sir, strong as appearances are against me, by all that's holy, you see me here, a poor distrest, involuntary victim.

Sir Geo. Her style's above the common class; her tears are real.—Rise, child.—How the poor creature trembles!

Lucy. Say then I am safe.

Sir Geo. Fear nothing.

Lucy. May Heaven reward you.—I cannot.

Sir Geo. Prithee, child, collect yourself, and help me to unravel this mystery. You came hither willingly? There was no force?

Lucy. None.

Sir Geo. You know Mrs. Coie

Lucy. Too well.

Sir Geo. How came you then to trust her?

Lucy. Mine, Sir, is a tedious melancholy tale.

Sir Geo. And artless too?

Lucy. As innocence.

Sir Geo. Give it me.

Lucy. It will tire you.

Sir Geo. Not if it be true. Be just, and you will find me generous.

Lucy. On that, Sir, I rely'd in venturing hither.

Sir Geo. You did me justice. Trust me with all your story. If you deserve, depend upon my protection.

Lucy. Some months ago, Sir, I was consider'd as the joint heiress of a respectable wealthy merchant; dear to my friends, happy in my prospects, and my father's favourite.

Sir Geo. His name.

Lucy. There you must pardon me. Unkind and cruel tho' he has been to me, let me discharge the duty of a daughter; suffer in silence, nor bring reproach on him who gave me being.

Sir Geo. I applaud your piety,

Lucy. At this happy period, my father, judging an addition of wealth must bring an increase of happiness, resolved to unite me with a man sordid in his mind, brutal in his manners, and riches his only recommendation. My refusal of this ill-suited match, though mildly given, enflamed my father's temper, naturally choleric, alienated his affections, and banish'd me his house, distrest and destitute.

Sir Geo. Wou'd no friend receive you?

Lucy. Alas, how few are friends to the unfortunate! Besides, I knew, Sir, such a step wou'd be consider'd by my father as an appeal from his justice. I therefore retir'd to a remote corner of the town, trusting, as my only advocate, to the tender calls of nature, in his cool reflecting hours.

Sir Geo. How came you to know this woman?

Lucy. Accident plac'd me in a house, the mistress of which professed the same principles with my infamous conductress. There, as enthusiasm is the child of melancholy, I caught the infection. A constant attendance on their assemblies procured me the acquaintance of this woman, whose extraordinary zeal and devotion first drew my attention and confidence. I trusted her with my story, and in return, receiv'd the warmest invitation to take the protection of her house. This I unfortunately accepted.

Sir Geo. Unfortunately, indeed!

Lucy. By the decency of appearances, I was some time imposed upon; but an accident which, you will excuse my repeating, revealed all the horror of my situation. I will not trouble you with a recital of all

the arts us'd to seduce me: happily they hitherto have fail'd. But this morning I was acquainted with my destiny; and no other election left me, but immediate compliance or a jail. In this desperate condition, you cannot wonder, Sir, at my choosing rather to rely on the generosity of a gentleman, than the humanity of a creature insensible to pity, and void of every virtue.

Sir Geo. The event shall justify your choice. You have my faith and honour for your security. For tho' I can't boast of my own goodness, yet I have an honest feeling for afflicted virtue; and, however unfashionable, a spirit that dares afford it protection. Give me your hand. As soon as I have dispatch'd some pressing business here, I will lodge you in an asylum, sacred to the distresses of your sex; where indigent beauty is guarded from temptations, and deluded innocence rescued from infamy.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter SHIFT.

Zooks, I have toil'd like a horse; quite tir'd by Jupiter. And what shall I get for my pains? The old fellow here talks of making me easy for life. Easy! and what does he mean by easy? He'll make me an exciseman, I suppose, and so with an inkhorn at my button-hole, and a taper switch in my hand, I shall run about gauging of beer barrels. No, that will never do. This lad here is no fool. Foppish, indeed. He does not want parts, no, nor principles neither. I overheard his scene with the girl, I think

I may trust him. I have a great mind to venture it. It is a shame to have him dup'd by this old don. It must not be. I'll in and unfold—Ha!—Egad I have a thought too, which, if my heir apparent can execute, I shall still lie conceal'd, and perhaps be rewarded on both sides.

I have it,—'tis engender'd, piping hot.

And now, Sir Knight, I'll match you with a plot.

[*Exit.*

Enter SIR WILLIAM *and* RICHARD WEALTHY.

R. Weal. Well, I suppose, by this time you are satisfied what a scoundrel you have brought into the world, and are ready to finish your foolery.

Sir Wil. Got to the catastrophe, good brother.

R. Weal. Let us have it over then.

Sir Wil. I have already alarmed all his tradesmen. I suppose we shall soon have him here, with a legion of bailiffs and constables.—Oh, have you my will about you?

R. Weal. Yes, yes.

Sir Wil. It is almost time to produce it, or read him the clause that relates to his rejecting your daughter. That will do his business. But they come. I must return to my character.

Enter SHIFT.

Shift. Sir, Sir, we are all in the wrong box; our scheme is blown up; your son has detected Loader and Tally, and is playing the very devil within.

Sir Wil. Oh, the bunglers!

Shift. Now for it, youngster.

Enter SIR GEORGE, *driving in* LOADER *and another.*

Sir Geo. Rascals, robbers, that, like the locust, mark the road you have taken by the ruin and desolation you leave behind you.

Load. Sir George!

Sir Geo. And can youth, however cautious, be guarded against such deep-laid, complicated villainy? Where are the rest of your diabolical crew? your auctioneer, usurer, and——O, Sir, are you here? I am glad you have not escaped us, however.

Sir Wil. What de devil is de matter?

Sir Geo. Your birth, which I believe an imposition, preserves you, however, from the discipline those rogues have receiv'd. A baron—a nobleman—a sharper! O shame! It is enough to banish all confidence from the world. On whose faith can we rely, when those, whose honour is held as sacred as an oath, unmindful of their dignity, descend to rival pick-pockets in their infamous arts. What are these? *(pulls out dice,)* pretty implements! The fruits of your leisure hours! they are dexterously done. You have a fine mechanical turn.—Dick secure the door.

Mrs. COLE, *speaking as entering.*

Mrs. Cole. Here I am at last. Well, and how is your honour, and the little gentlewoman?—Bless me! what is the matter here?

Sir Geo. I am, Madam, treating your friends with

a cold collation, and you are opportunely come for your share. The little gentlewoman is safe, and in much better hands than you designed her. Abominable hypocrite! who, tottering under the load of irreverent age and infamous diseases, inflexibly proceed in the practice of every vice, impiously prostituting the most sacred institutions to the most infernal purposes.

Mrs. Cole. I hope your Honour——

Sir Geo. Take her away. As you have been singular in your penitence, you ought to be distinguish'd in your penance; which I promise you, shall be most publicly and plentifully bestow'd.

[*Exit Mrs. Cole.*

Enter DICK.

Dick. The constables, Sir. [*Enter Constables.*

Sir Geo. Let them come in, that I may consign these Gentlemen to their care. [*To Sir Wil.*] Your letters of nobility you will produce in a court of justice. Tho', if I read you right, you are one of those indigent, itinerent nobles of your own creation, which our reputation for hospitality draws hither in shoals, to the shame of our understanding, the impairing of our fortunes, and when you are trusted, the betraying of our designs. Officers, do your duty.

Sir Wil. Why, don't you know me?

Sir Geo. Just as I guess'd. An imposter. He has recover'd the free use of his tongue already.

Sir Wil. Nay, but George.

Sir Geo. Insolent familiarity! away with him.

Sir Wil. Hold, hold a moment. Brother Richard, set this matter to rights.

R. Weal. Don't you know him?

Sir Geo. Know him! the very question is an affront.

R. Weal. Nay, I don't wonder at it. 'Tis your father, you fool.

Sir Geo. My father? Impossible!

Sir Wil. That may be, but 'tis true.

Sir Geo. My father alive! Thus let me greet the blessing.

Sir Wil. Alive! Ay, and I believe I shan't be in a hurry to die again.

Sir Geo. But, dear Sir, the report of your death —— and this disguise—— to what——

Sir Wil. Don't ask any questions. Your uncle will tell you all. For my part, I am sick of the scheme.

R. Weal. I told you what would become of your politics.

Sir Wil. You did so, but if it had not been for those clumsy scoundrels, the plot was as good a plot —O George, such discoveries I have to make. Within I'll unravel the whole.

Sir Geo. Perhaps, Sir, I may match 'em.

Shift. Sir. [*Pulls him by the sleeve.*

Sir Geo. Never fear. It is impossible, gentlemen, to determine your fate, till this matter is more fully explain'd; till when keep 'em safe in custody.—— Do you know them, Sir?

Sir Wil. Yes, but that's more than they did me.

I can cancel your debts there, and, I believe, prevail on those gentlemen to refund too——But you have been a sad profligate young dog, George.

Sir Geo. I can't boast of my goodness, Sir, but I think I could produce you a proof that I am not so totally destitute of——

Sir Wil. Ay! why then prithee do.

Sir Geo. I have, Sir, this day, resisted a temptation, that greater pretenders to morality might have yielded to. But I will trust myself no longer, and must crave your interposition and protection.

Sir Wil. To what?

Sir Geo. I will attend you with the explanation in an instant. [*Exit.*

Sir Wil. Prithee, Shift, what does he mean?

Shift I believe I can guess.

Sir Wil. Let us have it.

Shift. I suppose the affair I overheard just now; a prodigious fine, elegant girl, faith, that, discarded by her family, for refusing to marry her grandfather, fell into the hands of the venerable lady you saw; who being the kind caterer for your son's amusements, brought her hither for a purpose obvious enough. But the young gentleman, touched with her story, truth, and tears, was converted from the spoiler of her honour to the protector of her innocence.

Sir Wil. Lookee there, brother, did not I tell you that George was not so bad at the bottom!

R. Weal. This does indeed atone for half the—But they are here.

Enter Sir GEORGE *and* LUCY.

Sir Geo. Fear nothing, Madam, you may safely rely on the——

Lucy. My father!

R. Weal. Lucy!

Lucy. O, Sir, can you forgive your poor distrest, unhappy girl? You scarce can guess how hardly I've been us'd since my banishment from your parental roof. Want, pining want, anguish, and shame, have been my constant partners.

Sir Wil. Brother!

Sir Geo. Sir!

Lucy. Father!

R. Weal. Rise, child, 'tis I must ask thee forgiveness. Canst thou forget the woes I've made thee suffer? Come to my arms once more, thou darling of my age.—What mischief had my rashness nearly completed. Nephew, I scarce can thank you as I ought, but—

Sir Geo. I am richly paid, in being the happy instrument—Yet, might I urge a wish——

R. Weal. Name it.

Sir Geo. That you would forgive my follies of to-day; and, as I have been providentially the occasional guardian of your daughter's honour, that you would bestow on me that right for life.

R. Weal. That must depend on Lucy; her will, not mine, shall now direct her choice—What says your father?

Sir Wil. Me! Oh, I'll show you in an instant.

Give me your hands. There children now you are joined; and the devil take him that wishes to part you.

Sir Geo. I thank you for us both.

R. Weal. Happiness attend you.

Sir Wil. Now, brother, I hope you will allow me to be a good plotter. All this was brought to bear by my means.

Shift. With my assistance, I hope, you'll own, Sir.

Sir Wil. That's true, honest Shift, and thou shalt be richly rewarded; nay, George shall be your friend too. This Shift is an ingenious fellow, let me tell you, son.

Sir Geo. I am no stranger to his abilities, Sir. But if you please, we will retire. The various struggles of this fair sufferer require the soothing softness of a sister's love. And now, Sir, I hope your fears for me are over; for had I not this motive to restrain my follies, yet I now know the town too well to be ever its bubble, and will take care to preserve, at least,

Some more estate, and principles, and wit,
Than brokers, bawds, and gamesters shall think fit.

SHIFT, *addressing himself to Sir* GEORGE.

And what becomes of your poor servant Shift?
Your father talks of lending me a lift—
A great man's promise, when his turn is serv'd!
Capons, on promises, wou'd soon be starv'd.

No, on myself alone I'll now rely:
'Gad I've a thriving traffic in my eye—
Near the mad mansions of Moorfields I'll bawl;
Friends, fathers, mothers, sisters, sons, and all,
Shut up your shops, and listen to my call.
With labour, toil, all second means dispense,
And live a rent-charge upon Providence.
Prick up your ears; a story now I'll tell,
Which once a widow and her child befel;
I knew the mother and her daughter well.
Poor, it is true, they were; but never wanted,
For whatsoe'er they ask'd, was always granted:
One fatal day the matron's truth was try'd,
She wanted meat and drink, and fairly cry'd.
[*Child.*] Mother, you cry! [*Moth.*] Oh, child, I've got no bread.
[*Child.*] What matters that? Why Providence an't dead!
With reason good, this truth the child might say,
For there came in at noon, that very day,
Bread, greens, potatoes, and a leg of mutton,
A better sure a table ne'er was put on:
Ay, that might be, ye cry, with those poor souls;
But we ne'er had a rasher for the coals.
And d'ye deserve it? How d'ye spend your days?
In pastimes, prodigality, and plays!
Let's go see Foote! ah, Foote's a precious limb!
Old Nick will soon a foot-ball make of him!
For foremost rows in side-boxes you shove,
Think you to meet with side-boxes above?

Where giggling girls and powder'd fops may sit,
No, you will all be cramm'd into the pit,
And croud the house for Satan's benefit.
Oh! what you snivel? well, do so no more,
Drop, to atone, your money at the door,
And, if I please,—I'll give it to the poor.

No, on myself alone I'll now rely:
'Gad I've a thriving traffic in my eye—
Near the mad mansions of Moorfields I'll bawl;
Friends, fathers, mothers, sisters, sons, and all,
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And, if I please,—I'll give it to the poor.

PARSONS's MINOR THEATRE.

Engraved by W. Bellers.

Mr. QUICK.

Printed for J. Parsons, 21, Paternoster Row. Nov.r 1799.

(3)

THE CITIZEN.

A COMEDY

IN TWO ACTS.

WRITTEN BY ARTHUR MURPHY, ESQ.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRES ROYAL, DRURY-LANE AND COVENT-GARDEN.

The Lines distinguished by inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation.

London:

PRINTED BY J. JARVIS,
FOR J. PARSONS, N° 21, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1793.

Some Account of Mr. Murphy.

TO this gentleman the stage is considerably indebted; as from his elegant and marking pen, several productions have from time to time appeared which will long rank in the list of its distinguished ornaments. But to the stage alone, Mr. Murphy's genius has by no means been confined. To his judgment, as well as to his taſte, may be attributed the best edition extant, and indeed the only valuable one, of the works complete of that first of novel writers, HENRY FIELDING; to which he has subjoined a life of his author, which reflects infinite credit on his abilities as a biographer. As a politician, Mr. Murphy has occasionally stepped forward, with no inconsiderable degree of merit. Here we find his diction at once elegant, firm, and ingenious; and it is universally acknowledged, that the party he espoused, and that was honoured with the aid of such talents, had every reason to be proud of such an advocate.

Mr. Murphy is a native of Ireland. While but a youth, being designed by his friends for trade, he was engaged in the counting-house of a respectable merchant. But not duly considering the bent of his inclinations, their designs were frustrated. The

dullness of the desk, and the shackles of confinement, were ill suited to a mind glowing with the fire of genius, and which had made its own election. Partial to the stage, and to its members, he interested himself so deeply in a theatrical dispute which took place at Corke, as to give umbrage to his superior, who discharged him from an employment which there is no doubt he was very willing to relinquish.

Mr. Murphy now left Ireland, and repaired to London, where he most likely judged it convenient to apply to business, in which however he remained not long. His taste for literature was not to be checked; to disinclination, neglect succeeded, and in a very little time he took a final leave of a situation for which he was never formed, and entered upon another more congenial to his disposition.

In other words, he commenced writer; in which capacity he asserted his claim to public support in a work entitled *The Gray's-Inn Journal*, which he brought forward in the year 1752, and continued till the year 1754, when he stepped from the study to the stage.

His first appearance was on the 18th of October in the same year, on the boards of Covent-garden theatre; and his character, that of Othello; in which, notwithstanding the perfect knowledge of his author, aided by a good voice and a graceful figure, his success was not very great. Till the close of the season he appeared occasionally; his fine judgment preserved him from giving offence; but he remained a stranger to those bursts of ap-

plause which accompany the performances of the favoured sons and daughters of the mimic scene.

The following season he shifted his ground, and appeared on the stage of Old Drury, where he remained till its close, and then took his final leave of a profession in which he saw no prospect of distinguishing himself to any great advantage; and returned to his former employment as an author; in which he was sure to exert his talents in a manner more eligible to his fame and to his fortune.

At this time the rage of party was excessive; and taking the unpopular side, Mr. Murphy, on the 6th of November 1756, commenced a periodical paper called *The Test*, which was replied to by the late *Owen Ruffhead, Esq.* in another print, which he named *The Contest*.

Aware of the precarious state of an author Mr. Murphy determined to study the law; but, on his first application to the societies of both the Temple and Gray's Inn, he had the mortification of being refused admission, on the illiberal ground of his having acted on the stage. He was, however, admitted a member of Lincoln's-Inn, and in due time called to the bar.

When his present majesty came to the throne, he employed his elegant and forceful pen against a well-remembered paper, published at that period under the title of *The North Briton*; and for a considerable time gave to the town a weekly work, named *The Auditor*.

It was not long after this that Mr. Murphy renounced the world of politics, and it was generally imagined that he retreated from it in disgust; occasioned by the improper conduct of certain members of the party whose cause he had defended.

He now applied himself to the duties of his profession as a lawyer, in which he is at this moment as much respected for his abilities as for his integrity.

His manners are at once amiable and refined; no man was ever more respected by his friends and acquaintance than Mr. Murphy; and when the time arrives for his paying the debt of nature, society will have to mourn the loss of a valuable member.

Notwithstanding the variety of interesting productions which have, from time to time, been represented on the stage with a success honourable to the taste of the town, and which still remain its peculiar favourites; the respectability which mark his other writings, and his superior abilities in the line of his profession; Mr. Murphy, at this moment, enjoys not the sunshine of affluence in that degree which his superior genius might well entitle him to.

This real genius usually resides at Hammersmith. In the course of the last winter, after many years rest from dramatic labour, he produced a tragedy, named *The Rival Sisters*, which was performed at

the King's Theatre in the Hay-market by the Drury-lane company, with a considerable share of applause.

The comedies of Mr. Murphy are formed upon so chaste a principle, as to ensure to them a lasting situation on the stage. They are as well calculated to charm in a distant age as in the present. The dramatist has in no instance substituted extravagance for nature; his characters are all such as we meet with in real life. His fables are formed on the unfailing basis of reason, while the impressive moral they convey proves equally honourable to his heart as to his understanding.

Nor are his tragedies less deserving of our encomium; they are rich in the noblest flights of genuine poesy, and must ever have their admirers.

An opinion is gone forth that the latter are better suited for the study than the stage; but surely the heroine of his GRECIAN DAUGHTER, as represented by a Barry and a Siddons, must check the progress of such an opinion, and prove it void of foundation.

His DESERT ISLAND presents an interesting tale of woe, pictured in such elegant and pathetic language as to render it dear to every reader of sensibility. The sorrows of Constantia make their way to the heart; and till his story is told, we join with her in upbraiding the, apparently, perfidious Ferdinand. The artless innocence and simplicity which mark the character of her daughter, heighten the effect of the scene, true to nature, and the best in-

terests of virtue; and we cannot but regret, while we have a *Siddons* at the one house, and a *Pope* at the other, that THE DESERT ISLAND is not brought forward with every liberal support in the power of a manager to assist its representation. This beautiful production will in a few weeks be laid before our readers. Our artist has been remarkably happy in picturing the first scene, where Constantia is discovered by the rock which bears the record of her sufferings: and we flatter ourselves, when the patrons of this undertaking have perused the impressive little drama, they will conclude, that we have not been too lavish in our encomiums.

Mr. Murphy's last production of THE RIVAL SISTERS, although not equal to his GRECIAN DAUGHTER, may still be considered as a production worthy of its author; and we hope when the new theatre is finished, this tragedy will not be left out in the list of representations for the season.

The original heroine of his GRECIAN DAUGHTER was first known to a London audience on the boards of the King's Theatre. From the first night of her performance, Mrs. Dancer became the favourite of the town; on the same boards, during the summer, this inimitable actress and Mr. Barry, (whom she afterwards married) appeared in the first characters of *Shakespeare* and *Otway*; and never were the plays of those great dramatic writers assisted by names more respectable than those of Barry, Sheridan, Sowden, Lee, Digges, and Dancer.

Mr. and Mrs. Barry, during the life of the latter, resided in the summer months at a beautiful little villa, which stood on an eminence, surrounded by a most captivating plantation, on the banks of the Thames, near Kingston; and no mansion answers to its name (GROVE-HOUSE) with more strict propriety. Here they dwelt happy in each other, and greatly respected by the first families for miles around them.

On the appearance of the GRECIAN DAUGHTER, the Euphrasia of Mrs. Barry was the general topic of conversation in every polite company; as was the Evander of Mr. Barry in the same tragedy.

Anthony Pasquin, in his CHILDREN OF THESPIS, thus speaks of her:

In the whirlwind of passion, tho' furious and warm,
The force of her judgment gave laws to the storm;
She rov'd the dominions of human ability;
But stopp'd on the verge, ere she pass'd possibility:
In piteous EUPHRASIA she issued her moan,
Till Melpomone trembled, and wept on her throne;
Commanded the suite of despair in her face,
And murder'd the tyrant with terrible grace;
Tho' Siddons' high majesty knew not her mind,
Her action was excellent, just, and refin'd.
The Siddons, convuls'd with the cause of her sadness,
Made the plaints of the heroine border on madness;
And summon'd amazement in each studied start;
But Crawford* effectually wounded the heart!

* Some time after the death of Mr. Barry, this lady became the wife of Mr. Crawford. There has been some talk of her appearing again on a London stage.

The *first* knock'd its sentinel down by surprise,
The *last* gain'd admittance by—pathos and sighs;
And play'd till the tremors increas'd in gradation,
And the frame was an organ of tender vibration;
All the pulses accorded with cold unanimity,
And the nerves carried woe to the fingers' extremity.

THE CITIZEN.

THE first representation of this Piece took place in the season of 1761, *at Drury-lane Theatre, under the direction of its Author; who we are informed was assisted in that business by the late Samuel Foote.*

The well-remembered Miss Elliot, as much celebrated for her beauty, as for her professional excellence, made her first appearance as the heroine of this diverting little drama of Arthur Murphy; to whom the Stage is indebted for several excellent Comedies, dear in the estimation of the sensible and discerning.

The Critics of that day were lavish in praise of sentimental proverbs, with which the novelties of the Stage were somewhat overcharged; and our Author was accused of making his audience laugh at the expence of reason and probability.——Now, public taste, and daily criticism, take another turn; and we can only exclaim with the Poet—"What a change from yesterday."

Nothing can speak more forcibly, in praise of the Writer of THE CITIZEN, *than the respectable houses his productions are sure to produce, whenever they are performed. The interest of his fables, the brilliant and sterling wit of his dialogue, and the strong character, true to nature and to genius, with which he invests his personages, will ever, let fashion change as it may, ensure to him a solid and a lasting fame.*

Dramatis Personae.

DRURY-LANE.

Old Philpot,	Mr. Baddeley
Young Philpot,	Mr. Bannister, Jun.
Sir Jasper Wilding,	Mr. Burton
Young Wilding,	Mr. R. Palmer
Beaufort,	Mr. Bland
Dapper,	Mr. Fawcett
Quilldrive,	Mr. Banks
Maria,	Miss Farren
Corrinna,	Miss Tipswell.

COVENT-GARDEN.

Old Philpot,	Mr. Quick
Young Philpot,	Mr. Bernerd
Sir Jasper Wilding,	Mr. Thomson
Young Wilding,	Mr. Davies
Beaufort,	Mr. Macready
Dapper,	Mr. Rock
Quilldrive,	Mr. Powell
Maria,	Mrs. Esten
Corrinna,	Miss Leserve.

THE CITIZEN.

ACT I.

SCENE—A Room in SIR JASPER WILDING'S *House.*

YOUNG WILDING, BEAUFORT, *and* WILL *following.*

Wilding.

HA, ha, my dear Beaufort! A fiery young fellow like you, melted down into a sighing, love-sick dangler after a high heel, a well-turn'd ankle, and a short petticoat!

Beau. Pry'thee, Wilding, don't laugh at me—Maria's charms——

Wild. Maria's charms! and so now you would fain grow wanton in her praise, and have me listen to your raptures about my own sister? Ha, ha, poor Beaufort!——Is my sister at home, Will?

Will. She is, Sir.

Wild. How long has my father been gone out?

Will. This hour, Sir.

Wild. Very well. Pray, give Mr. Beaufort's compliments to my sister, and he is come to wait up-

on her.—(*Exit Will.*) You will be glad to see her, I suppose, Charles.

Beau. I live but in her presence.

Wild. Live but in her presence! How the devil could the young baggage raise this riot in your heart? 'Tis more than her brother could ever do with any of her sex.

Beau. Nay, you have no reason to complain; you are come up to town, post-haste, to marry a wealthy citizen's daughter, who only saw you last season at Tunbridge, and has been languishing for you ever since.

Wild. 'Tis more than I do for her; and, to tell you the truth, more than I believe she does for me —This is a match of prudence, man! bargain and sale! My reverend dad and the old put of a citizen finished the business at Lloyd's coffee-house by inch of candle—a mere transferring of property!—"Give your son to my daughter, and I will give my daughter to your son." That's the whole affair; and so I am just arrived to consummate the nuptials.

Beau. Thou art the happiest fellow——

Wild. Happy! so I am—what should I be otherwise for? If Miss Sally—upon my soul, I forget the name——

Beau. Well! that is so like you——Miss Sally Philpot.

Wild. Ay! very true——Miss Sally Philpot——she will bring fortune sufficient to pay off an old incumberance upon the family-estate, and my father is to settle handsomely upon me——and so I have reason to be contented, have not I?

Beau. And you are willing to marry her without having one spark of love for her?

Wild. Love!—Why, I make myself ridiculous enough by marrying, don't I, without being in love into the bargain? What! am I to pine for a girl that is willing to go to bed to me? Love of all things!—My dear Beaufort, one sees so many breathing raptures about each other before marriage, and dinning their insipidity into the ears of all their acquaintance: "My dear Ma'am, don't you think "him a sweet man? a charminger creature never "was." Then he on his side—My life! my angel! "oh! she's a paradise of ever-blooming sweets." And then in a month's time, "He's a perfidious "wretch! I wish I had never seen his face——the "devil was in me when I had any thing to say to "him."——"Oh! damn her for an inanimated "piece——I wish she'd poison'd herself, with all "my heart." That is ever the way; and so you see love is all nonsense; well enough to furnish romances for boys and girls at circulating libraries; that is all, take my word for it.

Beau. Pho! that is idle talk; and the mean time I am ruin'd.

Wild. How so?

Beau. Why, you know the old couple have bargain'd your sister away.

Wild. Bargain'd her away! and will you pretend you are in love! Can you look tamely on, and see her barter'd away at Garraway's, like logwood, cochineal, or indigo? Marry her privately, man, and keep it secret till my affair is over.

Beau. My dear Wilding, will you propose it to her?

Wild. With all my heart—She is very long a-coming——I'll tell you what, if she has a fancy for you, carry her off at once—But perhaps she has a mind to this cub of a citizen, Miss Sally's brother.

Beau. Oh, no! he's her aversion.

Wild. I have never seen any of the family, but my wife that is to be—my father-in law and my brother-in-law, I know nothing of them. What sort of a fellow is the son?

Beau. Oh! a diamond of the first water! a buck, Sir! a blood! every night at this end of the town; at twelve next day he sneaks about the 'Change, in a little bit of a frock and a bob-wig, and looks like a sedate book-keeper in the eyes of all who behold him.

Wild. Upon my word, a gentleman of spirit.

Beau. Spirit;——he drives a phæton two story high, keeps his girl at this end of the town, and is the gay George Philpot all round Covent-Garden.

Wild. Oh, brave!——and the father———

Beau. The father, Sir——But here comes Maria;—take his picture from her. [*She sings within.*

Wild. Hey! she is musical this morning;—she holds her usual spirits, I find.

Beau. Yes, yes, the spirit of eighteen, with the idea of a lover in her head.

Wild. Ay, and such a lover as you too!—though still in her teens, she can play upon all your foibles, and treat you as she does her monkey,—tickle you,

torment you, enrage you, sooth you, exalt you, depress you, pity you, laugh at you,——*Ecce signum.*

Enter MARIA *singing.*

The same giddy girl!——Sister;——come, my dear——

Maria. Have done, brother; let me have my own way—I will go through my song.

Wild. I have not seen you this age; ask me how I do?

Maria. I won't ask you "how you do"—I won't take any notice of you—I don't know you.

Wild. Do you know this gentleman then? will you speak to him?

Maria. No, I won't speak to him; I'll sing to him —'tis my humour to sing. [*Sings.*

Beau. Be serious but for a moment, Maria! my all depends upon it.

Maria. Oh, sweet Sir! you are dying, are you? then positively I will sing the song; for it is a description of yourself—mind it, Mr. Beaufort—mind it——Brother, how do you do? *(kisses him.)* Say nothing; don't interrupt me. [*Sings.*

Wild. Have you seen your city lover yet?

Maria. No; but I long to see him; I fancy he is a curiosity.

Beau. Long to see him! Maria?

Maria. Yes, long to see him—(Beaufort *fiddles with his lip, and looks thoughtful.)* Brother, brother! *(goes to him softly, beckons him to look* at Beaufort) do you see that? *(mimicks him)* mind him; ha, ha!

Beau. Make me ridiculous if you will, Maria, so you don't make me unhappy by marrying this citizen.

Maria. And would you not have me marry, Sir? What, I must lead a single life to please you, must I? —Upon my word, you are a pretty gentleman to make laws for me. [*Sings.*

Can it be, or by law, or by equity said,
That a comely young girl ought to die an old maid?

Wild. Come, come, Miss Pert, compose yourself a little— this will never do.

Maria. My cross, ill-natur'd brother! but it will do——Lord! what, do you both call me hither to plague me? I won't stay among ye—*à l'honeur, à l'honeur——(running away) à l'honeur.*

Wild. Hey, hey, Miss Notable! come back; pray, Madam, come back— [*Forces her back.*

Maria. Lord of heaven! what do you want?

Wild. Come, come, truce with your frolics, Miss Hoyden, and behave like a sensible girl; we have serious business with you.

Maria. Have you? Well, come, I will be sensible —there, I blow all my folly away—'Tis gone, 'tis gone—and now I'll talk sense; come——Is that a sensible face?

Wild. Poh, poh, be quiet, and hear what we have to say to you.

Maria. I will, I am quiet. 'Tis charming weather; it will be good for the country, this will.

Wild. Poh, ridiculous! how can you be so silly?

Maria. Bless me! I never saw any thing like you —there is no such thing as satisfying you——I am

sure it was very good sense, what I said——Papa talks in that manner—Well, well, I'll be silent then —I won't speak at all: will that satisfy you?

[*Looks sullen.*

Wild. Come, come, no more of this folly, but mind what is said to you—You have not seen your city-lover, you say? [Maria *shrugs her shoulders, and shakes her head.*] Why don't you answer?

Beau. My dear Maria, put me out of pain.

[*Maria shrugs her shoulders again.*

Wild. Poh, don't be so childish, but give a rational answer.

Maria. Why, no, then; no——no, no, no, no, no, ——I tell you no, no, no.

Wild. Come, come, my little giddy sister, you must not be so flighty; behave sedately, and don't be a girl always.

Maria. Why, don't I tell you I have not seen him —but I am to see him this very day.

Beau. To see him this day? Maria!

Maria. Ha, ha!—look there, brother; he is beginning again—But don't fright yourself, and I'll tell you all about it——My papa comes to me this morning—by the bye, he makes a fright of himself with this strange dress——Why does not he dress as other gentlemen do, brother?

Wild. He dresses like his brother fox-hunters in Wiltshire.

Maria. But when he comes to town, I wish he would do as other gentlemen do here——I am almost ashamed of him——But he comes to me this

morning——"Hoic, hoic! our Moll——Where is "the sly puss—Tally ho!"—"Did you want me, "papa?"——"Come hither, Moll, I'll *gee* you a "husband, my girl; one that has mettle enow—he'll "take cover, I warrant un—— Blood to the bone."

Beau. There now, Wilding, did not I tell you this?

Wild. Where are you to see the young citizen?

Maria. Why, papa will be at home in an hour, and then he intends to drag me into the city with him, and there the sweet creature is to be introduced to me——The old gentleman his father is delighted with me; but I hate him, an ugly old thing.

Wild. Give us a description of him; I want to know him.

Maria. Why, he looks like the picture of Avarice, sitting with pleasure upon a bag of money, and trembling for fear any body should come and take it away—He has got square-toed shoes, and little tiny buckles; a brown coat, with small round brass buttons, that looks as if it was new in my great grandmother's time, and his face all shrivell'd and pinch'd with care; and he shakes his head like a Mandarine upon a chimney-piece——"Ay, ay, Sir Jasper, you "are right"—and then he grins at me——"I pro- "fess she is a very pretty bale of goods." "Ay, ay, "and my son Bob is a very sensible lad—ay, ay, and "I will underwrite their happiness for one and a "half *per cent.*"

Wild. Thank you my dear girl: thank you for this account of my relations.

Beau. Destruction to my hopes!—Surely, my dear little angel, if you have any regard for me——

Maria. There, there, there he is frighten'd again. [*Sings*, Dearest creature, *&c.*

Wild. Psha! give over these airs——listen to me, and I'll instruct you how to manage them all.

Maria. Oh, my dear brother! you are very good—but don't mistake yourself;——though just come from a boarding-school, give me leave to manage for myself.—There is in this case a man I like and a man I don't like——It is not you I like (*to Beaufort*)—no—no—I hate you——But let this little head alone! I know what to do——I shall know how to prefer one, and get rid of the other.

Beau. What will you do, Maria?

Maria. Ha, ha, I can't help laughing at you. [*Sings.*

Do not grieve me,
Oh, relieve me, &c.

Wild. Come, come, be serious, Miss Pert, and I'll instruct you what to do——The old cit, you say, admires you for your understanding; and his son would not marry you, unless he found you a girl of sense and spirit.

Maria. Even so—this is the character of your giddy sister.

Wild. Why then, I'll tell you—You shall make him hate you for a fool, and so let the refusal come from himself.

Maria. But how—how, my dear brother? Tell me how?

Wild. Why, you have seen a play, with me, where

a man pretends to be a downright country oaf, in order to rule a wife, and have a wife.

Maria. Very well—What then? what then?—Oh!—I have it—I understand you—say no more—'tis charming; I like it of all things; I'll do it, I will; and I will so plague him, that he shan't know what to make of me——He shall be a very toad-eater to me; the sour, the sweet, the bitter, he shall swallow all, and all shall work upon him alike for my diversion. Say nothing of it—'tis all among ourselves; but I won't be cruel. I hate ill-nature; and then, who knows but I may like him?

Beau. My dear Maria, don't talk of liking him.

Maria. Oh! now you are beginning again.

[*Sings* Voi Amanti, &c. *and Exit.*

Beau. 'Sdeath, Wilding, I shall never be your brother-in-law at this rate.

Wild. Psha, follow me; don't be apprehensive.—I'll give her farther instructions, and she will execute them I warrant you: the old fellow's daughter shall be mine, and the son may go shift for himself elsewhere.

SCENE. *A Room in* OLD PHILPOT'S *House.*

Enter OLD PHILPOT, DAPPER, *and* QUILLDRIVE.

Old Phil. Quilldrive, have those dollars been sent to the bank, as I order'd?

Quill. They have, Sir.

Old Phil. Very well.—Mr Dapper, I am not fond of writing any thing of late; but at your request—

Dap. You know I would not offer you a bad policy.

Old Phil. I believe it—Well, step with me to my closet, and I will look at your policy——How much do you want upon it?

Dap. Three thousand: you had better take the whole; there are very good names upon it.

Old Phil. Well, well, step with me, and I'll talk to you—Quilldrive, step with those bills for acceptance—This way, Mr. Dapper, this way. [*Exeunt.*

QUILLDRIVE *solus.*

Quill. A miserly old rascal! digging, digging money out of the very hearts of mankind; constantly scraping together, and yet trembling with anxiety for fear of coming to want. A canting old hypocrite; and yet under his veil of sanctity he has a liquorish tooth left—running to the other end of the town slily every evening; and there he has his solitary pleasures in holes and corners.

GEORGE PHILPOT, *peeping in.*

G. Phil. Hist, hist!——Quilldrive!

Quill. Ha, Mr. George!

G. Phil. Is Square-toes at home?

Quill. He is.

G. Phil. Has he ask'd for me?

Quill. He has.

G. Phil. (Walks in on tip-toe.) Does he know I did not lie at home?

Quill. No; I sunk that upon him.

G. Phil. Well done; I'll give you a choice gelding to carry you to Dulwich of a Sunday——Damnation!—up all night—stripped of nine hundred pounds—pretty well for one night! Piqued, repiqued, flammed, and capotted every deal!—Old Dry-beard shall pay all—Is forty-seven good?—no—fifty good? no, no—to the end of the chapter—Cruel luck! Damn me, 'tis life tho'—this is life—'sdeath I hear him coming *(runs off and peeps)*—no, all's safe—I must not be caught in these cloaths, Quilldrive.

Quill. How came it you did not leave them at Madam Corrinna's, as you generally do?

G. Phil. I was afraid of being too late for Old Square-toes; and so I whipt into a hackney-coach, and drove with the windows up, as if I was afraid of a bum-bailiff—Pretty cloaths, an't they?

Quill. Ah! Sir——

G. Phil. Reach me one of my mechanic city-frocks—no—stay—'tis in the next room, an't it?

Quill. Yes, Sir.

G. Phil. I'll run and slip it on in a twinkle. [*Exit.*

QUILLDRIVE *solus.*

Quill. Mercy on us! what a life does he lead! Old Codger within here will scrape together for him, and the moment young master comes to possession, "Ill got, ill gone," I warrant me: a hard card I have to play between 'em both—drudging for the old man, and pimping for the young one—The father is a reservoir of riches, and the son is a fountain to play it all away in vanity and folly!

Re-enter GEORGE PHILPOT.

G. Phil. Now I'm equipp'd for the city—Damn the city—I wish the papishes would set fire to it again—I hate to be beating the hoof here among them—Here comes father—no;—'tis Dapper.—Quilldrive, I'll give you the gelding.

Quill. Thank you, Sir. [*Exit.*

Enter DAPPER.

Dap. Why, you look like a devil, George.

G. Phil. Yes; I have been up all night, lost all my money, and I am afraid I must smash for it.

Dap. Smash for it—what have I let you into the secret for? have not I advised you to trade upon your own account—and you feel the sweets of it.—How much do you owe in the city?

G. Phil. At least twenty thousand.

Dap. Poh, that's nothing! Bring it up to fifty or sixty thousand, and then give 'em a good crash at once—I have insured the ship for you.

G. Phil. Have you?

Dap. The policy's full; I have just touch'd your father for the last three thousand.

G. Phil. Excellent! are the goods re-landed?

Dap. Every bale—I have had them up to town, and sold them all to a packer for you.

G. Phil. Bravo! and the ship is loaded with rubbish, I suppose?

Dap. Yes; and is now proceeding on the voyage.

G. Phil. Very well—and to-morrow, or next day,

we shall hear of her being lost upon the Goodwin, or sunk between the Needles.

Dap. Certainly.

G. Phil. Admirable! and then we shall come upon the underwriters.

Dap. Directly.

G. Phil. My dear Dapper! [*Embraces him.*

Dap. Yes; I do a dozen every year. How do you think I can live as I do, otherwise?

G. Phil. Very true; shall you be at the club after 'Change?

Dap. Without fail.

G. Phil. That's right! it will be a full meeting: we shall have Nat Pigtail the dry-salter there, and Bob Reptile the change-broker, and Sobersides the banker—we shall all be there. We shall have deep doings.

Dap. Yes, yes; well, a good morning; I must go now and fill up a policy for a ship that has been lost these three days.

G. Phil. My dear Dapper, thou art the best of friends.

Dap. Ay, I'll stand by you—It will be time enough for you to break when you see your father near his end; then give 'em a smash; put yourself at the head of his fortune, and begin the world again—Good morning. [*Exit.*

G. PHILPOT *solus.*

G. Phil. Dapper, adieu—Who now, in my situation, would envy any of your great folks at the court.

end! a lord has nothing to depend upon but his estate——He can't spend you a hundred thousand pounds of other peoples money—no—no—I had rather be a little bobwig citizen in good credit, than a commissioner of the customs—Commissioner!—The King has not so good a thing in his gift as a commission of bankruptcy—Don't we see them all with their country-seats at Hogsdon, and at Kentish-town, and at Newington-butts, and at Islington! with their little flying Mercuries tipt on the top of the house, their Apollos, their Venuses, and their leaden Hercules's in the garden; and themselves sitting before the door, with pipes in their mouths, waiting for a good digestion—Zoons! here comes old dad; now for a few dry maxims of left-handed wisdom, to prove myself a scoundrel in sentiment, and pass in his eyes for a hopeful young man, likely to do well in the world.

Enter OLD PHILPOT.

Old Phil. Twelve times twelve is 144.

G. Phil. I'll attack him in his own way—Commission at two and a half *per cent.*

Old Phil. There he is, intent upon business! what, plodding, George?

G. Phil. Thinking a little of the main chance, Sir.

Old Phil. That's right; it is a wide world, George.

G. Phil. Yes, Sir; but you instructed me early in the rudiments of trade.

Old Phil. Ay, ay! I instill'd good principles into thee.

G. Phil. So you did, Sir—Principal and interest is all I ever heard from him, *(aside.)* I shall never forget the story you recommended to my earliest notice, Sir.

Old Phil. What was that, George? It is quite out of my head.

G. Phil. It intimated, Sir, how Mr. Thomas Inkle of London, merchant, was cast away, and was afterwards protected by a young lady, who grew in love with him, and how he afterwards bargained with a planter to sell her for a slave.

Old Phil. Ay, ay, *(laughs)* I recollect it now.

G. Phil. And when she pleaded being with child by him, he was no otherwise mov'd than to raise his price, and make her turn to better account.

Old Phil. *(Bursts into a laugh.)* I remember it—ha, ha! there was the very spirit of trade! ay—ay—ha, ha!

G. Phil. That was calculation for you——

Old Phil. Ay, ay.

G. Phil. The Rule of Three—If one gives me so much, what will two give me?

Old Phil. Ay, ay. [*Laughs.*

G. Phil. That was a hit, Sir.

Old Phil. Ay, ay.

G. Phil. That was having his wits about him.

Old Phil. Ay, ay! it is a lesson for all young men. It was a hit indeed, ha, ha! [*Both laugh.*

G. Phil. What an old negro it is. [*Aside.*

Old Phil. Thou art a son after my own heart, George.

G. Phil. Trade must be minded—A penny sav'd, is a penny got——

Old Phil. Ay, ay.

[*Shakes his head and looks cunning.*

G. Phil. He that hath money in his purse, won't want a head on his shoulders.

Old Phil. Ay, ay.

G. Phil. Rome was not built in a day—Fortunes are made by degrees—Pains to get, care to keep, and fear to lose——

Old Phil. Ay, ay.

G. Phil. He that lies in bed, his estate feels it.

Old Phil. Ay, ay, the good boy.

G. Phil. The old curmudgeon *(aside)* thinks nothing mean that brings in an honest penny.

Old Phil. The good boy! George, I have great hopes of thee.

G. Phil. Thanks to your example; you have taught me to be cautious in this wide world—Love your neighbour, but don't pull down your hedge.

Old Phil. I profess it is a wise saying—I never heard it before: it is a wise saying; and shows how cautious we should be of too much confidence in friendship.

G. Phil. Very true.

Old Phil. Friendship has nothing to do with trade.

G. Phil. It only draws a man in to lend money.

Old Phil. Ay, ay——

G. Phil. There was your neighbour's son, Dick Worthy, who was always cramming his head with Greek and Latin at school? he wanted to borrow of me the other day; but I was too cunning.

Old Phil. Ay, ay—Let him draw bills of exchange in Greek and Latin, and see where he will get a pound sterling for them.

G. Phil. So I told him—I went to him to his garret in the Minories; and there I found him in all his misery! and a fine scene it was—There was his wife in a corner of the room, at a washing tub, up to the elbows in suds; a solitary pork-steak was dangling by a bit of pack-thread before a melancholy fire; himself seated at a three legg'd table, writing a pamphlet against the German war; a child upon his left knee, his right leg employed in rocking a cradle with a bratling in it—And so there was business enough for them all—His wife rubbing away, *(mimicks a washerwoman;)* and he writing on. "The king of "Prussia shall have no more subsidies—Saxony shall "be indemnify'd—He shan't have a foot in Silesia." There is a sweet little baby! *(to the child on his knee)* —then he rock'd the cradle, hush ho! hush ho!—then twisted the grisken *(snaps his fingers)* hush ho! "The Russians shall have Prussia," *(writes.)* The wife *(washes and sings)* He—"There's a dear." "Round goes the grisken again *(snaps his fingers;)* "and Canada must be restor'd," *(writes)*—And so you have a picture of the whole family.

Old Phil. Ha, ha! What becomes of his Greek and Latin now? Fine words butter no parsnips—He had no money from you, I suppose, George?

G. Phil. Oh! no; charity begins at home, says I.

Old Phil. And it was wisely said—I have an excellent saying when any man wants to borrow of me

—I am ready with my joke—"A fool and his money are soon parted"—ha, ha, ha!

G. Phil. Ha, ha——An old skin-flint. [*Aside.*

Old Phil. Ay, ay——a fool and his money are soon parted——ha, ha, ha!

G. Phil. Now if I can wring a handsome sum out of him, it will prove the truth of what he says. (*Aside.*) And yet trade has its inconveniences—— Great houses stopping payment!

Old Phil. Hey—what! you look chagrin'd——Nothing of that sort has happened to thee, I hope?——

G. Phil. A great house at Cadiz—Don John de Alvarada—The Spanish galleons not making quick returns—and so my bills are come back.

Old Phil. Ay!——— [*Shakes his head.*

G. Phil. I have indeed a remittance from Messina. That voyage yields me thirty *per cent.* profit—but this blow coming upon me——

Old Phil. Why this is unlucky——how much money?

G. Phil. Three-and-twenty hundred.

Old Phil. George, too many eggs in one basket; I'll tell thee, George, I expect Sir Jasper Wilding here presently to conclude the treaty of marriage I have on foot for thee: then hush this up, say nothing of it, and in a day or two you pay these bills with his daughter's portion.

G. Phil. The old rogue [*aside.*] That will never do; I shall be blown upon 'Change—Alvarada will pay in time—He has open'd his affairs—He appears a good man.

Old Phil. Does he?

G. Phil. A great fortune left! will pay in time, but I must crack before that.

Old Phil. It is unlucky! a good man you say he is?

G. Phil. Nobody better.

Old Phil. Let me see——Suppose I lend this money?

G. Phil. Ah, Sir.

Old Phil. How much is your remittance from Messina?

G. Phil. Seven hundred and fifty.

Old Phil. Then you want fifteen hundred and fifty.

G. Phil. Exactly.

Old Phil. Don Alvarada is a good man, you say?

G. Phil. Yes, Sir.

Old Phil. I will venture to lend the money—You must allow me commission upon those bills for taking them up for honour of the drawer.

G. Phil. Agreed.

Old Phil. Lawful interest, while I am out of my money.

G. Phil. I subscribe.

Old Phil. A power of attorney to receive the monies from Alvarada, when he makes a payment.

G. Phil. You shall have it.

Old Phil. Your own bond.

G. Phil. To be sure.

Old Phil. Go and get me a check—You shall have a draught on the bank.

G. Phil. Yes, Sir. [*Going.*

Old Phil. But stay—I had forgot—I must sell out for this—stocks are under *par*.—You must pay the difference.

G. Phil. Was ever such a leech! *(aside.)* By all means, Sir.

Old Phil. Step and get me a check.

G. Phil. A fool and his money are soon parted. [*Aside.*] [*Exit G. Philpot.*

OLD PHILPOT *solus.*

What with commissson, lawful interest, and his paying the difference of the stocks, which are higher now than when I bought in, this will be no bad morning's work; and then in the evening I shall be in the rarest spirits for this new adventure I am recommended to—Let me see——what is the lady's name, *(Takes a letter out.)* Corrinna! ay, ay, by the description, she is a bale of goods—I shall be in rare spirits—Ay, this is the way, to indulge one's passions and yet conceal them, and to mind one's business in the city here as if one had no passions at all—I long for the evening, methinks—Body o'me, I am a young man still.

Enter QUILLDRIVE.

Quill. Sir Jasper Wilding, Sir, and his daughter.

Old Phil. I am at home.

Enter Sir JASPER *and* MARIA.

[*Sir* JASPER *dressed as a fox-hunter, and singing.*]

Old Phil. Sir Jasper, your very humble servant.

Sir Jasp. Master Philpot, I be glad to zee ye, I am indeed.

Old Phil. The like compliment to you, Sir Jasper. Miss Maria, I kiss your fair hand.

Maria. Sir, your most obedient.

Sir Jasp. Ay, ay, I ha' brought un to zee you—There's my girl—I ben't asham'd of my girl.

Maria. That's more than I can say of my father—luckily these people are as much strangers to decorum as my old gentleman, otherwise this visit from a lady to meet her lover would have an odd appearance—— tho' but late a boarding-school girl, I know enough of the world for that. [*Aside.*

Old Phil. Truly she is a blooming young lady, Sir Jasper, and I verily shall like to take an interest in her.

Sir Jasp. I ha brought her to zee ye, and zo your zon may ha' her as soon as he will.

Old Phil. Why she looks three and a half *per cent.* better than when I saw her last.

Maria. Then there are hopes that in a little time I shall be above *par*——he rates me like a lottery ticket. [*Aside.*

Old Phil. Ay, ay, I doubt not, Sir Jasper: Miss has the appearance of a very sensible discreet young lady; and to deal freely, without that, she would not do for my son—George is a shrewd lad, and I have often heard him declare no consideration should ever prevail on him to marry a fool.

Maria. Ay, you have told me so before, old gentleman, and I have my cue from my brother; and if

I don't soon give master George a surfeit of me, why then I am not a notable girl. [*Aside.*]

Enter GEORGE PHILPOT.

G. Phil. A good clever old cuff this—after my own heart—I think I'll have his daughter, if 'tis only for the pleasure of hunting with him.

Sir Jasp. Zon-in-law, gee us your hand—What zay you? Are you ready for my girl?

G. Phil. Say grace as soon as you will, Sir, I'll fall too.

Sir Jasp. Well zaid—I like you—I like un, master Philpot—I like un—I'll tell you what, let un talk to her now.

Old Phil. And so he shall—George, she is a bale of goods; speak her fair now, and then you'll be in cash.

G. Phil. I think I had rather not speak to her now—I hate speaking to these modest women—Sir;—Sir, a word in your ear; had not I better break my mind by advertising for her in a newspaper?

Old Phil. Talk sense to her, George; she is a notable girl—and I'll give the draft upon the bank presently.

Sir Jasp. Come along, master Philpot—come along; I ben't afraid of my girl—come along.

[*Exeunt Sir Jasper and Old Philpot.*

Maria. A pretty sort of a lover they have found for me. [*Aside.*

G. Phil. How shall I speak my mind to her? She is almost a stranger to me. [*Aside.*

Maria. Now I'll make the hideous thing hate me if I can. [*Aside.*

G. Phil. Ay, she is as sharp as a needle, I warrant her. [*Aside.*

Maria, [*aside.*] When will he begin?—Ah, you fright! You rival Mr. Beaufort! I'll give him an aversion to me, that's what I will, and so let him have the trouble of breaking off the match: not a word yet—he is in a fine confusion. [*Looks foolish.*] I think I may as well sit down, Sir.

G. Phil. Ma'am—I—I—I—I'll hand you a chair, Ma'am——there, Ma'am. [*Bows awkwardly.*

Maria. Sir, I thank you.

G. Phil. I'll sit down too. [*In confusion.*

Maria. Heigho!

G. Phil. Ma'am!

Maria. Sir!

G. Phil. I thought—I—I—did not you say something, Ma'am?

Maria. No, Sir; nothing.

G. Phil. I beg your pardon, Ma'am.

Maria. Oh, you are a sweet creature. [*Aside.*

G. Phil. The ice is broke now; I have begun, and so I'll go on. [*Sits silent, looks foolish, and steals a look at her.*

Maria. An agreeable interview this! [*Aside.*

G. Phil. Pray, Ma'am, do you ever go to concerts?

Maria. Concerts! what's that, Sir?

G. Phil. A music-meeting.

Maria. I have been at a Quaker's meeting, but never at a music-meeting.

G. Phil. Lord, Ma'am, all the gay world goes to concerts—She notable! I'll take courage, she is nobody. [*Aside.*] Will you give me leave to present you a ticket for the Crown and Anchor, Ma'am?

Maria. (Looking simple and aukward.) A ticket—what's a ticket?

G. Phil. There, Ma'am, at your ſervice.

Maria. (Curtseys aukwardly.) I long to see what a ticket is.

G. Phil. What a curtsey there is for the St. James's end of the town! I hate her; she seems to be an idiot. [*Aside.*

Maria. Here's a charming ticket he has given me—*(Aside.)* And is this a ticket, Sir?

G. Phil. Yes, ma'am——And is this a ticket!

[*Mimicks her aside.*

Maria. (*Reads.*) For sale by the candle, the following goods—thirty chests, straw-hats—fifty tubs, chip-hats—pepper, ſago, borax——Ha, ha! such a ticket!

G. Phil. I—I—I have made a mistake, Ma'am—here, here is the right one.

Maria. You need not mind it, Sir—I never go to such places.

G. Phil. No ma'am——I don't know what to make of her—Was you ever at White-Conduit-house?

Maria. There's a question. (*Aside.*) Is that a nobleman's seat?

G. Phil. (Laughs.) Simpleton!—No, Miss, it is not a nobleman's seat—Lord! 'tis at Islington.

Maria. Lord Islington!—I don't know my Lord Islington.

G. Phil. The town of Islington.

Maria. I have not the honour of knowing his Lordship.

G. Phil. Islington is a town, Ma'am.

Maria. Oh! it's a town.

G. Phil. Yes, Ma'am.

Maria. I am glad of it.

G. Phil. What is she glad of? [*Aside.*

Maria. A pretty husband my papa has chose for me. [*Aside.*

G. Phil. What shall I say to her next?——Have you been at the burletta, Ma'am?

Maria. Where?

G. Phil. The burletta.

Maria. Sir, I would have you to know that I am no such person——I go to burlettas! I am not what you take me for.

G. Phil. Ma'am——

Maria. I'm come of good people, Sir; and have been properly educated as a young girl ought to be.

G. Phil. What a damned fool she is! (*Aside.*)—The burletta is an opera, Ma'am.

Maria. Opera, Sir! I don't know what you mean by this usage—to affront me in this manner!

G. Phil. Affront! I mean quite the reverse, Ma'am; I took you for a connoisseur.

Maria. Who, me a connoisseur, Sir! I desire you won't call me such names; I am sure I never so

much as thought of such a thing.——Sir, I won't be called a connoisseur—I won't—I won't—I won't.

[*Bursts out a crying.*

G. Phil. Ma'am, I meant no offence—A connoisseur is a virtuoso.

Maria. Don't virtuoso me? I am no virtuoso, Sir; I would have you to know it, I am as virtuous a girl as any in England, and I will never be a virtuoso.

[*Cries bitterly.*

G. Phil. But, Ma'am, you mistake me quite.

[*Maria. In a passion, choaking her tears and sobbing.*] Sir, I am come of as virtuous people as any in England——My family was always remarkable for virtue—My mamma was as good a woman as ever was born, and my aunt Bridget *(sobbing)* was a virtuous woman too——And there's my sister Sophy makes as good and virtuous a wife as any at all—— And so, Sir, don't call me a virtuoso————I won't be brought here to be treated in this manner, I won't —I won't—I won't. [*Cries bitterly.*

G. Phil. The girl's a natural————So much the better. I'll marry her, and lock her up *(Aside.)*— Ma'am, upon my word you misunderstand me.

Maria. Sir *(drying her tears)*, I won't be called connoisseur by you or any body—And I am no virtuoso—I'd have you to know that.

G. Phil. Ma'am, connoisseur and virtuoso are words for a person of taste.

Maria. Taste! [*Sobbing.*

G. Phil. Yes, Ma'am.

Maria. And did you mean to say as how I am a person of taste?

G. Phil. Undoubtedly.

Maria. Sir, your most obedient humble servant. Oh that's another thing—I have a taste, to be sure.

G. Phil. I know you have, Ma'am—O you're a cursed ninny. [*Aside.*

Maria. Yes, I know I have—I can read tolerably, and I begin to write a little.

G. Phil. Upon my word you have made a great progress!——What could Old Square-toes mean by passing her upon me for a sensible girl? and what a fool I was to be afraid to speak to her!——I'll talk to her openly at once (*Aside.*)——Come sit down, Miss——Pray, Ma'am are you inclined to matrimony?

Maria. Yes, Sir.

G. Phil. Are you in love?

Maria. Yes, Sir.

G. Phil. Those naturals are always amorous—(*Aside.*) How should you like me?

Maria. Of all things———

G. Phil. A girl without ceremony, (*aside.*) Do you love me?

Maria. Yes, Sir.

G. Phil. But you don't love any body else?

Maria. Yes, Sir.

G. Phil. Frank and free, (*aside.*) But not so well as me?

Maria. Yes, Sir.

G. Phil. Better, may be?

Maria. Yes, Sir.

G. Phil. The devil you do! *(aside.)* And perhaps, if I should marry you, I should have a chance to be made a———

Maria. Yes, Sir.

G. Phil. The case is clear; Miss Maria, your very humble servant; you are not for my money, I promise you.

Maria. Sir!

G. Phil. I have done, Ma'am, that's all; and I take my leave.

Maria. But you'll marry me?

G. Phil. No, ma'am, no;—no such thing—You may provide yourself a husband elsewhere: I am your humble servant.

Maria. Not marry me, Mr. Philpot?—But you must——My papa said you must—and I will have you.

G. Phil. There's another proof of her nonsense, *(aside.)* Make yourself easy, for I shall have nothing to do with you.

Maria. Not marry me, Mr. Philpot? *(bursts out in tears.)* But I say you shall; and I will have a husband, or I'll know the reason why——You shall—you shall.

G. Phil. A pretty sort of a wife they intend for me here———

Maria. I wonder you an't asham'd of yourself to affront a young girl in this manner. I'll go and tell my papa——I will—I will—I will. [*Crying bitterly.*

G. Phil. And so you may—I have no more to say to you—And so your servant, Miss—your servant.

Maria. Ay! and by goles! my brother Bob shall fight you.

G. Phil. What care I for your brother Bob?

[*Going.*

Maria. How can you be so cruel, Mr. Philpot? how can you——oh—[*Cries, and struggles with him.*

Exit G. Phil. Ha, ha! I have carried my brother's scheme into execution charmingly, ha, ha! He will break off the match now of his own accord——Ha, ha! This is charming; this is fine; this is like a girl of spirit.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE, Corrinna's Apartment.

Enter CORRINNA, TOM *following her.*

Corrinna.

AN elderly gentleman, did you say?

Tom. Yes; that says he has got a letter for you, Ma'am.

Cor. Desire the gentleman to walk up stairs. [*Exit. Tom.*] These old fellows will be coming after a body—but they pay well, and so——Servant, Sir.

Enter OLD PHILPOT.

Old. Phil. Fair lady, your very humble servant—Truly a blooming young girl! Madam, I have a letter here for you from Bob Poacher, whom, I presume, you know.

Cor. Yes, Sir, I know Bob Poacher—He is a very good friend of mine, *(reads to herself,)* he speaks so handsomely of you, Sir, and says you are so much of the gentleman, that, to be sure, Sir, I shall endeavour to be agreeable, Sir.

Old. Phil. Really you are very agreeable—You see I am punctual to my hour. [*Looks at his watch.*

Cor. That is a mighty pretty watch, Sir.

Old. Phil. Yes, Madam, it is a repeater; it has been in our family for a long time—This is a mighty pretty lodging——I have twenty guineas here in a

purse; here they are, (*turns them out upon the table*), as pretty golden rogues as ever fair fingers played with.

Cor. I am always agreeable to any thing from a gentleman.

Old Phil. There are (*aside*) some light guineas amongst them——I always put off my light guineas in this way.——You are exceedingly welcome, Madam. Your fair hand looks so tempting, I must kiss it——Oh! I could eat it up——Fair lady, your lips look so cherry—They actually invite the touch.—(*Kisses.*) Really it makes the difference of *cent. per cent.* in one's constitution—You have really a mighty pretty foot—Oh, you little rogue—I could smother you with kisses—Oh you little delicate charming—

[*Kisses her.*

GEORGE PHILPOT, *within.*

G. Phil. Gee-houp!——Awhi!—Awhi! Gallows; Awhi!

Old Phil. Hey——What is all that?——Somebody coming!

Cor. Some young rake, I fancy, coming in whether my servants will or no.

Old Phil. What shall I do?—I would not be seen for the world——Can't you hide me in that room?

Cor. Dear heart! no, Sir——These wild young fellows take such liberties—He may take it into his head to go in there, and then you will be detected—Get under the table—He shan't remain long, whoever he is—Here—here, Sir, get under here.

Old Phil. Ay, ay; that will do—Don't let him stay long—Give me another buss—Wounds! I could—

Cor. Hush!—Make haste.

Old Phil. Ay, ay; I will, fair lady—[*Creeps under the table, and peeps out.*) Don't let him stay long.

Cor. Hush! silence! you will ruin all else.

Enter G. PHILPOT, *dressed out.*

G. Phil. Sharper, do your work!—Awhi! Awhi! So, my girl—how dost do?

Cor. Very well, thank you—I did not expect to see you so soon—I thought you was to be at the club—The servants told me you came back from the city at two o'clock to dress; and so I concluded you would have staid all night as usual.

G. Phil. No; the run was against me again, and I did not care to pursue ill fortune. But I am strong in cash, my girl.

Cor. Are you?

G. Phil. Yes, yes—Suskins in plenty.

Old Phil. (*peeping.*) Ah the ungracious! These are your haunts, are they!

G. Phil. Yes, yes; I am strong in cash—I have taken in old curmudgeon since I saw you.

Cor. As how, pray?

Old Phil. (*peeping out.*) Ay, as how; let us hear, pray.

G. Phil. Why, I'll tell you.

Old Phil. (*peeping.*) Ay, let us hear.

G. Phil. I talked a world of wisdom to him.

Old Phil. Ay!

G. Phil. Tipt him a few rascally sentiments of a scoundrelly kind of prudence.

Old Phil. Ay!

G. Phil. The old curmudgeon chuckled at it.

Old Phil. Ay, ay; the old curmudgeon! ay, ay.

G. Phil. He is a sad old fellow.

Old Phil. Ay! Go on.

G. Phil. And so I appeared to him as deserving of the gallows as he is himself.

Old Phil. Well said, boy, well said——Go on.

G. Phil. And then he took a liking to me—Ay, ay, says he, ay, friendship has nothing to do with trade—George, thou art a son after my own heart; and then as I dealt out little maxims of penury, he grin'd like a Jew-broker when he has cheated his principal of an eight *per cent.*——and cried, Ay, ay, that is the very spirit of trade.——A fool and his money are soon parted—*(mimicking him.)*—And so, on he went, like Harlequin in a French comedy, tickling himself into a good humour, till at last I tickled him out of fifteen hundred and odd pounds.

Old Phil. I have a mind to rise and break his bones—But then I discover myself—Lie still, Isaac—lie still.

G. Phil. Oh, I understand trap—I talked of a great house stopping payment. The thing was true enough, but I had no dealing with them.

Old Phil. Ay, ay.

G. Phil. And so, for fear of breaking off a match with an idiot he wants me to marry, he lent me the money, and cheated me tho'.

Old Phil. Ay, you have found it out—have ye?

G. Phil. No old usurer in England, grown hard-hearted in his trade, could have dealt worse with me. I must have commission upon these bills for taking them up for honour of the drawer——Your bond—lawful interest while I am out of the money—and the difference for selling out of the stocks—an old miserly good-for-nothing skin-flint.

Old Phil. My blood boils to be at him—Go on; can't you tell us a little more?

G. Phil. Pho! he is an old curmudgeon—And so I will talk no more about him—Come give me a kiss.

Old Phil. The young dog, how he fastens his lips to her!

G. Phil. You shall go with me to Epsom next Sunday.

Cor. Shall I? That's charming.

G. Phil. You shall, in my chariot—I drive.

Cor. But I don't like to see you drive.

G. Phil. But I like it; I am as good a coachman as any in England——There was my lord What d'ye call him—he kept a stage-coach for his own driving; but, Lord! he was nothing to me.

Cor. No!

G. Phil. Oh! no—I know my road-work, my girl—When I have my coachman's hat on—Is my hat come home?

Cor. It hangs up yonder; but I don't like it.

G. Phil. Let me see——Ay! the very thing——Mind me when I go to work—throw my eyes about

a few——handle the braces——take the off-leader by the jaw——Here you—how have you curbed this horse up?—Let him out a link; do, you blood of a —Whoo Eh!—Jewel!—Button!—Whoo Eh! Come here, you Sir, how have you coupled Gallows! You know he'll take the bar of Sharper——Take him in two holes, do—There's four pretty little knots as any in England—Whoo Eh!

Cor. But can't you let your coachman drive?

G. Phil. No, no——See me mount the box, handle the reins, my wrist turned down, square my elbows, stamp with my foot—Gee-up!—Off we go—Button, do you want to have us over?——Do your work, do—Awhi! Awhi! There we bowl away; see how sharp they are—Gallows!—Softly up hill, (*whistles.*) There's a public-house——Give 'em a mouthful of water, do—And fetch me a dram—Drink it off—Gee-up! Awhi! Awhi!—There we go scrambling all together—Reach Epsom in an hour and forty-three minutes, all Lombard-street to an egg-shell, we do——There's your work, my girl!—Eh! damn me.

Old Phil. Mercy on me! What a profligate debauched young dog it is!

Enter YOUNG WILDING.

Wild. Ha! my little Corrinna—Sir, your servant.

G. Phil. Your servant, Sir.

Wild. Sir, your servant.

G. Phil. Any commands for me, Sir?

Wild. For you, Sir?

PARSONS's MINOR THEATRE.

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G. Phil. Yes; for me, Sir?

Wild. No, Sir, I have no commands for you, Sir.

G. Phil. What's your business?

Wild. Business!

G. Phil. Ay, Business.

Wild. Why, very good business I think—My little Corrinna—my life—my little———

G. Phil. Is that your business?—Pray, Sir—Not so free, Sir.

Wild. Not so free!

G. Phil. No, Sir! that lady belongs to me.

Wild. To you, Sir?

G. Phil. Yes, to me.

Wild. To you! who are you?

G. Phil. As good a man as you.

Wild. Upon my word!—Who is this fellow, Corrinna? some journeyman-taylor, I suppose, who chooses to try on the gentleman's cloaths before he carries them home.

G. Phil. Taylor!—What do you mean by that? You lie! I am no taylor.

Wild. You shall give me satisfaction for that!

G. Phil. For what?

Wild. For giving me the lie.

G. Phil. I did not.

Wild. You did, Sir.

G. Phil. You lie; I'll bet you five pounds I did not—But if you have a mind for a frolic—Let me put by my sword—Now, Sir, come on.

[*In a boxing attitude.*

Wild. Why, you scoundrel, do you think I want to box? Draw, Sir, this moment.

G. Phil. No I—come in.

Wild. Draw, or I'll cut you to pieces.

G. Phil. I'll give you satisfaction this way.

[*Pushes at him.*

Wild. Draw, Sir, draw! You won't draw!—There, take that, Sirrah—and that—and that, you scoundrel.

Old Phil. Ay, ay; well done; lay it on.—

[*Peeps out.*

Wild. And there, you rascal; and there.

Old Phil. Thank you, thank you—Could not you find in your heart to lay on another for me?

Cor. Pray, don't be in such a passion, Sir.

Wild. My dear Corrinna, don't be frightened; I shall not murder him.

Old Phil. I am safe here—lie ſtill, Isaac, lie ſtill—I am safe.

Wild. The fellow has put me out of breath. *(Sits down.)* (*Old Philpot's watch ſtrikes ten under the table.*) Whose watch is that? *(ſtares round.)* Hey! what is all this? *(Looks under the table.)* Your humble ſervant, Sir! Turn out, pray turn out—You won't—Then I'll unſhell you. *(Takes away the table.)* Your very humble ſervant, Sir.

G. Phil. Zounds! my father there all this time.

[*Aside.*

Wild. I ſuppoſe you will give me the lie too?

Old Phil. *(ſtill on the ground.)* No, Sir, not I

truly; but the gentleman there may divert himself again if he has a mind.

G. Phil. No, Sir, not I; I pass.

Old Phil. George, you are there I see.

G. Phil. Yes, Sir; and you are there I see.

Wild. Come rise—Who is this old fellow?

Cor. Upon my word, I don't know——As I live and breathe, I don't—he came after my maid, I suppose; I'll go and ask her—Let me run out of the way, and hide myself from this scene of confusion.

[*Exit Corrinna.*

G. Phil. What an imp of hell she is! [*Aside.*

Wild. Come, get up, Sir; you are too old to be beat.

Old Phil. (rising.) In troth so I am—But there you may exercise yourself again if you please.

G. Phil. No more for me, Sir—I thank you.

Old Phil. I have made but a bad voyage of it—The ship is sunk, and ſtock and block lost. [*Aside.*

Wild. Ha, ha! upon my soul, I can't help laughing at this old square toes—As for you, Sir, you have had what you deserved—Ha, ha! you are a kind cull, I suppose—ha, ha! And you, reverend dad, you muſt come here tottering after a punk—ha, ha!

Old Phil. Oh! George! George!

G. Phil. Oh! father! father!

Wild. Ha, ha! what, father and son! And so you have found one another out, ha, ha!——Well, you may have business; and so, gentlemen, I'll leave you to yourselves. [*Exit.*

G. Phil. This is too much to bear—What an infamous jade she is! All her contrivance!—Don't be angry with me, Sir—I'll go my ways this moment, tie myself up in the matrimonial noose—and never have any thing to do with these courses again.

[*Going.*

Old Phil. And hark you, George; tie me up in a real noose, and turn me off as soon as you will.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE. A Room in Sir Jasper Wilding's House.

Enter BEAUFORT *dressed as a lawyer, and Sir* JASPER WILDING *with a bottle and glass in his hand.*

Beau. No more, Sir Jasper; I can't drink any more.

Sir Jasp. Why you be but a weezen-fac'd drinker, master Quagmire—come, man, finish this bottle.

Beau. I beg to be excused——you had better let me read over the deeds to you.

Sir Jasp. Zounds! 'tis all about out-houses, and messuages, and barns, and stables, and orchards, and meadows, and lands and tenements, and woods and under-woods, and commons, and backsides. I am o' the commission for Wilts, and I know the ley; and so truce with your jargon, Mr. Quagmire.

Beau. But, Sir, you don't consider, marriage is an affair of importance——it is contracted between persons, first, consenting; secondly, free from canonical impediments; thirdly, free from civil impedi-

ments, and can only be dissolved for canonical causes, or levitical causes.—See *Leviticus* xviii. and xxviii. Harry VIII. chapter vii.

Sir Jasp. You shall drink t'other bumper, an you talk of ley.

Enter a SERVANT.

Ser. Old Mr. Philpot, Sir, and his son.

Sir Jasp. Wounds! that's right, they'll take me out of the hands of this lawyer here. [*Exit.*

BEAUFORT *solus.*

Beau. Well done, Beaufort! thus far you have play'd your part, as if you had been of the pimple-nose family of Furnival's-inn.

Re-enter Sir JASPER, *with* OLD PHILPOT *and* G. PHILPOT.

Sir Jasp. Master Philpot, I be glad you are come: this man here has so plagued me with his ley, but now we'll have no more about it, but sign the papers at once.

Old Phil. Sir Jasper, Twenty thousand pounds, you know, is a great deal of money——I should not give you so much, if it was not for the sake of your daughter's marrying my son; so that if you will allow me discount for prompt payment, I will pay the money down.

G. Phil. Sir, I must beg to see the young lady once more before I embark; for to be plain, Sir, she appears to be a mere natural.

Sir Jasp. I'll tell you what, youngster, I find my girl is a notable wench—and here, here's zon Bob.

Enter Young WILDING.

Sir Jasp. Bob, gee us your hand——I ha' finish'd the business——and zo now——here, here, here's your vather-in-law.

Old Phil. Of all the birds in the air, is that he? [*Aside.*

G. Phil. He has behaved like a relation to me already. [*Aside.*

Sir Jasp. Go to un, man—that's your vather—

Wild. This is the strangest accident——Sir——Sir——(*Stifling a laugh.*) I—I—Sir—upon my soul, I can't stand this. [*Bursts out a laughing.*

Old Phil. I deserve it! I deserve to be laughed at. [*Aside.*

G. Phil. He has shown his regard to his sister's family already. [*Aside.*

Sir Jasp. What's the matter, Bob? I tell you this is your vather-in-law—(*Pulls Old Philpot to him.*) Master Philpot, that's Bob—Speak to un, Bob—speak to un—

Wild. Sir—I—I am (*stifles a laugh.*) I say, Sir—I am, Sir—extremely proud—of—of——

G. Phil. Of having beat me, I suppose. [*Aside.*

Wild. Of the honour, Sir—of—of— [*Laughs.*

G. Phil. Ay; that's what he means. [*Aside.*

Wild. And, Sir—I—I—this opportunity—I cannot look him in the face——(*burts out into a laugh*) ha, ha! I cannot stay in the room—— [*Going.*

Sir. Jasp. Why, the volks are all mad, I believe! you shall stay, Bob; you shall stay. [*Holds him.*

Wild. Sir, I——I cannot possibly—— [*Whispers his father.*

Old. Phil. George! George! what a woeful figure do we make?

G. Phil. Bad enough, of all conscience, Sir.

Sir Jasp. An odd adventure, Bob.

[*Laughs heartily.*

G. Phil. Ay! there now he is hearing the whole affair, and is laughing at me.

Sir Jasp. Ha, ha! Poh, never mind it——a did not hurt un.

Old Phil. It's all discovered.

Sir Jasp. Ha, ha!——I told ye zon Bob could find a hare squat upon her form with any he in Christendom—ha, ha! never mind it, man; Bob meant no harm—Here, here, Bob—here's your vather, and there's your brother——I should like to ha' zeen un under the table.

Wild. Gentlemen, your most obedient.

[*Stifling a laugh.*

Old Phil. Sir, your servant——He has licked George well——and I forgive him.

Sir Jasp. Well, young gentleman, which way is your mind now?

G. Phil. Why, Sir, to be plain, I find your daughter an idiot.

Sir Jasp. Zee her again then——zee her again—Here, you, sirrah, send our Moll hither.

Ser. Yes, Sir.

Sir Jasp. Very well then, we'll go into t'other room, crack a bottle, and settle matters there; and leave un together——Hoic! hoic——Our Moll——Tally over.

Enter MARIA.

Maria. Did you call me, papa?

Sir Jasp. I did, my girl—There, the gentleman wants to speak with you—Behave like a clever wench as you are——Come along, my boys————Master Quagmire, come and finish the business.

[*Exit singing, with Old Philpot and Beaufort. Manent George and Maria.*]

G. Phil. I know she is a fool, and so I will speak to her without ceremony——Well, Miss, you told me you could read and write?

'*Maria.* Read, Sir? Heavens!—(*Looking at him.*) 'Ha, ha, ha!

'*G. Phil.* What does she laugh at?

'*Maria.* Ha, ha, ha, ha!

'*G. Phil.* What diverts you so, pray?

'*Maria.* Ha, ha, ha! What a fine taudry figure 'you have made of yourself! Ha, ha!

'*G. Phil.* Figure, Madam!

'*Maria.* I shall die, I shall die! ha, ha, ha!

'*G. Phil.* Do you make a laughing-stock of me!

'*Maria.* No, Sir; by no means——Ha, ha, ha!

'*G. Phil.* Let me tell you, Miss, I don't under-'stand being treated thus.

'*Maria.* Sir, I can't possibly help it—I—I—Ha, 'ha!

'*G. Phil.* I shall quit the room, and tell your 'papa, if you go on thus.

'*Maria.* Sir, I beg your pardon a thousand times '—I am but a giddy girl——I can't help it—I—I—'Ha, ha!

'*G. Phil.* Ma'am, this is downright insult.

'*Maria.* Sir, you look somehow or other——I 'don't know how, so comically——Ha, ha, ha!

'*G. Phil.* Did you never see a gentleman dress'd 'before?

'*Maria.* Never like you—I beg your pardon, Sir '—Ha, ha, ha!

'*G. Phil.* Now here is an ideot in spirits—I tell 'you, this is your ignorance------I am dress'd in 'high taste.

'*Maria.* Yes; so you are———Ha, ha, ha!

'*G. Phil.* Will you have done laughing?

'*Maria.* Yes, Sir, I will——I will----there—— 'there——there——I have done.

'*G. Phil.* Do so then, and behave yourself a little 'sedately.

'*Maria.* I will, Sir;—I won't look at him, and 'then I shant laugh——— [*Aside.*

'*G. Phil.* Let me tell you, Miss, that nobody un-'derstands dress better than I do.

'*Maria.* Ha, ha, ha!

'*G. Phil.* She's mad, sure.

'*Maria.* No, Sir, I am not mad—I have done, 'Sir—I have done—I assure you, Sir, that nobody 'is more averse from ill manners, and would take 'greater pains not to affront a gentleman———Ha, ha, ha!

'*G. Phil.* Again? Zounds! what do you mean? 'you'll put me in a passion, I can tell you, present-'ly.

'*Maria.* I can't help it---indeed I can't---Beat

'me if you will, but let me laugh---I can't help it,
'Ha, ha, ha!

'*G. Phil.* I never met with such usage in my life.

'*Maria.* I shall die---Do, Sir, let me laugh---It
'will do me good---Ha, ha, ha!

[*Sits down in a fit of laughing.*

'*G. Phil.* If this is your way, I won't stay a mo-
'ment longer in the room---I'll go this moment and
'tell your father.

'*Maria.* Sir, Sir, Mr. Philpot, don't be so hasty,
'Sir---I have done, Sir; it's over now---I have had
'my laugh out---I am a giddy girl --but I'll be
'grave.———I'll compose myself, and act a differ-
'ent scene with him from what I did in the morning,
'I have all the materials of an impertinent wit, and
'I will now twirl him about the room, like a boy
'setting up his top with his finger and thumb.

'[*Aside.*

'*G. Phil.* Miss, I think you told me you could read
'and write?'

Maria. Read, Sir! Reading is the delight of my life———Do you love reading, Sir?

G. Phil. Prodigiously--- How pert she is grown ———I have read very little, and I'm resolv'd for the future to read less. (*Aside.*) What have you read, Miss?

Maria. Every thing.

G. Phil. You have?

Maria. Yes, Sir, I have.

G. Phil. Oh! brave---and do you remember what you read, Miss?

Maria. Not so well as I could wish---Wits have short memories.

G. Phil. Oh! you are a wit too?

Maria. I am---and do you know that I feel myself provok'd to a simile now?

G. Phil. Provok'd to a simile!——Let us hear it.

Maria. What do you think we are both like?

G. Phil. Well———

Maria. Like Cymon and Iphigenia in Dryden's fable.

G. Phil. Jenny in Dryden's fable!

Maria. *The fanning breeze upon her bosom blows;*
To meet the fanning breeze, her bosom rose.
That's me——now you.
He trudg'd along, unknowing what he sought,
And whistled as he went (mimicks) *for want of thought.*

G. Phil. This is not the same girl. [*Disconcerted.*

Maria. Mark again, mark again:
The fool of nature stood with stupid eyes,
And gaping mouth that testified surprise.
[*He looks foolish, she laughs at him.*

G. Phil. I must take care how I speak to her; she is not the fool I took her for. [*Aside.*

Maria. You seem surpris'd, Sir——but this is my way—I read, Sir, and then I apply—I have read every thing; Suckling, Waller, Milton, Dryden, Lansdowne, Gay, Prior, Swift, Addison, Pope, Young, Thomson.

G. Phil. Hey! the devil—what a clack is here! [*He walks across the stage.*

Maria, (*following him eagerly*). Shakespeare, Fletcher, Otway, Southerne, Rowe, Congreve, Wicherly, Farquhar, Cibber, Vanbrugh, Steel, in short every body; and I find them all wit, fire, vivaciay, spirit, genius, taste, imagination, raillery, humour, character, and sentiment——Well done, Miss Notable! you have play'd your part like a young actress in high favour with the town. [*Aside.*

G. Phil. Her tongue goes like a water-mill. [*Aside.*

Maria. What do you say to me now, Sir?

G. Phil. Say! I don't know what the devil to say. [*Aside.*

Maria. What's the matter, Sir? Why, you look as if the stocks were fallen——or like London-bridge at low water, or like a waterman when the Thames is frozen—or like a politician without news—or like a prude without scandal—or like a great lawyer without a brief—or like some lawyers with one—or——

G. Phil. Or like a poor devil of a husband henpeck'd by a wit, and so say no more of that—What a capricious piece here is! [*Aside.*

Maria. Oh, fie, you have spoil'd all—I had not half done.

G. Phil. There is enough of all conscience—You may content yourself.

Maria. But I can't be so easily contented——I like a simile half a mile long.

G Phil. I see you do.

Maria. Oh! And I make verses too—verses like

an angel—off hand—extempore——Can you give me an extempore?

G Phil. What does she mean?—No, Miss—I have never a one about me.

Maria. You can't give me an extempore——Oh! for shame, Mr. Philpot—I love an extempore of all things; and I love the poets dearly; their sense so fine, their invention rich as Pactolus.

G Phil. A poet rich as Pactolus!——I have heard of that Pactolus in the city.

Maria. Very like.

G Phil. But you never heard of a poet as rich as he.

Maria. As who?

G. Phil. Pactolus—He was a great Jew merchant ——liv'd in the ward of Farringdown-without.

Maria. Pactolus a Jew merchant!—Pactolus is a river.

G Phil. A river!

Maria. Yes——don't you understand geography?

G Phil. The girl's crazy!

Maria. Oh! Sir, if you don't understand geography you are nobody—I understand geography, and I understand orthography; you know I told you I can write—and I can dance too—will you dance a minuet? [*Sings and dances.*

G Phil. You shan't lead me a dance, I promise you.

Maria. Oh! very well, Sir——you refuse me—— remember you'll hear immediately of my being mar-

ried to another, and then you'll be ready to hang yourself.

G. Phil. Not I, I promise you.

Maria. Oh! very well—very well——remember ——mark my words—I'll do it—you shall see—Ha, ha! [*Runs off in a fit of laughing.*

GEORGE *solus*

G. Phil. Marry you! I would as soon carry my wife to live in Bow-street, and write over the door "Philpot's punch-house."

Enter OLD PHILPOT *and* SIR JASPER.

Sir Jasp. (*singing.*) "So rarely, so bravely we'll "hunt him over the downs, and we'll hoop and we'll hollo." Gee us your hand, young gentleman; well——what zay ye to un now?——Ben't she a clever girl?

G. Phil. A very extraordinary girl indeed.

Sir Jasp. Did not I tell un zo—then you have nothing to do but to consummate as soon as you will.

G. Phil. No; you may keep her, Sir——I thank you——I'll have nothing to do with her.

Old Phil. What's the matter now, George?

G. Phil. Pho! she's a wit.

Sir Jasp. Ay, I told un zo.

G. Phil. And that's worse then t'other——I am off, Sir.

Sir Jasp. Odds heart! I am afraid you are no great wit.

Enter MARIA.

Maria. Well, papa, the gentleman won't have me.

Old Phil. The numskull won't do as his father

bids him; and so, Sir Jasper, with your consent, I'll make a proposal to the young lady myself.

Maria. How! what does he say?

Old Phil. I am in the prime of my days, and I can be a brisk lover still——Fair lady, a glance of your eye is like the returning sun in the spring—it melts away the frost of age, and gives a new warmth and vigour to all nature. [*Falls a coughing.*

Maria. Dear heart! I should like to have a scene with him.

Sir Jasp. Hey! what's in the wind now?—— This won't take——My girl shall have fair play—— No old fellow shall totter to her bed—What say you, my girl, will you rock his cradle?

Maria. Sir, I have one small doubt—— Pray can I have two husbands at a time?

G. Phil. There's a question now! She is grown foolish again.

Old Phil. Fair lady, the law of the land——

Sir Jasp. Hold ye, hold ye; let me talk of law;—I know the law better nor any on ye——Two husbands at once—No, no—Men are scarce, and that's downright poaching.

Maria. I am sorry for it, Sir—— For then I can't marry him, I see.

Sir Jasp. Why not?

Maria. I am contracted to another.

Sir Jasp. Contracted! to whom?

Maria. To Mr. Beaufort——that gentleman, Sir.

Old Phil. That gentleman?

Beau. Yes, Sir, (*throws open his gown.*) My name

is Beaufort——And, I hope, Sir Jasper, when you consider my fortune, and my real affection for your daughter, you will generously forgive the stratagem I have made use of.

Sir Jasp. Master Quagmire!—What, are you young Beaufort all this time?

Old Phil. That won't do, Sir——that won't take.

Beau. But it must take, Sir——You have sign'd the deeds for your daughter's marriage; and Sir Jasper by this instrument has made me his son-in-law.

Old Phil. How is this, how is this! Then, Sir Jasper you will agree to cancel the deeds, I suppose; for you know—

Sir Jasp. Catch me at that, an ye can! I fulfill'd my promise, and your son refused, and so the wench has look'd out slily for herself elsewhere. Did I not tell you she was a clever girl! I ben't asham'd o' my girl—Our Moll, you have done no harm, and Mr. Beaufort is welcome to you with all my heart. I'll stand to what I have signed, though you have taken me by surprise.

Wild. Bravo! my scheme has succeeded rarely.

Old Phil. And so here I am bubbled and choused out of my money—George, George, what a day's work have we made of it!—Well, if it must be so, be it so—I desire, young gentleman, you will come and take my daughter away to-morrow morning—And, I'll tell you what, here, here—take my family-watch into the bargain; and I wish it may play you just such another trick as it has me; that's all—I'll never go intriguing with a family-watch again.

Maria. Well, Sir! (*to G. Phil.*) What do you think of me now? An't I a connoisseur, Sir? and a virtuoso?—Ha! ha!

G. Phil. Yes! and much good may't do your husband——I have been connoissur'd among ye to some purpose—Bubbled at play—dup'd by my wench—cudgel'd by a rake—laugh'd at by a girl—detected by my father——and there is the sum total of all I have got at this end of the town.

Old Phil. This end of the town! I desire never to see it again while I live---I'll pop into a hackney-coach this moment, drive to Mincing-lane, and never venture back to this side of Temple-bar.

[*Going.*

G. Phil. And, Sir, Sir!----shall I drive you?

Old Phil. Ay; you or any body. [*Exit.*

G. Phil. I'll overturn the old hocus at the first corner. [*Following him.*

Sir Jasp. They shan't go zo, neither--they shall stay and crack a bottle. [*Exit after them.*

Maria. Well, brother, how have I play'd my part!

Wild. }
Beau. } To a miracle.

Maria. Have I!----I don't know how that is----

Love urg'd me on to try all wily arts
To win your--(to Beau.) *No! not yours----*
To win your hearts [To the Audience.
Your hearts to win is now my aim alone;
"There if I grow, the harvest is your own."

EPILOGUE,

BY OLD PHILPOT AND GEORGE PHILPOT.

Fath. OH! George, George, George! 'tis such young rakes as you
That bring vile jokes, and foul dishonour too,
Upon our city youth.

Geo. ——— ———'Tis very true.

Fath. St. James's end o' the town

Geo. ——— ———No place for me.

Fath. No truly---no---their manners disagree
With ours entirely---Yet you there must run,
To ape their follies———

Geo. ———And so am undone.

Fath. There you all learn a vanity in vice;
You turn mere fops———you game--

Geo. ——— ——— ——— ——— Oh damn the dice.

Fath. Bubbled at play———

Geo. ——— ——— ——— Yes, Sir———

Fath. ——— ——— ——— By every common cheat.

Geo. Ay! here's two witnesses-- [*Pulls out his pockets.*

Fath. ——— ——— ——— You get well beat.

Geo. A witness too of that [*Shows his head*], and there's another. [*To young Wilding.*

Fath. You dare to give affronts———

Geo. ——— ——— Zounds, such a pother! ———

Fath. Affronts to gentlemen!

Geo. ——— ——— ———'Twas a rash action———

Fath. Damme, you lie! I'll give you satisfaction.

[*Mimicking.*

Drawn in by strumpets and detected too!

Geo. That's a sad thing, Sir! I'll be judg'd by you———

Fath. The dog he has me there———

Geo. Think you it right---under a table———

Fath. ——— ——— ——— Miserable plight!

Geo. For grave threescore to skulk with trembling knees,
And envy each young lover that he sees!
Think you it fitting thus abroad to roam!

Fath. Wou'd I had stay'd to cast accounts at home.

Geo. Ay! there's another vice———

Fath. ——— ——— ——— Sirrah, give o'er.

Geo. You brood for ever o'er your much-lov'd store,
And scraping *cent. per cent.* still pine for more.

* At Jonathan's, where millions are undone;
Now cheat a nation, and now, cheat your son.

Fath. Rascal, enough;

Geo. ——— ——— I could add, but am loth———

Fath. Enough!---This jury [*to the audience*] will convict us both.

Geo. Then to the court we'd better make submission;
Ladies and gentlemen with true contrition,
I here confess my faults, ye courtly train
Farewell! farewell, ye giddy and ye vain!
I now take up, forsake the vain and witty,
To live henceforth a credit to the city.

Fath. You see me here quite cover'd o'er with shame;
I hate long speeches, but I'll do the same.
Come, George, to mend is all the best can boast.
George. Then let us in———
Fath. ——— ——— And this shall be our toast:
"May Britons thunder on her foes be hurl'd.
George. And "London prove the market of the world."

PARSONS's MINOR THEATRE.

W. Ridley, sc.

Mr. BADDELY.

Printed for J. Parsons, 21, Paternoster Row, Dec. 1799.

(4)

HIGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS.

A F A R C E,

IN TWO ACTS.

WRITTEN BY DAVID GARRICK, ESQ.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.

The Lines distinguished by inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation.

London:

PRINTED BY J. JARVIS,

FOR J. PARSONS, N° 21, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1793.

FARCE,

James Tourney.

High Life below Stairs.

Written by Mr. Garrick, and performed for the first time at Drury-lane Theatre in 1759.

THE enormities which marked the manners of the party-coloured tribe, at the time this drama came out, called aloud for correction. The follies and vices of their betters were objects of their imitation; and the suite of rooms below, from those of the housekeeper and butler, to that of the lowest servant, presented a repetition of scenes which passed in those above.

On the first night of this piece, the servants of great families assembled in parties in the galleries to oppose it. But the satire was just; its application forceful; and partial clamour was drowned in the general applause of pit and boxes.

When it was brought out at the theatre at Edinburgh, the violence which marked the conduct of servants in general in that city arose to so high a pitch, that the manager and part of his company became apprehensive of their personal safety; which was threatened by the incensed party.

This outrage eventually produced a reform: by inducing the heads of families to crush the inhospitable custom of vails. The praise-worthy example was followed in London; and the licentiousness which had offended common decency, by the adoption of a measure so salutary, was nearly, if not entirely, done away.

We know of no After-piece, now in representation, more welcomed by an audience than HIGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS; *and we look forward to the time, when the fabrick now raising on the ruins of* Poor Old Drury, *is to open its portals; in the hope of meeting with a few favourites, now absent from scenes they have graced so well, in the days of the matchless Garrick. Then shall we see the acting lustre of this production revived in the performances of a Miss Pope, and the elder Palmer; whose fine acting, and mock minuet, has not yet been equalled.*

Dramatis Personae.

DRURY-LANE.

Men.

Lovel,	Mr. Bannister, Jun.
Freeman,	Mr. Packer
Philip,	Mr. Baddeley
Tom,	Mr. Burton
Coachman,	Mr. Hollingsworth
Kingston,	Mr. Moody
Dukes Servant,	Mr. Palmer
Sir Harry's Servant,	Mr. Dodd
Robert,	Mr. Bland
Fidler,	Mr. Lyons.

Women.

Kitty,	Miss Pope
Cook,	Mrs. Booth
Cloe,	Miss Tidswell
Lady Bab's Maid,	Miss Barnes
Lady Charlotte's Maid,	Mrs. Edwards.

HIGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS.

ACT I.

SCENE—An Apartment in FREEMAN'S *House.*

FREEMAN *and* LOVEL, *entering.*

Freeman.

A Country boy! ha, ha, ha!——How long has this scheme been in your head?

Lov. Some time.—I am now convinced of what you have often been hinting to me, that I am confoundedly cheated by my servants.

Free. Oh, are you satisfied at last, Mr. Lovel? I always told you, that there is not a worse set of servants in the parish of St. James's, than in your kitchen.

Lov. 'Tis with some difficulty I believe it now, Mr. Freeman; though, I must own, my expences often make me stare.——Philip, I am sure is an honest fellow; and I will swear for my blacks.—If there is a rogue among my folks, it is that surly dog Tom.

Free. You are mistaken in every one. Philip is an hypocritical rascal! Tom has a good deal of surly honesty about him; and for your blacks, they are as bad as your whites.

Lov. Prithee, Freeman, how came you to be so well acquainted with my people? None of the wenches are handsome enough to move the affections of a middle-aged gentleman as you are—ha, ha, ha!

Free. You are a young man, Mr. Lovel, and take a pride in a number of idle unnecessary servants, who are the plague and reproach of this kingdom.

Lov. Charles, you are an old-fashion'd fellow. Servants a plague and reproach! ha, ha, ha! I would have forty more, if my house would hold them. Why, man, in Jamaica, before I was ten years old, I had a hundred blacks kissing my feet every day.

Free. You gentry of the Western Isles are high-mettled ones, and love pomp and parade.—I have seen it delight your soul, when the people in the street have stared at your equipage; especially if they whispered loud enough to be heard, "That is squire "Lovel, the great West Indian"—ha, ha, ha!

Lov. I should be very sorry if we were as splenetic as you northern islanders, who are devoured with melancholy and fog—ha, ha, ha! No, Sir, we are children of the sun, and are born to diffuse the bounteous favour which our noble parent is pleased to bestow on us.

Free. I wish you had more of your noble parent's regularity, and less of his fire. As it is, you consume

so fast, that not one in twenty of you live to be fifty years old.

Lov. But in that fifty we live two hundred, my dear; mark that———But to business—I am resolved upon my frolic———I will know whether my servants are rogues or not. If they are, I'll bastinado the rascals; if not, I think I ought to pay for my impertinence.———Pray tell me, is not your Robert acquainted with my people? Perhaps he may give a little light into the thing.

Free. To tell you the truth, Mr. Lovel, your servants are so abandoned, that I have forbid him your house.—However, if you have a mind to ask him any question, he shall be forth-coming.

Lov. Let us have him.

Free. You shall: but it is an hundred to one if you get any thing out of him; for though he is a very honest fellow, yet he is so much of a servant, that he'll never tell any thing to the disadvantage of another.———Who waits? (*Enter Servant.*) Send Robert to me. (*Exit Servant.*)—And what was it determin'd you upon this project at last?

Lov. This letter. It is an anonymous one, and so ought not to be regarded; but it has something honest in it, and put me upon satisfying my curiosity ———Read it. [*Gives the letter.*

Free. I should know something of this hand— [*Reads.*

"To Peregrine Lovel, Esq.

"Please your honour,

"I take the liberty to acquaint your honour, that

" you are sadly cheated by your servants.——Your " honour will find it as I say——I am not willing to " be known; whereof, if I am, it may bring one in- " to trouble.

" So no more, from your honour's
" Servant to command."

—Odd and honest! Well—and now what are the steps you intend to take? [*Returns the letter.*

Lov. I shall immediately apply to my friend the manager for a disguise.—Under the form of a gawky country boy, I will be an eye-witness of my servants behaviour.—You must assist me, Mr. Freeman.

Free. As how, Mr. Lovel?

Lov. My plan is this—I gave it out that I was going to my borough in Devonshire; and yesterday set out with my servant in great form, and lay at Basingstoke.—

Free. Well?

Lov. I ordered the fellow to make the best of his way down into the country, and told him that I would follow him; instead of that, I turn'd back, and am just come to town: *Ecce signum!*

[*Points to his boots.*

Free. It is now one o'clock.

Lov. This very afternoon I shall pay my people a visit.

Free. How will you get in?

Lov. When I am properly habited, you shall get me introduced to Philip as one of your tenants sons, who wants to be made a good servant of.

Free. They will certainly discover you.

Lov. Never fear; I'll be so countrify'd, that you shall not know me.——As they are thoroughly persuaded I am many miles off, they'll be more easily imposed on. Ten to one but they begin to celebrate my departure with a drinking bout, if they are what you describe them——

Free. Shall you be able to play your part.

Lov. I am surprized, Mr. Freeman, that you who have known me from my infancy, should not remember my abilities in that way.—' But you old fellows "have short memories.

' *Free.* What should I remember?

' *Lov.* How I play'd Daniel in the Conscious Lovers at school, and afterwards arriv'd at the distinguished character of the mighty Mr. Scrub—

[*Mimicking.*

Free. Ha, ha, ha! that is very well——Enough ——Here is Robert.

Enter ROBERT.

Rob. Your honour ordered me to wait on you.

Free. I did, Robert.——Robert——

Rob. Sir——

Free. Come here.—You know, Robert, I have a good opinion of your integrity.——

Rob. I have always endeavoured that your honour should.

Free. Pray, have not you some acquaintance among Mr. Lovel's people?

Rob. A little, please your honour.

Free. How do they behave?—We have nobody but friends—you may speak out.

Lov. Ay, Robert, speak out.

Rob. I hope your honours will not insist on my saying any thing in an affair of this kind.

Lov. Oh, but we do insist, if you know any thing—

Rob. Sir, I am but a servant myself: and it would not become me to speak ill of a brother-servant.

Free. Psha! this is false honesty—speak out.

Rob. Don't oblige me, good Sir.——Consider, Sir, a servant's bread depends upon his *carackter*.

Lov. But if a servant uses me ill———

Rob. Alas, Sir! what is one man's poison is another man's meat.

Free. You see how they trim for one another.

Rob. Service, Sir, is no inheritance.—A servant that is not approv'd in one place, may give satisfaction in another. Every body must live, your honour.

Lov. I like your heartiness as well as your caution; but, in my case, it is necessary that I should know the truth.

Rob. The truth, Sir, is not to be spoken at all times; it may bring one into trouble, whereof if—

Free. (*Musing*) "Whereof if"—Pray, Mr. Lovel, let me see that letter again.—(*Lovel gives the letter.*) —Aye—it must be so———Robert—

Rob. Sir———

Free. Do you know any thing of this letter?

Rob. Letter, your honour?

Free. Yes, letter.

Rob. I have seen the hand before.

Lov. He blushes!

Free. I ask you, if you were concern'd in writing this letter?—You never told me a lie yet, and I expect the truth from you now.

Rob. Pray, your honour, don't ask me.

Free. Did you write it?—Answer me.———

Rob. I cannot deny it. [*Bowing.*

Lov. What induc'd you to it?

Rob. I will tell truth.———I have seen such waste and extravagance, and riot and drunkenness, in your kitchen, Sir, that, as my master's friend, I could not help discovering it to you.

Lov. Go on.

Rob. I am sorry to say it to your honour, but your honour is not only imposed on, but laughed at by all your servants, especially by Philip, who is a—very bad man.

Lov. Philip? An ungrateful dog!—Well?

Rob. I could not presume to speak to your honour; and therefore I resolv'd, though but a poor scribe, to write your honour a letter.

Lov. Robert, I am greatly indebted to you.—Here— [*Offers money.*

Rob. On any other account than this, I should be proud to receive your honour's bounty; but now I beg to be excus'd. [*Refuses the money.*

Lov. Thou hast a noble heart, Robert, and I'll not forget you.—Freeman, he must be in the secret.—Wait your master's orders.

Rob. I will, your honour. [*Exit.*

Free. Well, Sir, are you convinc'd now?

Lov. Convinc'd? Yes; and I'll be among the scoundrels before night.—You or Robert must contrive some way or other to get me introduc'd to Philip as one of your cottager's boys out of Essex.

Free. Ha, ha, ha! you'll make a fine figure.

Lov. They shall make a fine figure.——It must be done this afternoon: walk with me across the park, and I'll tell you the whole.——My name shall be *Jemmy*;—and I am come to be a gentleman's servant —and will do my best, and hope to get a good *carakter.* [*Mimicking.*

Free. But what will you do if you find them rascals?

Lov. Discover myself, and blow them all to the devil.——Come along.——

Free. Ha, ha, ha! ——Bravo——Jemmy——Bravo, ha, ha! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE—The Park.

DUKE'S SERVANT.

What wretches are ordinary servants, that go on in the same vulgar track every day! eating, working, and sleeping!—But we, who have the honour to serve the nobility, are of another species. We are above the common forms, have servants to wait upon us, and are as lazy and luxurious as our masters. —Ha!—my dear Sir Harry———

(*Enter Sir* HARRY'S SERVANT.)

———How have you done these thousand years?

Sir Har. My Lord Duke!—your grace's most obedient servant.

Duke. Well, baronet, and where have you been?

Sir Har. At Newmarket, my Lord.——We have had dev'lish fine sport.

Duke. And a good appearance, I hear—pox take it, I should have been there; but our old duchess died, and we were obliged to keep house for the decency of the thing.

Sir Har. I pick'd up fifteen pieces.

Duke. Psha! a trifle!

Sir Har. The viscounts people have been bloodily taken in this meeting.

Duke. Credit me, baronet; they know nothing of the turf.

Sir Har. I assure you, my lord, they lost ev'ry match; for Crab was beat hollow, Careless threw his rider, and Miss Slammerkin had the distemper.

Duke. Ha, ha, ha! I'm glad on't.———Taste this snuff, Sir Harry. [*Offers his box.*

Sir Har. 'Tis good rapee.

Duke. Right Strasburg, I assure you; and of my own importing.

Sir Har. Aye!

Duke. The city people adulterate it so confoundedly, that I always import my own snuff.—I wish my lord would do the same; but he is so indolent.—When did you see the girls? I saw lady Bab this morning; but, 'fore Gad, whether it be love or reading, she look'd as pale as a penitent.

Sir Har. I have just had this card from Lovel's

people——(*Reads.*) "Philip and Mrs. Kitty pre-
"sent their compliments to Sir Harry, and desire
"the honour of his company this evening, to be of a
"smart party, and eat a bit of supper."

Duke. I have the same invitation.—Their master, it seems, is gone to his borough.

Sir Har. You'll be with us, my Lord?——Phi-lip's a blood.

Duke. A buck of the first head. I'll tell you a se-cret, he's going to be married.

Sir Har. To whom?

Duke. To Kitty.

Sir Har. No!

Duke. Yes, he is; and I intend to cuckold him.

Sir Har. Then we may depend upon your Grace for certain. Ha, ha, ha!

Duke. If our house breaks up in a tolerable time, I'll be with you.———Have you any thing for us?

Sir Har. Yes, a little bit of poetry.———I must be at the cocoa-tree myself till eight.

Duke. Heigh, ho!—I am quite out of spirits—I had a damn'd debauch last night, baronet.———Lord Francis, Bob the bishop, and I, tipt off four bottles of Burgundy a piece.—Ha! there are two fine girls coming! Faith—lady Bab—aye and lady Charlotte.

[*Takes out his glass.*

Sir Har. We'll not join them.

Duke. O yes—Bab is a fine wench notwithstand-ing her complexion; though I should be glad she would keep her teeth cleaner.———Your English women are damn'd negligent about their teeth.—How is your Charlotte in that particular?

Sir Har. My Charlotte!

Duke. Ay, the world says you are to have her.

Sir Har. I own I did keep her company; but we are off, my Lord.

Duke. How so?

Sir Har. Between you and me, she has a plaguy thick pair of legs.

Duke. Oh! damn it—that's insufferable.

Sir Har. Besides, she's a fool, and miss'd her opportunity with the old countess.

Duke. I am afraid, baronet, you love money—Rot it, I never save a shilling.—Indeed I am sure of a place in the excise.——Lady Charlotte is to be of the party to-night; how do you manage that?

Sir Har. Why, we do meet at a third place; are very civil, and look queer, and laugh, and abuse one another, and all that.

Duke. A-la-mode, ha!————Here they are.

Sir Har. Let us retire. [*They retire.*

Enter Lady BAB'S MAID *and Lady* CHARLOTTE'S MAID.

L. Bab. Oh fie, lady Charlotte! you are quite indelicate; I am sorry for your taste.

L. Char. Well, I say it again, I love Vauxhall.

L. Bab. O my stars! Why, there is nobody there but filthy citizens.

L. Char. We were in hopes the raising the price would have kept them out, ha, ha, ha!

L. Bab. Ha, ha, ha!—*Runelow* for my money.

L. Char. Now you talk of *Runelow*, when did you see the colonel, lady Bab?

L. Bab. The colonel! I hate the fellow.—He had the assurance to talk of a creature in Gloustershire, before my face.

L. Char. He is a pretty man for all that.——Soldiers you know have their mistresses ev'ry where.

L. Bab. I despise him.——How goes on your affair with the baronet?

L. Char. The baronet is a stupid wretch, and I shall have nothing to say to him.——You are to be at Lovel's to-night, lady Bab?

L. Bab. Unless I alter my mind—I don't admire visiting these commoners, lady Charlotte.

L. Char. Oh, but Mrs. Kitty has taste.

L. Bab. She affects it.

L Char. The Duke is fond of her, and he has judgment.

L. Bab. The Duke might show his judgment much better. [*Holding up her head.*

L. Char. There he is, and the baronet too.—Take no notice of them.—We'll rally them by-and-by.

L. Bab. Dull souls! Let us set up a loud laugh, and leave 'em.

L. Char. Ay—let us be gone; for the common people do so stare at us—we shall certainly be mobb'd.

Both. Ha, ha, ha!—ha, ha, ha! [*Exeunt.*

DUKE *and Sir* HARRY *come forward.*

Duke. They certainly saw us, and are gone off laughing at us.——I must follow.

Sir Har. No, no.

Duke. I must——I must have a party of raillery with them, a bon mot or so. Sir Harry, you'll excuse me. Adieu; I'll be with you in the evening, if possible: though, hark ye! there is a bill depending in our house, which the ministry make a point of our attending; and so you know, mum! we must mind the stops of the great fiddle.—Adieu. [*Exit.*

Sir Har. What a coxcomb this is! and the fellow can't read. It was but the other day that he was cow-boy in the country; then was bound prentice to a periwig-maker, got into my lord duke's family, and now sets up for a fine gentleman; *O tempora, O mores!*

Re-enter DUKE'S SERVANT.

Duke. Sir Harry, prithee what are we to do at Lovel's when we come there?

Sir Har. We shall have the fiddles, I suppose.

Duke. The fiddles! I have done with dancing ever since the last fit of the gout. I'll tell you what, my dear boy, I positively cannot be with them, unless we have a little [*Makes a motion as if with the dice box.*

Sir Har. Fie, my lord duke.

Duke. Look ye, baronet, I insist on it.—Who the devil of any fashion can possibly spend an evening without it?—But I shall lose the girls.——How

grave you look, ha, ha, ha!---Well, let there be fiddles.

Sir Har. But, my dear lord, I shall be quite miserable without you.---

Duke. Well, I won't be particular; I'll do as the rest do.—Tol, lol, lol. [*Exit singing and dancing.*

Sir Har. (*solus.*) He had the assurance last winter, to court a tradesman's daughter in the city, with two thousand pounds to her fortune,—and got me to write his love-letters. He pretended to be an ensign in a marching regiment; so wheedled the old folks into consent, and would have carried the girl off, but was unluckily prevented by the washerwoman, who happened to be his first cousin.

Enter PHILIP.

———Mr. Philip, your servant.

Phil. You are welcome to England, Sir Harry; I hope you received the card, and will do us the honour of your company.———My master is gone into Devonshire.—We'll have a roaring night.

Sir Har. I'll certainly wait on you.

Phil. The girls will be with us.

Sir Har. Is this a wedding-supper, Philip?

Phil. What do you mean, Sir Harry?

Sir Har. The duke tells me so.

Phil. The duke's a fool.

Sir Har. Take care what you say; his grace is a bruiser.

Phil. I am a pupil of the same academy, and not afraid of him, I assure you. Sir Harry, we'll have a noble batch—I have such wine for you!

Sir Har. I am your man, Phil.

Phil. Egad the cellar shall bleed: I have some Burgundy that is fit for an emperor.———My master would have given his ears for some of it t'other day, to treat my lord what d'ye-call-him with; but I told him it was all gone—ha! charity begins at home, ha!———Odso, here is Mr. Freeman, my master's intimate friend; he's a dry one—Don't let us be seen together---he'll suspect something.

Sir Har. I am gone.

Phil. Away, away;------remember---*Burgundy* is the word.

Sir Har. Right---Long corks! ha, Phil! [*Mimicks the drawing of a cork.*]---Yours. [*Exeunt.*

Phil. Now for a cast of my office———A starch phiz, a canting phrase, and as many lies as necessary.—Hem!

Enter FREEMAN.

Free. Oh, Philip—How do you do, Philip?—You have lost your master, I find.

Phil. It is a loss indeed, Sir.—So good a gentleman!---He must be nearly got into Devonshire by this time.———Sir, your servant.

Free. Why in such a hurry, Philip?

Phil. I shall leave the house as little as possible, now his honour is away.

Free. You are in the right, Philip.

Phil. Servants at such times are too apt to be negligent and extravagant, Sir.

Free. True; the master's absence is the time to try a good servant in.

Phil. It is so, Sir.---Sir, your servant. [*Going.*

Free. Oh, Mr. Philip!---pray stay---you must do me a piece of service.

Phil. You command me, Sir--- [*Bows.*

Free. I look upon you, Philip, as one of the best behaved, most sensible, completest (*Philip bows*) rascals in the world. [*Aside.*

Phil. Your honour is pleased to compliment.

Free. There is a tenant of mine in Essex, a very honest man———Poor fellow, he has a great number of children; and they have sent me one of 'em, a tall gawky boy, to make a servant of; but my folks say they can do nothing with him.

Phil. Let me have him, Sir.

Free. In truth he is an unlick'd cub.

Phil. I will lick him into something, I warrant you, Sir------Now my master is absent, I shall have a good deal of time upon my hands; and I hate to be idle, Sir: in two months I'll engage to finish him.

Free. I don't doubt it. [*Aside.*

Phil. I have twenty pupils in the parish of St. James's; and for a table, or a side-board, or behind an equipage, or in the delivery of a message, or any thing------

Free. What have you for entrance?

Phil. I always leave it to gentlemen's generosity.

Free. Here is a guinea------I beg he may be taken care of.

Phil. That he shall, I promise you (*Aside.*) Your honour knows me.

Free. Thoroughly. [*Aside.*

Phil. When can I see him, Sir?

Free. Now; directly---Call at my house and take him in your hand.

Phil. Sir, I will be with you in a minute-----I will but step into the market to let the tradesmen know they must not trust any of our servants, now they are at board wages——Humph!

Free. How happy is Mr. Lovel in so excellent a servant! [*Exit.*

Phil. Ha, ha, ha! This is one of my master's prudent friends, who dines with him three times a-week, and thinks he is mighty generous in giving me five guineas at Christmas.------Damn all such sneaking scoundrels I say. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *The Servants' Hall in* LOVEL'S *House.*

KINGSTON *and* COACHMAN, *drunk and sleepy.*

[*A knocking at the door.*

Kings. Somebody knocks—Coachy, go—go to the door, coachy——

Coach. I'll not go------do you go-----you black dog.

Kings. Devil shall fetch me if I go. [*Knocking.*

Coach. Why then let 'em stay---I'll not go---damme-----Ay, knock the door down, and let yourself in. [*Knocking.*

Kings. Ay, ay, knock again---knock again------

Coach. Master is gone into Devonshire---so he can't be there---So I'll go to sleep.

Kings. So will I---I'll go to sleep too.

Coach. You lie, devil-----you shall not go to sleep till I am asleep-----I am king of the kitchen.

Kings. No, you are not king; but when you are drunk, you are sulky as hell.---Here is Cooky coming---she is king and queen too.

Enter COOK.

Cook. Somebody has knock'd at the door twenty times, and nobody hears------Why, Coachman---Kingston---Ye drunken bears, why don't one of you go to the door?

Coach. You go, Cook; you go-----

Cook. Hang me if I go-----

Kings. Yes, yes, Cooky, go; Mollsy, Pollsy, go---

Cook. Out, you black toad-----It is none of my business, and go I will not. [*Sits down.*

Enter PHILIP *with* LOVEL *disguis'd.*

Phil. I might have staid at the door all night, as the little man in the play says, if I had not had the key of the door in my pocket-----What is come to you all?

Cook. There is John Coachman and Kingston as drunk as two bears.

Phil. Ah, ha! my lads;---what, finish'd already? These are the very best of servants-----Poor fellows, I suppose they have been drinking their master's good journey---ha, ha, ha!

Lov. No doubt on't. [*Aside.*

Phil. Yo ho! get to-bed, you dogs, and sleep yourselves sober, that you may be able to get drunk again by-and-by.---They are as fast as a church---Jemmy.

Lov. Anan?

Phil. Do you love drinking?

Lov. Yes---I loves ale.

Phil. You dog, you shall swim in Burgundy.

Lov. Burgundy! what's that?

Phil. Cook, wake those honest gentlemen, and send them to bed.

Cook. It is impossible to wake them.

Lov. I think I cou'd wake 'em, Sir, if I might—heh.———

Phil. Do, Jemmy, wake 'em, Jemmy--ha, ha, ha!

Lov. Hip-----Mr. Coachman.

[*Gives him a great slap on the face.*

Coach. Oh! oh!---What!---Zounds!---Oh!---damn you.-----

Lov. What, blackey! blackey! [*Pulls him by the nose.*

Kings. Oh, oh!---What now? Curse you! Oh---'Cot tam you.'

Lov. Ha, ha, ha!

Phil. Ha, ha, ha!---Well done, Jemmy.----- Cook, see those gentry to bed.

Cook. Marry come up, I say so too; not I indeed.--

Coach. She shan't see us to bed—We'll see ourselves to bed.

Kings. We got drunk together, and we'll go to-bed together. [*Exeunt reeling.*

Phil. You see how we live, boy.

Lov. Yes, I *sees* how you live——

Phil. Let the supper be elegant, Cook.

Cook. Who pays for it?

Phil. My master to be sure; who else? ha, ha, ha! He is rich enough, I hope, ha, ha, ha!

Lov. Humph! [*Aside.*

Phil. Each of us must take a part, and sink it in our next weekly bills; that is the way.

Lov. Soh! [*Aside.*

Cook. Prithee, Philip, what boy is this?

Phil. A boy of Freeman's recommending.

Lov. Yes, I'm Squire Freeman's boy——heh——

Cook. Freeman is a stingy hound, and you may tell him I say so. He dines here three times a week, and I never saw the colour of his money yet.

Lov. Ha, ha, ha! that is good——Freeman shall have it. [*Aside.*

Cook. I must step to the tallow-chandler's to dispose of some of my perquisites; and then I'll set about supper.

Phil. Well said, Cook, that is right, the perquisite is the thing, Cook.

Cook. Cloe, Cloe! where are you, Cloe?——[*Calls.*

Enter CLOE.

Cloe. Yes, mistress——

Cook. Take that box and follow me. [*Exit.*

Cloe. Yes, mistress—(*Takes the box*)—Who is this! (*seeing Lovel.*)——Hee, hee, hee——Oh——This is pretty boy——Hee, hee, hee!——Oh——This is pretty red hair, hee, hee, hee!——You shall be in love with me by-and-by——Hee, hee!

[*Exit, chucking Lovel under the chin.*

Lov. A very pretty amour—(*Aside.*)—Oh la! what a fine room is this!—is this the dining-room, pray, Sir?

Phil. No; our drinking-room.

Lov. La, la! what a fine lady here is—This is madam, I suppose.

Phil. Where have you been, Kitty?

Enter KITTY.

Kit. I have been disposing of some of his Honour's shirts and other linen, which it is a shame his Honour should wear any longer—Mother Barter is above, and waits to know if you have any commands for her.

Phil. I shall dispose of my wardrobe to-morrow.

Kit. Who have we here? [*Lovel bows.*

Phil. A boy of Freeman's; a poor silly fool——

Lov. Thank you——— [*Aside.*

Phil. I intend the entertainment this evening as a compliment to you, Kitty.

Kit. I am your humble, Mr. Philip.

Phil. But I beg I may see none of your airs, or hear any of your French gibberish with the Duke.

Kit. Don't be jealous, Phil. [*Fawningly.*

Phil. I intend, before our marriage, to settle something handsome upon you; and with the five hundred pounds which I have already saved in this extravagant fellow's family——

Lov. A dog! (*Aside.*)——O la, la! what! have you got five hundred pounds?

Phil. Peace, blockhead———

Kit. I'll tell you what you shall do, Phil.

Phil. Ay, what shall I do?

Kit. You shall set up a chocolate-house my dear—

Phil. Yes, and be cuckolded—— [*Apart.*

Kit. You know my education was a very genteel one.—I was a half-boarder at Chelsea, and I speak French like a native—*Comment vous porter vous, Mounsieur.* [*Awkwardly.*

Phil. Psha, psha!

Kit. One is nothing without French—I shall shine in the bar——Do you speak French, boy?

Lov. Anan——

Kit. Anan——O the fool! ha, ha, ha!—Come here, do, and let me new mould you a little—You must be a good boy, and wait upon the gentlefolks to-night. [*She ties and powders his hair.*

Lov. Yes, an't please you, I'll do my best.

Kit. His best! O the natural!——This is a strange head of hair of thine, boy—It is so coarse, and so carrotty.

Lov. All my brothers and sisters be red in the pole.

Phil. Kit. Ha, ha, ha! [*Laugh.*

Kit. There now you are something like——Come, Philip, give the boy a lesson, and then I'll lecture him out of The Servant's Guide.

Phil. Come, Sir, first Hold up your head——very well——Turn out your toes, Sir—very well——Now call coach——

Lov. What is call coach?

Phil. Thus, Sir——Coach, coach, coach! [*Loud.*

Lov. Coach, coach, coach! [*Imitating.*

Phil. Admirable!—the knave has a good ear—Now, Sir, tell me a lie.

Lov. O la! I never told a lie in all my life.

Phil. Then it is high time you should begin now; —what is a servant good for that can't tell a lie?

Kit. And stand in it—Now I'll lecture him *(Takes out a book.)* This is "The Servant's Guide to Wealth, "by Timothy Shoulderknot, formerly servant to se "veral noblemen, and now an officer in the cus- "toms; necessary for all servants."

Phil. Mind, Sir, what excellent rules the book contains, and remember them well——Come, Kitty, begin——

Kit. (*Reads*) Advice to the footman.

"Let it for ever be your plan
"To be the master, not the man,
"And do as little as you can."

Lov. He, he, he!——Yes, I'll do nothing at all—not I.

Kit. "At market, never think it stealing
"To keep with tradesmen *proper* dealing;
"All stewards have a fellow-feeling."

Phil. You will understand that better one day or other, boy.

Kit. To the groom.

"Never allow your master able
"To judge of matters in the stable:
"If he should roughly speak his mind,
"Or to dismiss you seems inclin'd,
"Lame the best horse, or break his wind."

Lov. Oddines! that's good—he, he, he!

Kit. To the Coachman.

" If your good master on you doats,
" Ne'er leave his house to serve a stranger;
" But pocket hay, and straw, and oats,
" And let the horses eat the manger."

Lov. Eat the manger!—he, he, he!

Kit. I won't give you too much at a time—Here, boy, take the book, and read it every night and morning before you say your prayers.

Phil. Ha, ha, ha! very good; but now for business.

Kit. Right—I'll go and get one of the damask table cloths, and some napkins; and be sure, Phil. your side-board is very smart. [*Exit.*

Phil. That it shall——Come, Jemmy—— [*Exit.*

Lov. Soh!—soh!——It works well. [*Exit.*

THE END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE. The Servants' Hall, with the Supper and side-board set out.

PHILIP, KITTY, *and* LOVEL.

Kitty.

WELL, Phil, what think you? Don't we look very smart!——Now let 'em come as soon as they will, we shall be ready for 'em.

Phil. 'Tis all very well; but——

Kit. But what?

Phil. Why, I wish we could get that snarling cur, Tom, to make one.

Kit. What is the matter with him?

Phil. I don't know— he is a queer son of a——

Kit. Oh, I know him; he is one of your sneaking half-bred fellows, that prefers his master's interest to his own.

Phil. ——Here he is.

Enter TOM.

—And why won't you make one to-night, Tom?——Here's Cook and Coachman, and all of us.

Tom. I tell you again, I will not make one.

Phil. We shall have something that's good.

Tom. And make your master pay for it.

Phil. I warrant, now, you think yourself mighty honest——ha, ha, ha!

Tom. A little honester than you, I hope, and not brag neither.

Kit. Hark you, Mr. Honesty, don't be saucy——

Lov. This is worth listening to. [*Aside.*

Tom. What, madam, you are afraid for your cully, are you?

Kit. Cully, sirrah, cully! Afraid, sirrah! afraid of what? [*Goes up to Tom.*

Phil. Ay, Sir, afraid of what?

[*Goes up on the other side.*

Lov. Ay, Sir, afraid of what? [*Goes up too.*

Tom. I value none of you—I know your tricks.

Phil. What do you know, sirrah?

Kit. Ay, what do you know?

Lov. Ay, Sir, what do you know?

Tom. I know that you two are in fee with every tradesman belonging to the house—and that you, Mr. Clodpole, are in a fair way to be hang'd——

[*Strikes Lovel.*

Phil. What do you strike the boy for?

Lov. It is an honest blow. [*Aside.*

Tom. I'll strike him again——'Tis such as you that bring a scandal upon us all.

Kit. Come, none of your impudence, Tom.

Tom. Egad, madam, the gentry may well complain, when they get such servants as you in their houses.——There's your good friend, mother Barter, the old cloaths woman, the greatest thief in town, just now gone out with her apron full of his honour's linen.

Kit. Well, Sir, and did you never——ha?

Tom. No, never: I have lived with his honour four years and never took the value of that *(Snapping his fingers.)* His honour is a prince, gives noble wages, and keeps noble company; and yet you two are not contented, but cheat him wherever you can lay your fingers.—Shame on you!

Lov. The fellow I thought a rogue, is the only honest servant in my house. [*Aside.*

Kit. Out you mealy-mouth'd cur.

Phil. Well, go tell his honour, do——ha, ha, ha!

Tom. I scorn that—Damn an informer!—But yet I hope his honour will find you two out one day or other,—that's all—— [*Exit.*

Kit. This fellow must be taken care of.

Phil. I'll do his business for him, when his honour comes to town.

Lov. You lie you scoundrel, you will not. [*Aside.*
——O la! here's a fine gentleman.

Enter DUKE'S SERVANT.

Duke. Ah, ma chere mademseile! Comment vou portez vous. [*Salute.*

Kit. Fort bien je vous remercier, Monsieur.

Phil. Now we shall have nonsense by wholesale.

Duke. How do you do, Philip?

Phil. Your grace's humble servant.

Duke. But, my dear Kitty—— [*Talk apart.*

Phil. Jemmy.

Lov. Anan?

Phil. Come along with me, and I'll make you free of the cellar.

Lov. Yes—I will—but won't you ask *he* to drink?

Phil. No, no; he will have his share by-and-by ——Come along.

Lov. Yes. [*Exeunt Philip and Lovel.*

Kit. Indeed I thought your Grace an age in coming.

Duke. Upon honour, our house is but this moment up.—You have a damn'd vile collection of pictures, I observe, above stairs, Kitty.——Your 'squire has no taste.

Kit. No taste! that's impossible, for he has laid out a vast deal of money.

Duke. There is not an original picture in the whole collection——Where could he pick 'em up?

Kit. He employs three or four men to buy for him, and he always pays for originals.

Duke. Donnez moi votre eau de luce——My head aches confoundedly *(She gives a smelling bottle)*—Kitty, my dear, I hear you are going to be married.

Kit. Pardonnez moi for that.

Duke. If you get a boy, I'll be godfather, faith—

Kit. How you rattle, duke!——I am thinking, my lord, when I had the honour to see you first.

Duke. At the play, Mademseille.——

Kit. Your Grace loves a play?

Duke. No—it is a dull old-fashioned entertainment; I hate it—

Kit. Well, give me a good tragedy.

Duke. It must not be a modern one then—You are devilish handsome, Kate—Kiss me—

[*Offers to kiss her.*

Enter Sir HARRY'S SERVANT.

Sir Har. Oho!—are you thereabouts, my Lord Duke? That may do very well by-and-by——However, you'll never find me behind hand.

[*Offers to kiss her.*

Duke. Stand off, you are a commoner—Nothing under nobility approaches Kitty.

Sir Har. You are so devilish proud of your nobility—Now, I think, we have more true nobility than you—Let me tell you, Sir, a knight of the shire—

Duke. A knight of the shire! ha, ha, ha! a mighty honour, truly, to represent all the fools in the county.

Kit. O lud! this is charming, to see two noblemen quarrel.

Sir Har. Why, any fool may be born to a title, but only a wise man can make himself honourable.

Kit. Well said, Sir Harry, that is good *morillity.*

Duke. I hope you make some difference between hereditary honours and the huzza's of a mob.

Kit. Very smart, my lord—Now, Sir Harry—

Sir Har. If you make use of your hereditary honours to screen you from debt——

Duke. Zounds, Sir, what do you mean by that?

Kit. Hold, hold! I shall have some fine old noble blood spilt here—Ha' done, Sir Harry——

Sir Har. Not I—Why, he is always valuing himself upon his upper house.

Duke. We have dignity. [*Slow.*

Sir Har. But what becomes of your dignity, if we refuse the supplies. [*Quick.*

Kit. Peace, peace—Here's lady Bab—

Enter Lady BAB'S SERVANT *in a chair.*

—Dear lady Bab—

L. Bab. Mrs. Kitty, your servant—I was afraid of taking cold, and so ordered the chair down stairs. Well, and how do you do?—My lord Duke, your servant—and Sir Harry too—yours.

Duke Your ladyship's devoted—

L. Bab. I'm afraid I have trespassed in point of time—*(Looks on her watch.)*—But I got into my favourite author.

Duke. Yes; I found her ladyship at her studies this morning—Some wicked poem—

L. Bab. O you wretch!—I never read but one book.

Kit. What is your ladyship so fond of?

L. Bab. Shikspur. Did you never read *Shikspur?*

Kit. Shikspur! Shikspur!—Who wrote it?—No, I never read *Shikspur.*

L. Bab. Then you have an immense pleasure to come.

Kit. Well then, I'll read it over one afternoon or other—Here's Lady Charlotte.

Enter Lady CHARLOTTE'S MAID *in a Chair.*

—Dear Lady Charlotte!

L. Char. Oh, Mrs. Kitty, I thought I never shou'd have reach'd your house—such a fit of the cholic seiz'd me—Oh, lady Bab, how long has your ladyship been here?—My chairmen were such drones—My Lord Duke! the pink of all good breeding.

Duke. O Ma'am!— [*Bowing.*

L. Char. And Sir Harry!—Your servant, Sir Harry. [*Formally.*

Sir Har. Madam, your servant—I am sorry to hear your ladyship has been ill.

L. Char. You must give me leave to doubt the sincerity of that sorrow, Sir—Remember the Park.

Sir Harry. The Park! I'll explain that affair, Madam.

L. Char. I want none of your explanations. [*Scornfully*

Sir Harry. Dear lady Charlotte!

L. Char. No, Sir; I have observ'd your coolness of late, and despise you. A trumpery baronet!

Sir Harry. I see how it is; nothing will satisfy you but nobility—That sly dog the marquis—

L. Char. None of your reflections, Sir—The marquis is a person of honour, and above inquiring after a lady's fortune, as you meanly did.

Sir Harry. I—I—Madam? I scorn such a thing—I assure you, Madam, I never—that is to say—Egad I am confounded——My Lord Duke, what shall I say to her? Pray help me out. [*Aside.*

Duke. Ask her to show her legs—ha, ha, ha! [*Aside.*

Enter PHILIP *and* LOVEL, *loaded with bottles.*

Phil. Here, my little peer---here is wine that will ennoble your blood---Both your ladyships most humble servant.

Lov. (Affecting to be drunk.) Both your ladyships moſt humble servant.

Kit. Why, Philip, you have made the boy drunk.

Phil. I have made him free of the cellar---ha, ha, ha!

Lov. Yes, I am free---I very free---

Phil. He has had a smack of every sort of wine, from humble port to imperial Tokay.

Lov. Yes, I have been drinking Kokay.

Kit. Go, get you some sleep, child, that you may wait on his lordship by-and-by.

Lov. Thank you, Madam---I will certainly wait on their lordships, and their ladyships too.

[*Aside, and exit.*

Phil. Well, ladies, what say you to a dance, and then to supper? Have you had your tea?

All. A dance, a dance!---"no tea---no tea."

Phil. Here, fiddler---*(calls.)* I have provided a very good hand, you ſee.

Enter FIDDLER *with a wooden leg.*

Sir Harry. Not so well legg'd, Mr. Philip.

All. Ha, ha, ha!

Duke. Le drole!---Hark ye, Mr.---which leg do you beat time with?

All. Ha, ha, ha! [*Loud laugh.*

'*Sir Har.* What can you play, Domine?

'*Fid.* Any thing, an't please your honour, from 'a jig to a sonata.

Phil. Come here—Where are all our people?

Enter COACHMAN, COOK, KINGSTON, CLOE.

'——I'll couple you—My lord Duke will take Kit-'ty,—Lady Bab will do me the honour of her hand; 'Sir Harry and lady Charlotte—Coachman and 'Cook, and the two devils dance together—ha, 'ha, ha!'

Duke. With submission, the country dances by-and-by.

Lady Char. Ay, ay, French dances before supper, and country-dances after.—I beg the Duke and Mrs. Kitty may give us a minuet.

Duke. Dear lady Charlotte, consider my poor gout—Sir Harry will oblige us. [*Sir Harry bows.*

All. Minuet, Sir Harry—minuet, Sir Harry—

Fid. What minuet wou'd your honours please to have?

Kit. What minuet!—Let me see—Play Marshal Thingumbob's minuet.

[*A minuet by Sir Harry and Kitty, aukward and conceited.*]

Lady Char. Mrs. Kitty dances sweetly.

Phil. And Sir Harry delightfully.

Duke. Well enough for a commoner.

Phil. Come, now to supper.—A gentleman and a lady—'Here, fiddler, (*gives money*), wait without.

'*Fid.* Yes, an't please your honour.

[*Exit with a tankard.*

Phil. (They sit down.) We will set the wine on the table——Here is claret, burgundy, and champagne, and a bottle of tokay for the ladies.—There are tickets on every bottle——If any gentleman chooses port—

Duke. 'Tis only fit for a dram.

Kit. Lady Bab, what shall I send you?—Lady Charlotte, pray be free: the more free the more welcome, as they say in my country.——The gentlemen will be so good as to take care of themselves.

[*A pause.*

Duke. Lady Charlotte, "Hob or Nob!"

Lady Char. Done—my Lord—in Burgundy, if you please.

Duke. Here's your sweetheart and mine, and the friends of the company. [*They drink. A pause.*

Phil. Come, ladies and gentlemen, a bumper all round—I have a health for you——"Here is to "the amendment of our masters and mistresses."

All. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

[*Loud laugh. A pause.*

Kit. Ladies, pray what is your opinion of a single gentleman's service?

Lady Char. Do you mean an *old* single-gentleman?

All. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! [*Loud laugh.*

Phil. My Lord Duke, your toast.

Duke. Lady Betty——

Phil. Oh no—A health and a sentiment.

Duke. A health and a sentiment?—No, no, let us have a song.—Sir Harry, your song—

Sir Har. Would you have it?—Well then—Mrs. Kitty, we must call upon you.---Will you honour my muse?———

All. A song, a song! ay, ay, Sir Harry's song—Sir Harry's song—

Duke. A song to be sure—but first—preludo,—*(Kisses Kitty.)*——Pray, gentlemen, put it about.

[*Kissing round—Kingston kisses Cloe heartily.*

Sir Har. See how the devils kiss!

Kit. I'm really hoarse; but---hem---I must clear up my pipes—hem—This is Sir Harry's song: being a new song, intitled and called, *The Fellow Servant*; or, *All in a Livery.* *(Sings.)*

I.

Come here, fellow-servant, and listen to me,
I'll show you how those of superior degree
Are only dependents, no better than we.
Chorus. Both high and low in this do agree,
'Tis here fellow-servant,
And there fellow-servant,
And all in a livery.

II.

See yonder fine spark in embroidery drest,
Who bows to the great, and if they smile is blest;
What is he i'faith, but a servant at best.
Cho. Both high, &c.

III.

Nature made all alike, no distinction she craves;
So we laugh at the great world, its fools and its knaves;
For we are all servants, but they are all slaves.
Cho. Both high, &c.

IV.

The fat-shining glutton looks up to the shelf,
The wrinkled lean miser bows down to his pelf,
And the curl-pated beau is a slave to himself.
Cho. Both high, &c.

V.

The gay sparkling belle, who the whole town alarms,
And with eyes, lips, and neck, sets the smarts all in arms,
Is a vassal herself, a mere drudge to her charms.
Cho. Both high, &c.

VI.

Then we'll drink like our betters, and laugh, sing, and love,
And when sick of one place, to another we'll move;
For, with little and great, the best joy is to rove.
Cho. Both high and low in this do agree,
That 'tis here fellow-servant,
And there fellow-servant,
And all in a livery.

Phil. How do you like it, my Lord Duke?
Duke. It is a damn'd vile composition—
Phil. How so?
Duke. O very low! very low indeed!
Sir Har. Can you make a better?
Duke. I hope so.
Sir Har. That is very conceited.
Duke. What is conceited, you scoundrel?
Sir Har. Scoundrel!—You are a rascal——I'll pull you by the nose—— [*All rise.*
Duke. Look ye, friend, don't give yourself airs,

and make a disturbance among the ladies—If you are a gentleman, name your weapons.

Sir Har. Weapons!—What you will—Pistols—

Duke. Done—behind Montague-house.

Sir Har. Done—with seconds.

Duke. Done—

Phil. Oh, for shame, gentlemen!—My Lord Duke—Sir Harry, the ladies!—fie!

[*Duke and Sir Harry affect to sing.*

Phil. (*A violent knocking.*) What the devil can that be, Kitty?

Kit. Who can it possibly be?

Phil. Kingston, run up stairs and peep. (*Exit Kingston.*) It sounds like my master's rap—Pray Heaven it is not he!—(*Enter Kingston.*)—Well, Kingston, what is it?

King. It is master and Mr. Freeman—I peep'd thro' the keyhole, and saw them by the lamp-light—Tom has just let them in——

Phil. The devil he has! What can have brought him back?

Kit. No matter what—away with the things—

Phil. Away with the wine—Away with the plate—Here Coachman, Cook, Cloe, Kingston, bear a hand—Out with the candles—Away, away.

[*They carry away the table.* &c.

Visitors. What shall we do? What shall we do?

[*They all run about in confusion.*

Kit. Run up stairs, ladies.

Phil. No, no, no!—He'll see you then——

Sir Har. What the devil had I to do here!

Duke. Pox take it, face it out.

Sir Har. Oh no; these West-Indians are very fiery.

Phil. I would not have him see any of you for the world.

Lov. (*without*) Philip—Where's Philip?

Phil. Oh the devil! he's certainly coming down stairs——Sir Harry, run down into the cellar—My Lord Duke, get into the pantry—Away, away!

Kit. No, no! do you put their ladyships into the pantry, and I'll take his grace into the coal-hole.

Visitors. Any where, any where—up the chimney, if you will.

Phil. There—in with you.

[*They all go into the pantry.*

Lov. (*without*) Philip—Philip—

Phil. Coming, Sir—(*Aloud.*)—Kitty, have you never a good book to be reading of?

Kit. Yes, here is one.

Phil. 'Egad this is black Monday with us—Sit down—Seem to read your book—Here he is, as drunk as a piper— [*They sit down.*

Enter LOVEL *with pistols, affecting to be drunk*; FREEMAN *following.*

Lov. Philip, the son of Alexander the Great, where are all my myrmidons!—What the devil makes you up so early this morning?

Phil. He is very drunk indeed—(*Aside.*)—Mrs. Kitty and I had got into a good book, your honour.

Free. Ay, ay, they have been well employed, I dare say—ha, ha, ha!

Lov. Come sit down, Freeman—Lie you there—*(Lays his pistols down.)* I come a little unexpectedly, perhaps, Philip.

Phil. A good servant is never afraid of being caught, Sir—

Lov. I have some accounts that I must settle—

Phil. Accounts, Sir!—To night?

Lov. Yes, to night—I find myself perfectly clear—You shall see I'll settle them in a twinkling.

Phil. Your honour will go into the parlour?

Lov. No, I'll settle 'em all here.—

Kit. Your honour must not sit here.

Lov. Why not?

Kit. You will certainly take cold, Sir; the room has not been washed above an hour.

Lov. What a cursed lie that is! [*Aside.*

Duke. Philip—Philip—Philip. [*Peeping out.*

Phil. Pox take you!—hold your tongue— [*Aside.*

Free. You have just nick'd them in the very minute. [*Aside to Lovel.*

Lov. I find I have—Mum—*(Aside to Freeman.)* Get some wine, Philip—*(Exit Philip.)*—Though I must eat something before I drink—Kitty, what have you got in the pantry?

Kit. In the pantry? Lard, your honour! we are at board-wages.—

Free. I could eat a morsel of cold meat.

Lov. You shall have it—Here—*(Rises.)*—Open the pantry door—I'll be about your board-wages!—I have treated you often, now you shall treat your master.—

Kit. If I may be believed, Sir, there is not a scrap of any thing in the world in the pantry.

[*Opposing him.*

Lov. Well, then, we must be contented, Freeman. —Let us have a crust of bread and a bottle of wine.

[*Sits down again.*

Kit. Sir, had not my master better go to bed!—

[*Makes signs to Freeman that Lovel is drunk.*

Lov. Bed! not I—I'll sit here all night—'Tis very pleasant, and nothing like variety in life.

Sir Har. (*Peeping.*) Mrs. Kitty—Mrs. Kitty—

Kit. Peace on your life. [*Aside.*

Lov. Kitty, what voice is that?

Kit. Nobody's, Sir.—Hem—

Lov. (*Philip brings wine.*) Soh—very well—Now do you two march off—March off, I say.—

Phil. We can't think of leaving your honour—For egad, if we do, we are undone. [*Aside.*

Lov. Begone—My service to you, Freeman—This is good stuff—

Free. Excellent. [*Somebody in the pantry sneezes.*

Kit. We are undone; undone. [*Aside.*

Phil. Oh, that is the duke's damn'd rapee. [*Aside.*

Lov. Didn't you hear a noise, Charles?

Free. Somebody sneez'd, I thought.

Lov. Damn it, there are thieves in the house—I'll be among 'em,— [*Takes a pistol.*

Kit. Lack-a-day, Sir, it was only the cat—They sometimes sneeze for all the world like a christian—Here, Jack, Jack—He has got cold, Sir—Puss—Puss—

PARSONS's MINOR THEATRE.

Dayes, del. Printed for J. Parsons, 21, Paternoster Row, Dec. 1793. Barret. e

Lov. A cold:—then I'll cure him—Here, Jack, Jack—Puss, Puss——

Kit. Your Honour won't be so rash—Pray, your Honour, don't— [*Opposing.*

Lov. Stand off—Here, Freeman—here's a barrel for business, with a brace of slugs, and well prim'd, as you see—Freeman—I'll hold you five to four—nay, I'll hold you two to one, I hit the cat through the key-hole of that pantry-door.

Free. Try, try; but I think it impossible.

Lov. I am a damn'd good marksman (*Cocks the pistol, and points it at the pantry door.*)——Now for it! (*A violent shriek, and all is discovered.*)—Who the devil are these?——One—two—three—four——

Phil. They are particular friends of mine, Sir; servants to some noblemen in the neighbourhood.

Lov. I told you there were thieves in the house.

Free. Ha, ha, ha!

Phil. I assure your Honour they have been entertained at our own expence, upon my word.

Kit. Yes, indeed, your Honour, if it was the last word I had to speak—

Lov. Take up that bottle—(*Philip takes up a bottle with a ticket to it, and is going off.*)—Bring it back.—Do you usually entertain your company with Tokay, Monsieur?

Phil. I, Sir, treat with wine!

Lov. O yes, *from humble Port to imperial Tokay too. Yes, I loves Kokay.* [*Mimicking himself.*

Phil. How!—Jemmy, my master!

Kit. Jemmy!—the devil!

Phil. Your Honour is at present in liquor—but in the morning, when your Honour is recovered, I will set all to rights again.

Lov. (*changing his countenance.*) We'll set all to rights now—There, I am sober, at your service—What have you to say, Philip? (*Philip starts.*)You may well start—Go, get out of my sight.

Duke. Sir—I have not the honour to be known to you, but I have the honour to serve his Grace the Duke of———

Lov. And the impudence, familiarly to assume his title—Your Grace will give me leave to tell you, that is the door—And if you ever enter there again. I assure you, my Lord Duke, I will break every bone in your Grace's skin—Begone—

Duke. (*Aside.*) Low-bred fellows. [*Exit.*

Lov. I beg your ladyships pardon—perhaps they cannot go without chairs—ha, ha, ha!

Free. Ha, ha, ha! [*Sir Harry steals off.*

L. Char. This comes of visiting commoners. [*Exit.*

L. Bab. They are downright *Hottenpots.* [*Exit.*

Phil. and *Kit.* I hope your honour will not take away our bread.

Lov. "Five hundred pounds will set you up in a chocolate-house—You'll shine in the bar, Madam."—I have been an eye-witness of your roguery, extravagance, and ingratitude.

Phil. and *Kit.* Oh, Sir—Good Sir!

Lov. You, Madam, may stay here till to-morrow morning—And there, Madam, is the book you lent me, which I beg you'll read "night and morning "before you say your prayers."

Kit. I am ruin'd and undone. [*Exit.*

Lov. But you, Sir, for your villainy, and (what I hate worse) your hypocrisy, shall not stay a minute longer in this house; and here comes an honest man to show you the way out.—Your keys, Sir—

[*Philip gives the keys.*

Enter TOM.

Tom, I respect and value you—You are an honest servant, and shall never want encouragement—Be so good, Tom, as to see that gentleman out of my house (*Points to Philip.*)—and then take charge of the cellar and plate.

Tom. I thank your Honour; but I would not rise on the ruin of a fellow-servant.

Lov. No remonstrances, Tom; it shall be as I say.

Phil. What a cursed fool have I been!

[*Exeunt Servants.*

Lov. Well, Charles, I must thank you for my frolic—it has been a wholesome one to me—Have I done right?

Free. Entirely—No judge could have determin'd better.—As you punish'd the bad, it was but justice to reward the good.—

'*Lov.* A faithful servant is a worthy character.

'*Free.* And can never receive too much encou-
'ragement.

'*Lov.* Right.

'*Free.* You have made Tom very happy.

'*Lov.* And I intend to make your Robert so too.
'—Every honest servant should be made happy.'

Free But what an insufferable piece of assurance is it in some of these fellows to affect and imitate their masters manners?

Lov. What manners must those be which they can imitate?

Free. True.

Lov. If persons of rank would act up to their standard, it would be impossible that their servants could ape them—But when they affect every thing that is ridiculous, it will be in the power of any low creature to follow their example.

PARSONS's MINOR THEATRE.

Engraved by K. Bailey, from a Miniature by Mr Pope.

Mr. POPE.

Printed for J. Parsons, 21, Paternoster Row, Decr. 1793.

5

THE UPHOLSTERER.

A FARCE,

IN TWO ACTS.

WRITTEN BY ARTHUR MURPHY, ESQ.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

The Lines distinguished by inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation.

London:

PRINTED BY J. JARVIS,

FOR J. PARSONS, N° 21, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1793.

The Upholsterer.

WITH a success, brilliant as its merit, the Upholdsterer of Mr. Murphy was first performed, in the year 1758, for the benefit of Mr. Mossop, at Drury Lane Theatre.

The rage for inveighing against government; for predicting imaginary dangers; for abusing ministry; and for darkening the characters of those high in office with the deepest shades of calumny; was equally strong among the ignorant, and the prejudiced, as at the present moment; when government has thought proper to interfere, in the hope of crushing an evil, which might otherwise endanger national tranquillity, and eventually wound a constitution formed upon the best and noblest principles.

The parlour of every pot-house, at the time this piece came out, had its chair of authority; in which some distinguished orator took his nightly seat, and from thence dealt forth the lie of the day to a gaping auditory, composed of mechanics and tradesmen, who gave up domestic welfare and repose, to commence politicians, amidst the fumes of punch, porter, and tobacco; without a plentiful supply of which, self-importance would not have been wound up to its proper pitch, needful to support the dignity of the society.

Ridicule, in many instances, has been allowed to act more powerfully than advice; and few, however callous to the lectures of private friendship, can stand against the "world's dread "laugh." The Upholsterer drew full houses; the satire it was charged with performed its wholesome office, to the comfort and happiness of the wives, daughters, and dependants of many an honest and well meaning tradesman; who repaired to the theatre to view his own image, took shame to himself, and devoted that time to the interests of his family, which he had been in the habit of wasting amidst inebriation, confused notions, flimsey argument, and false doctrines.

Dramatis Personae.

COVENT-GARDEN.

Men.

Quidnunc,	-	Mr. Munden
Pamphlet,	-	Mr. Wilson
Razor,	-	Mr. Quick
Rovewell,	-	Mr. Davies
Belmour,	-	Mr. Macready
Feeble,	-	Mr. Powell
Watchman,	-	Mr. Thomson.

Women.

Harriet,	-	Miss Chapman
Termagant,	-	Mrs. Mattocks
Maid to Feeble,	-	Miss Stuart.

PROLOGUE.

WHEN first, in falling Greece's evil hour,
Ambition aim'd at universal power;
When the fierce man of Macedon began
Of a new monarchy to form the plan,
Each Greek (as famed Demostenes relates)
Politically mad!———wou'd rave of states!
And help to form, where'er the mob could meet,
An Areopagus in every street.
What news, what news? was their eternal cry:
Is Philip sick!——then soar'd their spirits high;—
Philip is well!——dejection in each eye.
Athenian coblers join'd in deep debate,
While gold in secret undermin'd the state;
Till Wisdom's bird the vulture's prey was made,
And the sword gleam'd in Academus' shade.
Now Modern Philips threaten this our land,
What say Britannia's sons? along the Strand
What news? ye cry—with the same passion smit;
And there at least you rival Attic wit.
A parliament of porters here shall muse
On state affairs——"swall'wing a taylor's news;"
For *ways* and *means* no starv'd projector sleeps;
And every shop some mighty statesman keeps:
He Britain's foes, like Bobadil, can kill;
Supply th' Exchequer, and neglects his till.

PROLOGUE.

In every ale-house legislators meet;
And patriots settle kingdoms in the Fleet.
To show this phrenzy in its genuine light,
A modern news-monger appears to night:
Trick'd out from Addison's accomplish'd page,
Behold th' Upholsterer ascends the stage.
No minister such trials e'er hath stood;
He turns a *bankrupt* for the public good!
Undone himself, yet full of England's glory!
A politician—neither Whig nor Tory.
Nor can ye high or low the Quixote call;
"He's knight o' th' shire, and represents ye all."
As for the bard——to you he yields his plan;
For well he knows, you're candid where you can.
One only praise he claims——no party-stroke
Here turns a public character to joke,
His *Panacæa* is for all degrees,
For all have more or less of this disease:
Whatever his success, of this he's sure,
There's merit ev'n to attempt the cure.

THE UPHOLSTERER.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—BELMOUR'S *Lodging.*

'*Enter* BELMOUR *beating* BRISK.

'*Brisk.*

'MR. Belmour!—Let me die, Sir—as I hope to 'be sav'd, Sir—

'*Bel.* Sirrah! Rogue! Villain!—I'll teach you; 'I will, you rascal, to speak irreverently of her I 'love.

'*Br.* As I am a sinner, Sir, I only meant—

'*Bel.* Only meant! You could not mean it, jacka-'napes—you had no meaning, booby. ——

'*Br.* Why, no, Sir—that's the very thing, Sir—I 'had no meaning.

'*Bel.* Then, Sirrah, I'll make you know your 'meaning for the future.

'*Br.* Yes, Sir—to be sure, Sir;—and yet upon 'my word, if you would be but a little cool, Sir, 'you'd find I'm not much to blame.—Besides, mas-

'ter, you can't conceive the good it would do your 'health, if you will but keep your temper a little.

'*Bel.* Mighty well, Sir, give your advice.

'*Br.* Why, really now, this same love hath meta-'morphosed us both very strangely, master:—for, 'to be free, here have we been at this work these 'six weeks,—stark-staring mad in love with a cou-'ple of baggages not worth a groat;—and yet, heav'n 'help us! they have as much pride as comes to the 'share of a lady of quality before she has been 'caught in the fact with a handsome young fellow, '—or indeed after she has been caught, for that mat-'ter.——

'*Bel.* You won't have done, rascal—

'*Br.* In short, my young mistress and her maid 'have as much pride and poverty as—as—no mat-'ter what; they have the devil and all—when at 'the same time every body knows the old broken 'upholsterer, Miss Harriet's father, might give us 'all he has in the world, and not eat the worse pud-'ding on a Sunday for it.

'*Bel.* Impious, execrable atheist! What! detract 'from Heav'n? I'll reform your notions, I will, 'you saucy— [*Beats him.*

'*Br.* Nay, but my dear Sir—a little patience—'not so hard—'

Enter ROVEWELL, *and* BELMOUR, *meeting.*

Rove. Belmour, your servant—'What, at logger-'heads with my old friend Brisk?'

'*Bel.* Confusion!—Mr. Rovewell, your servant—'this is your doing, hang-dog.'—Jack Rovewell, I am glad to see thee.——

'*Rove.* Brisk used to be a good servant—he has 'not been tampering with any of his master's girls, 'has he?

'*Bel.* Do you know, Rovewell, that he has had 'the impudence to talk detractingly and profanely 'of my mistress?—

'*Br.* For which, Sir, I have suffered unhumanly 'and most unchristian-like, I assure you.

'*Bel.* Will you leave prating, booby?

'*Rove.* Well but, Belmour, where does she live? 'I'm but just arrived, you know, and I'll go and 'beat up her quarters.—

'*Bel.* (*Half aside.*) Beat up her quarters!—

[*Looks at him smilingly, then half aside.*

'Favours to none, to all she smiles extends;
'Oft she rejects, but never once offends.

[*Stands musing.*

'*Rove.* Hey! what fallen into a reverie!—Prithee, 'Brisk, what does all this mean?

'*Br.* Why, Sir, you must know— I am over head 'and ears in love.—

'*Rove.* But I mean your master; what ails him?

'*Br.* That's the very thing I'm going to tell you, 'Sir—As I said, Sir—I am over head and ears in 'love with a whimsical queer kind of a piece here 'in the neighbourhood; and so nothing can serve 'my master, but he must fall in love with the mistress '—Look at him now, Sir—

'*Belmour continues musing and muttering to himself.*

'*Rove.* Ha, ha, ha!—Poor Belmour, I pity thee 'with all my heart— [*Strikes him on the shoulder.*

'Ye gods, annihilate both space and time,—
'And make two lovers happy.

'*Bel.* My dear Rovewell, such a girl!—Ten 'thousand cupids play about her mouth, you 'rogue.——

'*Rove.* Ten thousand pounds had better play 'about her pocket.—What fortune has she?

'*Br.* Heaven help us, not much to crack of.——

'*Bel.* Not much to crack of, Mr. Brazen!—'Prithee, Rovewell, how can you be so ungenerous 'as to ask such a question? You know I don't mind 'fortune; though by the way she has an uncle who 'is determined to settle very handsomely upon her, 'and on the strength of that does she give herself in-'numerable airs.

'*Rove.* Fortune not to be minded!—I'll tell you 'what, Belmour, though you have a good one al-'ready, there's no kind of inconvenience in a little 'more.—I'm sure if I had not minded fortune, I 'might have been in Jamaica still, not worth a su-'gar-cane; but the widow Molosses took a fancy to 'me—Heav'n or a worse destiny, has taken a fancy 'to her; and so, after ten years exile, and being 'turn'd a-drift by my father, here am I again, a 'warm planter, and a widower, most wofully tired 'of matrimony.—But,' my dear Belmour, we were both so overjoy'd to meet one another yesterday evening, just as I arrived in town, that I did not hear a syllable from you of your love-fit. How, when, and where, did this happen?

Bel. Oh, by the most fortunate accident that ever

was—I'll tell thee, Rovewell—I was going one night from the tavern about six weeks ago—I had been there with a parcel of blades, whose only joy is center'd in their bottle; and 'faith, till this accident, I was no better myself—but ever since I am grown quite a new man.

Rove. Ay, a new man indeed!—Who in the name of wonder would take thee, sunk as thou art, into a musing, moaping, melancholy lover, for the gay Charles Belmour, whom I knew in the West-Indies?

Bel. Poh! that is not to be mentioned.—You know my father took me against my will from the university, and consigned me over to the academic discipline of a man of war; so that, to prevent a dejection of spirits, I was obliged to run into the opposite extreme—as you yourself were wont to do.

Rove. Why, yes, I had my moments of reflection, and was glad to dissipate them——You know I always told you there was something extraordinary in my story; and so there is still: I suppose it must be cleared up in a few days now—I'm in no hurry about it though: I must see the town a little this evening, and have my frolic first. But to the point, Belmour —you was going from the tavern, you say.—

Bel. Yes, Sir, about two in the morning; and I perceived an unusual blaze in the air—I was in a rambling humour, and so resolved to know what it was.

'*Br.* I and my master went together, Sir—'

'*Bel.* Oh, Rovewell! my better stars ordain'd it to light me on to happiness.——By sure attraction

led, I came to the very street where a house was on fire; water-engines playing, flames ascending, all hurry, confusion, and distress! when on a sudden the voice of despair, silver sweet, came thrilling down to my very heart.—Poor dear, little soul, what can she do! cried the neighbours. Again she scream'd; the fire gathering force, and gaining upon her every instant.—Here, Ma'am, said I, leap into my arms, I'll be sure to receive you.—And wou'd you think it?—down she came—my dear Rovewell, such a girl! I caught her in my arms, you rogue, safe, without harm.—The dear naked Venus just risen from her bed, my boy—her slender waist, Rovewell, the downy smoothness of her whole person, and her limbs "harmonious, swell'n by nature's softest hand.'

Rove. Raptures and paradise!—What seraglio in Covent Garden did you carry her to?

Bel. 'There again now!' Do, prithee, correct your way of thinking: 'take a *quantum sufficit* of 'virtuous love, and purify your ideas.' Her lovely bashfulness, her delicate fears,—her beauty heighten'd and endear'd by distress, dispers'd my wildest thoughts, and melted me into tenderness and respect.

Rove. But, Belmour, surely she has not the impudence to be modest after you have had possession of her person.—

Bel. My views are honourable, I assure you, Sir; but her father is so absurdly positive——The man's distracted about the balance of power, and will give

his daughter to none but a politician,—When there was an execution in his house, he thought of nothing but the camp at Pyrna; and, now he's a bankrupt, his head runs upon the ways and means, and schemes for paying off the national debt: the affairs of Europe engross all his attention, while the distresses of his lovely daughter pass unnoticed.'

Rove. Ridiculous enough!—But why do you mind him? Why don't you go to bed to the wench at once?——Take her into keeping, man.

Bel. How can you talk so affrontingly of her?—Have not I told you, tho' her father is ruin'd, still she has great expectancies from a rich relation?

Rove. Then what do you stand watering at the mouth for? If she is to have money enough to pay for her china, her gaming-debts, her dogs, and her monkeys, marry her then, if you needs must be enamour'd; be in a fool's paradise for a honey-moon; then come to yourself, wonder at what you've done, and mix with honest fellows again:—Carry her off, I say, and never stand whining for the father's consent.

Bel. Carry her off!—I like the scheme—Will you assist me?

Rove. No, no; there I beg to be excus'd. Don't you remember what the satyrist says—"Never marry while there's a halter to be had for money, or a bridge to afford a convenient leap.'

'*Bel.* Prithee leave fooling.

'*Rove.* I am in serious earnest, I assure you;' I'll drink with you, game with you, go into any scheme

or frolic with you, but 'ware matrimony.—Nay, if you come to the tavern this evening, I'll drink your mistress's health in a bumper; but as to your conjugal scheme, I'll have nothing to do with that business positively.

Bel. Well, well, I'll take you at your word, and meet you at ten exactly, at the same place we were at last night; then and there I'll let you know what further measures I've concerted.

Rove. 'Till then, farewell; a-pro-pos—do you that I've seen none of my relations yet?

Bel. Time enough to-morrow.

Rove. Ay, ay, to-morrow will do—Well, your servant.

Bel. Lovewell, yours. [*Exit.*] 'See the gentle-
'man down stairs—and, d'ye hear, come to me in
'my study that I may give you a letter to Harriet.
'And hark ye, Sir—be sure you see Harriet herself;
'and let me have no messages from that officious
'go between, her Mrs. Slipslop of a maid, with her
'unintelligible jargon of hard words, of which she
'neither knows the meaning nor pronunciation—
'[*Exit Brisk.*] I'll write to her this moment, ac-
'quaint her with the soft tumult of my desires, and
'if possible, make her mine own this very night.
[*Exit repeating.*

'Love first taught letters for some wretch's aid,
'Some banish'd lover, or some captive maid.—'

SCENE II. *The Upholſterer's Houſe.*

Enter HARRIET *and* TERMAGANT.

Ter. Well, but, Ma'am, he has made love to you ſix weeks ſucceſſively; he has been as conſtant in his moors, poor gentleman, as if you had the ſubverſion of 'ſtate to ſettle upon him—and if he ſlips thro' your fingers now, Ma'am, you have nobody to depute it to but yourſelf.

Har. Lard, Termagant, how you run on!—I tell you again and again, my pride was touched, because he ſeemed to preſume on his opulence and my father's diſtreſſes.

Ter. La, Miss Harriet, how can you be ſo paradropſical in your 'pinions?

Har. Well, but you know, though my father's affairs are ruin'd, I am not in ſo deſperate a way; conſider my uncle's fortune is no trifle, and I think that proſpect entitles me to give myſelf a few airs before I reſign my perſon.

Ter. I grant ye, Ma'am, you have a very good pretenſions; but then it's waiting for dead mens ſhoes: I'll venture to be perjur'd Mr. Bellmour never diſclaim'd an idear of your father's diſtreſs.

Har. Supposing that.

Ter. Suppoſe, Ma'am—I know it diſputably to be ſo.

Har. Indiſputably, I guess, you mean;——but I'm tired of wrangling with you about words.

Ter. By my troth, you're in the right on't—there's

ne'er a she in all Old England (as your father calls it) is mistress of such phisiology, as I am. Incertain I am, as how you does not know nobody that puts their words together with such a curacy as myself. I once lived with a mistus, Ma'am—Mistus!—She was a lady—a great brewer's wife—and she wore as fine cloaths as any person of quality, let her get up as early as she will—and she used to call me—Termagant, says she—what's the figrification of such a word—and I always told her——I told her the importation of all my words; though I could not help laughing, Miss Harriet, to see so fine a lady such a downright ignoranimus.

Har. Well—but pray now, Termagant, would you have me, directly upon being asked the question, throw myself into the arms of a man?

Ter. O' my conscience you did throw yourself into his arms with scarce a shift on, that's what you did.

Har. Yes; but that was a leap in the dark, when there was no time to think of it.

Ter. Well, it does not signify argifying, I wish we were both warm in bed; you with Mr. Belmour, and I with his coxcomb of a man; instead of being manured here with an old crazy fool—axing your pardon, Ma'am, for calling your father so—but he is a fool, and the worst of fools, with his policies—when his house is full of statues of bangcressy.

Har. 'Tis too true, Termagant—yet he's my father still, and I can't help loving him.

Ter. Fiddle faddle—love him!—He's an anecdote against love.

Har. Hush! here he comes!———

Ter. No, 'tis your uncle, Feeble; poor gentleman I pities him, eaten up with infirmaries, to be taking such pains with a madman.

Enter FEEBLE.

Har. Well, uncle, have you been able to console him?

Feeb. He wants no consolation, child—Lack-a-day—I'm so infirm I can hardly move.—I found him tracing in the map prince Charles Lorraine's passage over the Rhine, and comparing it with Julius Cæsar's.

Ter. An old blockhead—I've no patience with him, with his fellows coming after him every hour in the day with news. Well now, I wishes there was no such thing as a newspaper in the world, with such a pack of lies, and such a deal of jab-jab every day.

Feeb. Ay, there were three or four shabby fellows with him when I went into his room—I can't get him to think of appearing before the commissioners to-morrow, to disclose his effects; but I'll send my neighbour counsellor Codicil to him—Don't be dejected, Harriet; my poor sister, your mother, was a good woman: I love you for her sake, child, and all I am worth shall be yours—But I must be going—I find myself but very ill; good night, Harriet, good night. [*Exit Feeble.*

Har. You'll give me leave to see you to the door, Sir. [*Exit Harriet.*

Ter. O' my conscience, this master of mine within here might have pick'd up his crumbs as well as Mr. Feeble, if he had any idear of his business; I'm sure, if I had not hopes from Mr. Feeble, I should not tarry in this house—By my troth, if all who have nothing to say to the 'fairs of the nation would mind their own business, and those who should take care of our 'fairs would mind their business too, I fancy poor Old England (as they call it) would fare the better among 'em—This old crazy pate within here—playing the fool—when the man is past his grand clytemnester. [*Exit Termagant.*

SCENE III. *Discovers* QUIDNUNC *at a Table with Newspapers, Pamphlets, &c. all around him.*

Quid. Six and three is nine—seven and four is eleven, and carry one—let me see, 126 million—199 thousand 328—and all this with about—where, where's the amount of the specie? Here, here—with about 15 million in specie, all this great circulation! good, good—Why then, how are we ruined?—how are we ruined? What says the land-tax at 4 shillings in the pound? two million: now where's my new assessment?—here—here—the 5th part of twenty; 5 in 2 I can't, but 5 in 20 *(pauses)* right, 4 times—why then, upon my new assessment there's 4 million—how are we ruined?—What says malt, cyder, and mum?—eleven and carry 1, nought and go 2—good, good; malt, hops, cyder, and mum. Then there's the wine-licence, and the gin-act—The gin-act is no bad article—if the people will shoot fire down their

throats, why, in a Christian country, they should pay as much as possible for suicide—Salt, good—sugar, very good—Window-lights—good again!—Stamp-duty, that's not so well—it will have a bad effect upon the newspapers, and we shan't have enough of politics—But there's the lottery—where's my new scheme for a lottery?—here it is—Now for the amount of the whole—how are we ruin'd? 7 and carry nought—nought and carry 1—

Enter TERMAGANT.

Ter. Sir, Sir—

Quid. Hold your tongue, you baggage, you'll put me out—Nought and carry 1.

Ter. Counsellor Codicil will be with you presently—

Quid. Prithee be quiet, woman——How are we ruined?

Ter. Ay, I'm confidous as how you may thank yourself for your own ruination.

Quid. Ruin the nation!—hold your tongue, you jade, I'm raising the supplies within the year——How many did I carry?

Ter. Yes, you've carried your pigs to a fine market.—

Quid. Get out of the room, hussey—you trollop, get out of the room.— [*Turning her out.*

Enter RAZOR, *with suds on his hands*, &c.

Quid. Friend Razor, I'm glad to see thee—Well, hast got any news?

Raz. A budget! I left a gentleman half-shav'd in my shop over the way; it came into my head of a sudden, so I could not be at ease till I told you.—

Quid. That's kind, that's kind, friend Razor—never mind the gentleman; he can wait.

Raz. Yes, so he can; he can wait.

Quid. Come, now let's hear, what is't?

Raz. I shav'd a great man's butler to-day.—

Quid. Did ye?

Raz. I did.

Quid. Aye!

Raz. Very true. [*Both shake their heads.*

Quid. What did he say?

Raz. Nothing.

Quid. Hum—How did he look?

Raz. Full of thought.

Quid. Aye! full of thought—what can that mean!

Raz. It must mean something.

[*Staring at each other.*

Quid. Mayhap somebody may be going out of place.

Raz. Like enough—there's something at the bottom when a great man's butler looks grave; things can't hold out in this manner, Master Quidnunc!—Kingdoms rise and fall!—Luxury will be the ruin of us all, it will indeed. [*Stares at him.*

Quid. Pray, now friend Razor, do you find business as current now as before the war?

Raz. No, no, I have not made a wig the Lord knows when, I can't mind it for thinking of my poor country.

Quid. That's generous, friend Razor—

Raz. Yes, I can't gi' my mind to any thing for thinking of my country; and when I was in Bedlam, it was the same? I cou'd think of nothing else in Bedlam, but poor old England, and so they said as how I was incurable for it.

Quid. S'bodikins! they might as well say the same of me.

Raz. So they might—Well, your servant, Mr. Quidnunc; I'll go now and shave the rest of the gentleman's face—Poor old England!

[*Sighs and shakes his head. Going.*

Quid. But hark ye, friend Razor, ask the gentleman if he has got any news.—

Raz. I will, I will.

Quid. And, d'ye hear, come and tell me if he has.

Raz. I will, I will—poor old England!—(*Going, returns.*)—O, Mr. Quidnunc, I want to ask you—pray now—

Enter TERMAGANT.

Ter. Gemini! gemini!—How can a man have so little difference for his customers—

Quid. I tell you, Mrs. Malapert——

Ter. And I tell you, the gentleman keeps such a bawling yonder;—for shame, Mr. Razor—you'll be a bankrupper like my master, with such a house full of children as you have, pretty little things—that's what you will.

Raz I'm a-coming, I'm a-coming, Mrs. Termagant—I say, Mr. Quidnunc, I can't sleep in my bed

for thinking what will come of the Protestants, if the Papists should get the better in the present war—

Quid. I'll tell you—the geographer of our coffee-house was saying the other day, that there is an huge tract of land about the pole, where the Protestants may retire; and that the Papists will never be able to beat 'em thence, if the northern powers hold together, and the Grand Turk make a diversion in their favour.

Raz. (laughs.) That makes me easy—I'm glad the Protestants will know where to go, if the Papists shou'd get the better. *(Going, returns.)* Oh! Mr. Quidnunc—hark ye—India bonds are risen.

Quid. Are they!—how much?

Raz. A Jew pedlar said in my shop as how they are risen three-sixteenths—

Quid. Why then, that makes some amends for the price of corn.

Raz. So it does, so it does—Good-bye, Mr. Quidnunc—I'm so glad the poor Protestants know where to go; 'I shall then have a night's rest mayhap.' [*Exit Razor, laughing.*

Quid. I shall never be rightly easy till those careening wharfs at Gibraltar are repaired—

Ter. Fiddle for your dwarfs; impair your ruin'd fortune, do that.

'*Quid.* If only one ship can heave down at a time, 'there will be no end of it—and then, why should 'watering be so tedious there?

'*Ter.* Look where you're daughter comes, and

'yet you'll be ruinating about Give-a-halter,——
'while that poor thing is breaking her heart.'

Enter HARRIET.

Quid. It is one comfort, however, they can always have fresh provisions in the Mediterranean.

Har. Dear Papa, what's the Mediterranean to people in our situation!

Quid. The Mediterranean, child?—Why if we should lose the Mediterranean, we're all undone.

Har. Dear Sir, that's our misfortune—we are undone already.

Quid. No, no—here, here, child—I have raised the supplies within the year.

Ter. I tell you, you're a lunadic man.

Quid. Yes, yes, I'm a lunatic to be sure——I tell you, Harriet, I have saved a great deal out of my affairs for you—

Har. For Heav'n's sake, Sir, don't do that—you must give up every thing; my uncle Feeble's lawyer will be here to talk with you about it—

Quid. Poh, poh, I tell you I know what I am about—you shall have my books and pamphlets, and all the manifesto's of the powers at war.

Har. And so make me a politician, Sir?

Quid. It would be the pride of my heart to find I had got a politician in petticoats—a female Machiavel!—'Sbodikins, you might then know as much as most people that talk in coffee-houses; and who knows but in time you might be a maid of honour, or sweeper of the mall, or—

Har. Dear Sir, don't I see what you have got by politics?

Quid. Psha! my country's of more consequence to me: and let me tell you, you can't think too much of your country in these worst of times;—for Mr. Monitor has told us, that affairs in the north, and the Protestant interest, begin to grow ticklish.

Ter. And your daughter's affairs are very ticklish too, I'm sure.

'*Har.* Prythee, Termagant—

'*Ter.* I must speak to him—I know you are in a 'ticklish situation, Ma'am.'

Quid. I tell you, Trull—

Ter. But I am convicted it is so—and the posture of my affairs is very ticklish too—and so I imprecate that Mr. Belmour would come, and—

Quid. Mr. Belmour come! I tell you, Mrs. Saucebox, that my daughter shall never be married to a man that has not better notions of the balance of power.

Ter. But what purvision will you make for her now, with your balances?

Quid. There again now!—Why, do you think I don't know what I'm about?—I'll look in the paper for a match for you, child—there's often good matches advertised in the papers—Evil betide it—evil betide it!—I once thought to have struck a great stroke, that would have astonished all Europe—thought to have married my daughter to Theodore king of Corsica—

Har. What, and have me perish in a jail, Sir?

Quid. 'Sbodikins, my daughter would have had her coronation-day;—I should have been allied to a crown'd head, and been first lord of the treasury of Corsica!—But come—now I'll go and talk over the London Evening, till the Gazette comes in—I shan't sleep to-night, unless I see the Gazette.

'*Enter* CODICIL.

'*Cod.* Mr. Quidnunc, your servant—The door 'was open, and I entered upon the premises—I'm 'just come from the hall.

'*Quid.* 'Sbodikins this man is now come to keep 'me at home.

'*Cod.* Upon my word, Miss Harriet's a very 'pretty young lady; as pretty a young lady as one 'would desire to have and to hold. Ma'am, your 'most obedient: I have drawn my friend Feeble's 'will, in which you have all his goods and chattels, 'lands, and hereditaments.

'*Har.* I thank you, Sir, for the information—

'*Cod.* And I hope soon to draw your marriage-'settlement for my friend Mr. Belmour.

'*Har.* O lud, Sir! not a word of that before my 'father—I wish you'd try, Sir, to get him to think 'of his affairs—

'*Cod.* Why, yes, I have instructions for that 'purpose. Mr. Quidnunc, I am instructed to ex-'pound the law to you.

'*Quid.* What, the law of nations?

'*Cod.* I am instructed, Sir, that you're a bank 'rupt——*Quasi bancus ruptus—banque route faire—*

'And my instructions say further, that you are 'summoned to appear before the commissioners to-'morrow—

'*Quid.* That may be, Sir; but I can't go to-'morrow; and so I shall send 'em word—I am to 'be to-morrow at Slaughter's Coffee-house with a 'private committee, about business of great conse-'quence to the affairs of Europe.—

'*Cod.* Then, Sir, if you don't go, I must instruct 'you that you'll be guilty of a felony; it will be 'deem'd to be done *malo animo*—it is held so in the 'books—And what says the statute? By the 5th 'Geo. II. cap. 30. not surrendering or embezzeling 'is felony, without benefit of clergy.

'*Quid.* Ay!—you tell me news—

'*Cod.* Give me leave, Sir—I am instructed to ex-'pound the law to you—Felony is thus described in 'the books: '*Felonia*, saith Hotoman, *de verbis* '*feudalibus*, *significat capitale facinus*, a capital 'offence.

'*Quid.* You tell me news; you do indeed.

'*Cod.* It was so apprehended by the Goths and 'the Longobards. And what saith Sir Edward 'Coke? *Fieri debeat felleo animo.*

'*Quid.* You've told me news—I did not know it 'was felony; but if the Flanders mail should come 'in while I am there—I shall know nothing at all of 'it———

'*Cod.* But why should you be uneasy? *cui bono* 'Mr. Quidnunc, *cui bono?*

'*Quid.* Not uneasy! If the Papists should beat 'the Protestants.

'*Cod.* But I tell you, they can get no advantage 'of us. The laws against the further growth of 'Popery will secure us—there are provisos in favour 'of Protestant purchasers under Papists—10th Geo. 'I. cap. 4. and 6th Geo. II. cap. 5.

'*Quid.* Ay!

'*Cod.* And besides, Popish recusants can't carry 'arms; so can have no right of conquest, *vi et* '*armis.*

'*Quid.* That's true—that's true—I'm easier in 'my mind——

'*Cod.* To be sure, what are you uneasy about?— 'The Papists can have no claim to Silesia———

'*Quid.* Can't they?

'*Cod.* No, they can set up no claim—If the 'queen on her marriage had put all her lands into 'Hotchpot, then indeed—and it seemeth, saith 'Littleton, that this word *Hotchpot* is in English a 'pudding——

'*Quid.* You reason very clearly, Mr. Codicil, 'upon the rights of the powers at war; and so now, 'if you will, I am ready to talk a little of my affairs.

'*Cod.* Nor does the matter rest here; for how 'can she set up a claim, when she has made a con- 'veyance to the house of Brandenburgh? The law, 'Mr. Quidnunc, is very severe against fraudulent 'conveyances.

'*Quid.* 'Sbodikins you have satisfied me——

'*Cod.* Why, therefore, then—if he will levy fines

'and suffer a common recovery, he can bequeath it 'as he likes in *feodum simplex*, provided he takes 'care to put it in *ses heres*.

'*Quid.* I'm heartily glad of it—So that with re-'gard to my effects——

'*Cod.* Why, then, suppose she was to bring it to 'a trial at bar—

'*Quid.* I say, with regard to the full disclosure of 'my effects—

'*Cod.* What wou'd she get by that?—it would go 'off upon a special pleading—and as to equity—

'*Quid.* Pray, must I now surrender my books 'and my pamphlets?

'*Cod.* What wou'd equity do for her? Equity 'can't relieve her; he might keep her at least 'twenty years before a master to settle the ac-'count—

'*Quid.* You have made me easy about the Pro-'testants in this war, you have indeed—So that 'with regard to my appearing before the commis-'sioners——

'*Cod.* And as to the ban of the empire, he may 'demur to that: for all tenures by knights-service 'are abolished; and the statute 12th Char. II. has 'declared all lands to be held under a common so-'cage.

'*Quid.* Pray now, Mr. Codicil, must not my 'creditors appear to prove their debts?

Cod. Why, therefore, then, if they're held in com-'mon socage, I submit it to the court—whether the 'empire can have any claim to knight's servise—

'They can't call to him for a single man for the 'wars—*unum hominem ad guerram*——For what is 'common socage?——*socagium idem est quod servi-* 'tium socæ—The service of the plough.

'*Quid.* I'm ready to attend 'em—But pray now, 'when my certificate is signed—it is of great con- 'sequence to me to know this——I say, Sir, when 'my certificate is signed, mayn't I then—Hey? '(*starting up*) Hey!——What do I hear?

'*Cod.* I apprehend—I humbly conceive, when 'your certificate is signed——'

Quid. 'Hold your tongue man'—Did not I hear the Gazette?

Newsman (within). Great news in the London Gazette?

Quid. Yes, yes, it is—it is the Gazette——Termagant, run you jade—(*Turns her out.*)——Harriet, fly, it is the Gazette—'(*Turns her out.*)'

'*Cod.* The law in that case, Mr. Quidnunc, *primâ* '*facie*—

'*Quid.* I can't hear you—I have not time'—Ter- 'magant, run, 'make haste— [*Stamps violently.*

'*Cod.* I say, Sir, it is held in the books——

'*Quid.* I care for no books—I want the papers— '[*Stamping.*

'*Cod.* Throughout all the books—Bo! the man 'is *non compos*; and his friends, instead of a com- 'mission of bankruptcy, shou'd take out a commis- 'sion of lunacy. '[*Exit Codicil.*'

Enter TERMAGANT.

Ter. What do you keep such a bawling for? the newsman says as how the emperor of Mocco is dead.

Quid. The emperor of Morocco!

Ter. Yes, him.

Quid. My poor dear emperor of Morocco!

[*Bursts into tears.*

Ter. Ah, you old Don Quicksett!—Ma'am, Ma'am—Miss Harriet, go your ways into the next room, there's Mr. Belmour's man there; Mr. Belmour has sent you a billydore.——

'*Har.* Oh, Termagant, my heart is in an uproar '——I don't know what to say—Where is he? let 'me run to him this instant.' [*Exit Harriet.*

Quid. The emperor of Morocco had a regard for the balance of Europe—(*Sighs.*)—Well, well, come, come, give me the paper.

Ter. The newsman would not trust, because you're a bankrupper, and so I paid twopence-halfpenny for it.

Quid. Let's see—let's see—

Ter. Give me my money then—

[*Running from him.*

Quid. Give it me this instant, you jade——

[*After her.*

Ter. Give me my money, I say— [*From him.*

Quid. I'll teach you, I will, you baggage.—

[*After her.*

Ter. I won't part with it till I have the money.
[*From him.*

Quid. I'll give you no money, hussey. [*After her.*

Ter. Your daughter shall marry Mr. Belmour.
[*From him.*

Quid. I'll never accede to the treaty. [*After her.*

Ter. Go, you old fool. [*From him.*

Quid. You vile minx, worse than the whore of Babylon. [*After her.*

Ter. There, you old crack'd-brain'd-politic,—there's your paper for you.
[*Throws it down, and exit.*

Quid. (sitting down.) O Heavens!—I'm quite out of breath—A jade, to keep my news from me——What does it say, what does it say?—*(Reads very fast while opening the paper.)*—"Whereas a commis-"sion of bankrupt is awarded and issued forth "against Abraham Quidnunc, of the parish of St. "Martins in the Fields, upholsterer, dealer, and "chapman, the said bankrupt is hereby required to "surrender himself." Poh! what signifies this stuff? I don't mind myself, when the balance of power is concerned.—However, I shall be read of in the same paper, in the London Gazette, by the powers abroad, together with the Pope, and the French king, and the Mogul, and all of 'em—Good, good, very good—Here's a pow'r of news—Let me see—(*Reads*)—"Letters from the vice-admiral, "dated Tyger, off Calcutta."—*(Mutters to himself very eagerly.)*—Odd's heart, those baggages will interrupt me, I hear their tongue's a-going, click,

clack, clack: I'll run into my closet, and lock myself up.—A vixen!—a trollop!—to want money from me—when I may have occasion to buy The State of the Sinking Fund, or Faction Detected, or The Barrier Treaty,—or—and besides, how could the jade tell but to-morrow we may have a Gazette extraordinary? [*Exit.*

THE END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The Upholsterer's House.*

Enter QUIDNUNC.

QUID.

WHERE, where, where is he?——Where's Mr. Pamphlet?—Mr. Pamphlet!—Termagant, Mr., a-—a—Termagant, Harriet, Termagant, you vile minx, you saucy—

Enter TERMAGANT.

Ter. Here's a racket indeed!

Quid. Where's Mr. Pamphlet? You baggage, if he's gone———

Ter. Did not I intimidate that he's in the next room?—Why, sure the man's out of his wits.

Quid. Show him in here then—I would not miss seeing him for the discovery of the north-east passage.

Ter. Go, you old gemini gomini of a politic.

[*Exit Ter.*

Quid. Show him in, I say—I had rather see him than the 'whole state of the peace at Utrecht, or the 'Paris-a-la-main, or the' votes, or the minutes, or —(*here he comes*)—the best political writer of the age.

Enter PAMPHLET, *in a surtout coat*, &c.

Quid. Mr. Pamphlet, I am heartily glad to see you;—'as glad as if you were an express from the 'Groyn, or from Berlin, or Zell, or from Calcut-'ta over-land, or from—'

Pam. Mr. Quidnunc, your servant—I'm come from a place of great importance.—

Quid. Look ye there now!—Well, where, where?

Pam. Are we alone?

Quid. Stay, stay, till I shut the door—Now, now, where do you come from?

Pam. From the court of requests.

[*Laying aside his surtout coat.*

Quid. The court of requests *(whispers)*, are they up?

Pam. Hot work.—

Quid. Debates arising, may be?

Pam. Yes, and like to sit late.

Quid. What are they upon?

Pam. Can't say.

Quid. What carried you thither?

Pam. I went in hopes of being taken up.

Quid. Look ye there now. [*Shaking his head.*

Pam. I've been aiming at it these three years.

Quid. Indeed! [*Staring at him.*

Pam. Indeed——Sedition is the only thing an author can live by now——Time has been I could turn a penny by an earthquake, or live upon a jail-distemper, or dine upon a bloody murder!——but now that's all over,—nothing will do now but roasting a

minister—or telling the people that they are ruined—The people of England are never so happy as when you tell 'em they are ruined.

Quid. Yes, but they an't ruined—I have a scheme for paying off the national debt.

Pam. Let's see, let's see—*(Puts on his spectacles)*—Well enough! well imagined!—a new thought this—I must make this my own—*(Aside.)*—Silly, futile, absurd—abominable; this will never do—I'll put it in my pocket, and read it over in the morning for you—Now, look you here—I'll show you a scheme—(*Rummaging his pockets.*)—No, that's not it—that's my conduct of the ministry, by a country gentleman—I prov'd the nation undone here: this sold hugely—And here now, here's my answer to it, by a noble lord—this did not move among the trade.

Quid. What, do you write on both sides?

Pam. Yes, both sides—I've two hands, Mr. Quidnunc—Always impartial, *ambo dexter.*—Now here, here's my dedication to a great man——touch'd twenty for this—and here——here's my libel upon him—

Quid. What, after being oblig'd to him?

Pam. Yes, for that reason—It excites curiosity—White-wash and blacking-ball, Mr. Quidnunc! *in utrumque paratus*——no thriving without it.

Quid. What have you here in this pocket?

[*Prying eagerly.*

Pam. That's my account with Jacob Zorobabel the broker, for writing paragraphs to raise or tum-

ble the stocks, or the price of lottery-tickets, according to his purposes.

Quid. Ay; how do you do that?

Pam. As thus—To-day the Protestant interest declines, Madrass is taken, and England's undone; then all the long faces in the alley look as dismal as a blank; and so Jacob buys away, and thrives upon our ruin.—Then to-morrow we're all alive and merry again; Pondicherry's taken; a certain northern potentate will shortly strike a blow to astonish all Europe: and then every true-born Englishman is willing to buy a lottery-ticket for twenty or thirty shillings more than its worth; so Jacob sells away, and reaps the fruit of our success.

Quid. What! will the people believe that now?

Pam. Believe it!—believe any thing—No swallow like a true-born Englishman's—A man in a quart-bottle, or a victory, 'tis all one to them—they give a gulp—and down it goes—glib, glib—

Quid. Yes; but they an't at the bottom of things.

Pam. No, not they; they dabble a little, but can't dive—

Quid. Pray now, Mr. Pamphlet, what do you think of our situation?

Pam. Bad, Sir, bad—And how can it be better?—the people in power never send to me—never consult me—it must be bad—Now here, here—(*Goes to his loose coat*)—here's a manuscript!—this will do the business, a master-piece!—I shall be taken up for this——

Quid. Shall ye?

Pam. As sure as a gun I shall—I know the bookseller's a rogue, and will give me up.

Quid. But pray now, what shall you get by being taken up?

Pam. I'll tell you—*(Whispers)*—in order to make me hold my tongue.

Quid. Ay, but you won't hold your tongue for all that.

Pam. Poh, poh! not a jot of that—abuse 'em the next day.

Quid. Well, well, I wish you success—But do you hear no news? have you seen the Gazette?

Pam. Yes, I've seen that——Great news, Mr. Quidnunc——But hark ye—*(Whispers)*——and kiss hands next week.

In deep thought without looking at each other.

Quid. Aye!
Pam. Certain.
Quid. Nothing permanent in this world.—
Pam. All is vanity.—
Quid. Ups and downs.—
Pam. Ins and outs.—
Quid. Wheels within wheels.—
Pam. No smoke without fire.—
Quid. All's well that ends well.
Pam. It will last our time.
Quid. Whoever lives to see it, will know more of the matter.
Pam. Time will tell all.

Quid. Ay, we must leave all to the determination of time. Mr. Pamphlet, I'm heartily oblig'd to you

for this visit—I love you better than any man in England.

Pam. And for my part, Mr. Quidnunc—I love you better than I do England itself.

Quid. That's kind, that's kind—there's nothing I would not do, Mr. Pamphlet, to serve you.

Pam. Mr. Quidnunc, I know you're a man of integrity and honour—I know you are—and now since we have open'd our hearts, there is a thing, Mr. Quidnunc, in which you can serve me—You know, Sir, this is in the fulness of our hearts—you know you have my note for a trifle—Hard dealing with assignees—Now, could not you, to serve a friend—could not you throw that note into the fire?

Quid. Hey! but would that be honest?

Pam. Leave that to me; a refin'd stroke of policy—Papers have been destroyed in all governments.

Quid. So they have—It shall be done; it will be political; it will indeed—Pray now, Mr. Pamphlet, what do you take to be the true political balance of power?

Pam. What do I take to be the balance of power!

Quid. Ay, the balance of power!

Pam. The balance of power—what do I take to be the balance of power—the balance of power—(*Shuts his eyes*) what do I take to be the balance of power?

Quid. The balance of power I take to be, when the court of aldermen sits.

Pam. No, no—

Quid. Yes, yes—

Pam. No, no; the balance of power is when the foundations of government and the superstructures are natural.

Quid. How d'ye mean natural?

Pam. Prithee be quiet, man—This is the language—The balance of power is—when superstructures are reduc'd to proper balances, or when the balances are not reduc'd to unnatural superstructures.

Quid. Poh, poh!——I tell you it is when the fortifications of Dunkirk are demolish'd.

Pam. But I tell you, Mr. Quidnunc——
Quid. I say, Mr. Pamphlet—
Pam. Hear me, Mr. Quidnunc—
Quid. Give me leave, Mr. Pamphlet—
Pam. I must observe, Sir—
Quid. I am convinc'd, Sir—
Pam. That the balance of power—
Quid. That the fortifications of Dunkirk—
Pam. Depends upon the balances and superstructures—
Quid. Constitute the true political equilibrium—
Pam. Nor will I converse with a man—
Quid. And, Sir, I never desire to see your face—
Pam. Of such anti-constitutional principles—

Both in a passion.

Quid. Nor the face of any man who is such a Frenchman in his heart, and has such notions of the balance of power. [*Exeunt.*

QUIDNUNC *re-enters.*

—Ay, I've found him out—such abominable principles! I never desire to converse with any man of his notions—no, never while I live———

Re-enter PAMPHLET.

Pam. Mr. Quidnunc, one word with you, if you please.

Quid. Sir, I never desire to see your face—

Pam. My property, Mr. Quidnunc—I shan't leave my property in the house of a bankrupt——— *(Twisting his handkerchief round his arm)*—A silly, empty, incomprehensible blockhead!

Quid. Blockhead! Mr. Pamphlet—

Pam. A blockhead to use me thus, when I have you so much in my power—

Quid. In your power!

Pam. In my power, Sir—It's in my power to hang you.

Quid. To hang me!

Pam. Yes, Sir, to hang you—*(Drawing on his coat.)*—Did not you propose but this moment, did not you desire me to combine and confederate to burn a note, and defraud your creditors?

Quid. I desire it!

Pam. Yes, Mr. Quidnunc; but I shall detect you to the world. I'll give your character—You shall have a sixpenny touch next week.

Flebit et insignis tota cantabitur urbe.

[*Exit Pamphlet.*

Quid. Mercy on me!—there's the effect of his anti-constitutional principles—The spirit of his whole party; I never desire to exchange another word with him.

Enter TERMAGANT.

Ter. Here's a pother indeed!—Did you cail me?

Quid. No, you trollop, no.—

Ter. Will you go to bed?

Quid. No, no, no, no—I tell you no.

Ter. Better to go to rest, Sir. I heard a doctor of physic say, as how, when a man is past his grand crime—what the deuce makes me forgot my word?——his grand crime-hysteric; nothing is so good against indiscompositions as rest taken in its prudish natalibus.

Quid. Hold your prating—I'll not go to bed, I'll step to my brother Feeble;——I want to have some talk with him, and I'll go to him directly.

[*Exit Quid.*

Ter. Go thy ways for an old Hocus-pocus of a newsmonger——You'll have good luck if you find your daughter here when you come back; Mr. Belmour will be here in the interim; and if he does not carry her off, why then I shall think him a mere shilly-shally feller; and by my troth I shall think him as bad a politishing as yourself. (*Exit Termagant.*) 'Well, as I live and breathe, I wonders 'what the dickens the man sees in these newspapers, 'to be for ever toxicated with them—Let me see 'one of them to try if I can vestigate any thing—

[*Takes the newspaper and reads.*

' " Yesterday at noon, arrived at his lodgings in ' Pall-mall, John Stukely, Esq. for the remainder ' of the winter-season."

' Where the dewill has the man been?——Who ' knows him, or cares a minikin-pin about him!— ' He may go to Jericho for what I cares—

' " The same day Mr. William Tabby, an emi- ' nent man-milliner, was married to Miss Jenkins, ' daughter of Mr. Jenkins, a considerable haber- ' dasher in Bear-binder-lane."—

' What the dickens is this to me?—Can't Miss ' Jenkins and her man-milliner go to bed, and hold ' their tongues?—Why must they kiss and tell?

' " By advices from Violenna"—This is policies ' now (*reads to herself,*)—" and promises a general ' peace."—Why, can't that make the old curmud- ' geon happy?

' " By letters from Paris"—This is more policies ' —(*reads to herself,*) " and all seems tending to a ' general rupture."—What the dewill does the fel- ' ler mean?—Did not he tell me this moment there ' was to be peace, and now its bloody news again, ' —To go to tell me such an impudent lie to my ' face!

' " At the academy in Essex-street, grown people ' are taught to dance."

' Grown people are taught to dance—I likes that ' well enough—I should like to be betterer in my ' dancing—I likes the figerre of a minute as well as ' a figerre in speech—(*Dances and sings.*)—But such ' trumpery as the news is, with kings, and cheese-

'mongers and bishops, and highwaymen, and ladies 'prayer-books, and lap-dogs, and the domedary 'and camomile, and ambassadors, and hair-cutters, 'all higgledy-piggledy together.——As I hope for 'marcy, I'll never read another paper—and I wishes 'Old Quidnunc wou'd do the same.——If the man 'would do as I do, there would be some sense in it '—if, instead of his politics, he would manure his 'mind like me, and read good altars, and improve 'himself in fine langidge, and bombaſt, and polite 'accollishments. [*Exit singing.*

SCENE II.—*The Street.*

'*Enter* BELMOUR, ROVEWELL, *and* BRISK, *in liquor.*

'*Bel.* Women ever were, and ever will be, fan-'tastic beings; vain, capricious, and fond of mis-'chief.

'*Br.* Well argued, Master.

'*Rove.* (*sings.*)

'Deceit is in every woman;
'But none in a bumper can be, my brave boys,
'But none in a bumper can be.

'*Bel.* To be insulted thus, with such a contemp-'tuous answer to a message of such tender import! 'She might, methinks, at least have treated me 'with good manners, if not with a more grateful 'return.

'*Rove.* Split her manners, let's go and drink 't'other bumper, to drown sorrow.

'*Bel.* I'll shake off her fetters—I will, Brisk, this 'very night, I will—

'*Br.* That's right, Master;—and let her know we 'have found her out: and, as the poet says,

'She that will not when she may,
'When she will, she shall have nay—Master.

'*Bel.* Very true, Brisk, very true;—the ingrati-'tude of it touches me to the quick—My dear 'Rovewell, only come and see me take a final 'leave—

'*Rove.* No truly, not I; none of your virtuous 'minxes for me. I'll set you down there, if you've 'a mind to play the fool—I know she'll melt you 'with a tear; and make a puppy of you with a smile; 'and so I'll not be a witness to it.

'*Bel.* You're quite mistaken, I assure you—— 'You'll see me most manfully upbraid her with her 'ingratitude, and with more joy than a fugitive gal-'ley-slave escape from the oar to which I have been 'chain'd.

'*Br.* Master, Master, now's our time; for look, 'by the glimmering of yonder lamp, who comes 'along by the wall there—

'*Bel.* Her father, by all that's lucky.—My dear 'Rovewell, let's drive off.

'*Rove.* I'll speak to him for you, man—

'*Bel.* Not for the world—Prithee come along.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Changes to the street.*

Enter QUIDNUNC, *with a dark lanthorn.*

Quid. If the Grand Turk should actually commence open hostility, and the house-bug Tartars make a diversion upon the frontiers, why then, 'tis my opinion—time will discover to us a great deal more of the matter.

Watch. (*within.*) Paſt eleven o'clock, a cloudy night.

Quid. Hey! past eleven o'clock—'Sbodikins, my brother Feeble will be gone to bed—but he shan't sleep till I have some chat with him. Hark ye, watchman, watchman!

Enter WATCHMAN.

Watch. Call, Master?

Quid. Ay, step hither, step hither; have you heard any news?

Watch. News, Maſter!

Quid. Ay, about the Prussians or the Russians?

Watch. Russians, Master!

Quid. Yes; or the movements in Pomerania?

Watch. La, Master, I know nothing—Poor gentleman! (*pointing to his head.*)—Good night to you, Master.—Past eleven o'clock. [*Exit Watchman.*

Quid. That man, now, has a place under the government, and he won't speak. But I'm losing time—[*Knocks at the door.*]—Hazy weather—[*Looking up.*] The wind's fixt in that quarter, and we shan't

have any mails this week to come—Come about, good wind, do, come about.

Enter a SERVANT-MAID.

Maid. La, Sir, is it you?

Quid. Is your master at home, child?

Maid. Gone to-bed, Sir.

Quid. Well, well, I'll step up to him.

Maid. Must not disturb him for the world, Sir—

Quid. Business of the utmost importance.

Maid. Pray consider, Sir, my master an't well.

Quid. Prithee be quiet, woman; I must see him.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A room in* FEEBLE'S *house.*

Enter FEEBLE *in his night-gown.*

Feeb. I was just stepping in to bed—Bless my heart, what can this man want?—I know his voice,—I hope no new misfortune brings him at this hour.

Quid. Hold your tongue, you foolish hussy—he'll be glad to see me.—Brother Feeble, brother Feeble?

[*Within.*

Enter QUIDNUNC.

Quid. Brother Feeble, I give you joy—The nabob's demolish'd—(*Sings.*) Britons strike home, revenge, &c.

Feeb. Lack-a-day, Mr. Quidnunc, how can you serve me thus?

Quid. Suraja Dowla is no more.

Feeb. Poor man! he's stark-staring mad.

Quid. Our men diverted themselves with killing their bullocks and their camels, till they dislodged the enemy from the octagon, and the counterscarp, and the bung-lo.—

Feeb. I'll hear the rest to-morrow morning—Oh! I'm ready to die.

Quid. Odsheart man, be of good cheer—the new nabob, Jaffier Ally Cawn, has acceded to a treaty; and the English Company have got all their rights in the Phiemand and the Hushbulhoorums.

Feeb. But dear heart, Mr. Quidnunc, why am I to be disturb'd for this?

Quid. We had but two seapoys killed, three chokeys, four gaul-walls, and two zemidars.—(*Sings*) Britons never shall be slaves!

Feeb. Would not to-morrow morning do as well for this?

Quid. Light up your windows, man; light up your windows. Chandernagore is taken.

Feeb. Well, well, I'm glad of it—Good night.

[*Going.*

Quid. Here; here's the Gazette.——

Feeb. Oh! I shall certainly faint. [*Sits down.*

Quid. Ay, ay, sit down, and I'll read it to you. (*Reads.*) Nay, don't run away—I've more news to tell you!—there's an account from Williamsburgh in America—The superintendant of Indian affairs—

Feeb. Dear Sir, dear Sir— [*Avoiding him.*

Quid. He has settled matters with the Cherokees—

[*Following him*

Feeb. Enough, enough— [*From him.*

Quid. In the same manner he did before with the Catabaws. [*After him.*

Feeb. Well, well, your servant.—— [*From him.*

Quid. So that the back inhabitants—— [*After him.*

Feeb. I wish you would let me be a quiet inhabitant in my own house.—

Quid. So that the back inhabitants will now be secur'd by the Cherokees and Catabaws.—

Feeb. You'd better go home, and think of appearing before the commissioners.—

Quid. Go home! no, no, I'll go and talk the matter over at our coffee-house.—

Feeb. Do so, do so.

Quid. (*returning.*) Mr. Feeble—I had a dispute about the balance of power—pray now can you tell—

Feeb. I know nothing of the matter——

Quid. Well, another time will do for that—I have a great deal to say about that—(*Going, returns.*) Right, I had like to have forgot, there's an erratum in the last Gazette——

Feeb. With all my heart——

Quid. Page 3, line 1st, col. 1st and 3d, for *bombs* read *booms*.

Feeb. Read what you will—

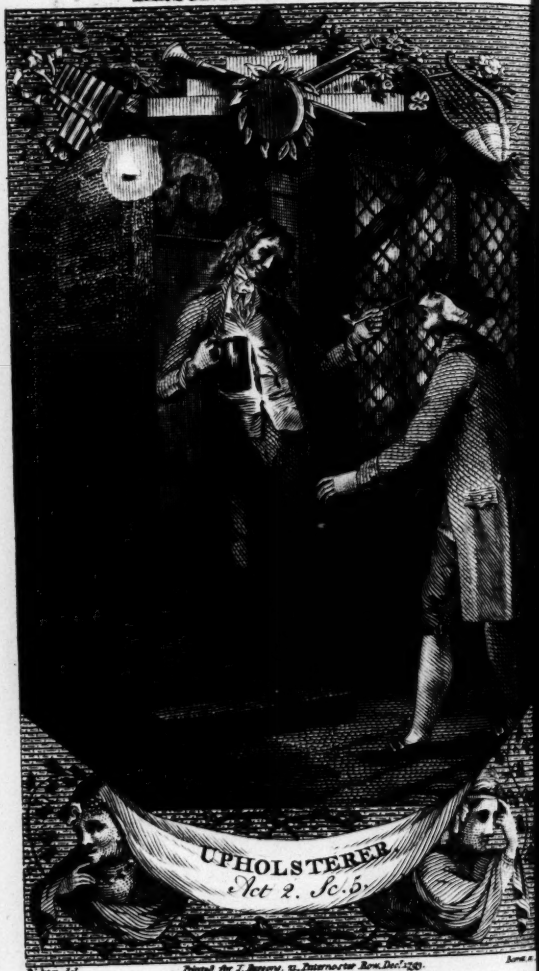
Quid. Nay, but that alters the sense, you know—Well, now your servant. If I hear any more news, I'll come and tell you.—

Feeb. For Heaven's sake no more—

Quid. I'll be with you before you're out of your first sleep——

Feeb. Good-night, good-night—— [*Runs off.*

PARSONS's MINOR THEATRE.



Richter, del. Printed for J. Parsons, 21, Paternoster Row, Dec.r 1793. Bonn. s.

Quid. I forgot to tell you—the emperor of Morocco is dead, (*Bawling after him.*) So——now I've made him happy—I'll go and knock up my friend Razor, and make him happy too—and then I'll go and see if any body is up at the coffee-houses—and make them all happy there too. [*Exit Quidnunc.*

SCENE V. *A Street. A shabby House, with a Barber's Pole up, and candles burning on the outside.*

Enter QUIDNUNC, *with a dark lanthorn.*

Quid. Ah, friend Razor!—he has a great respect for a rejoicing night—Who knows but he has heard some more particulars.—

RAZOR, *looking out at the window.*

Raz. Anan!

Quid. Friend Razor.

Raz. My Master Quidnunc! I'm rejoicing for the news—will you partake of a pipe?—I'll open the door.

Quid. Not now, friend Razor.

Raz. I've something to tell you—I'll come down.

Quid. This may be worth staying for——What can he have heard?

Enter RAZOR, *a pipe in his mouth, and a tankard in his hand.*

Raz. Say, here's to you, Master Quidnunc.

Quid. What have you heard? What have you heard?

Raz. The consumers of oats are to meet next week.

Quid. Those consumers of oats have been meeting any time these ten years to my knowledge, and I never cou'd find what they are about.

Raz. Things an't right, I fear—its enough to put down a body's spirits— [*Drinks.*

Quid. No, nothing to fear—I can tell you some good news—a certain great potentate has not heard high-mass the Lord knows when.

Raz. That puts a body in spirits again. (*Drinks*) Here drink, No wooden shoes.

Quid. With all my heart—(*Drinks.*) Good liquor this, Master Razor, of a cold night.

Raz. Yes, I put a quartern of British brandy in my beer—whu!—Do you know what a rebel my wife is?

Quid. A rebel!

Raz. Ay, a rebel—I earned nineteen-pence half-penny to-day, and she wanted to lay out all that great sum upon the children—whu—but I bought those candles for the good of my country, to rejoice with, as a body may say—a little Virginy for my pipe, and this sup of hot—whu——

Quid. Ay, you're an honest man: and if every body did like you and me, what a nation we shou'd be!—

Raz. Ay, very true— [*Shakes his head.*

Quid. I can give you the Gazette to read.

Raz. Can you! a thousand thanks——I'll take it home to you when I have done.—

[*Drinks, and staggers.*

Quid. Friend Razor, you begin to be a little in for't.

Raz. Yes, I have a whirligigg of a head—but a body shou'd get drunk sometimes for the good of one's country.

Quid. Well, I shall be at home in half an hour!—Hark ye.

Raz. ——Anan!

Quid. I have made a rare discovery—Florida will be able to supply Jamaica with peat for their winter's firing. I had it from a deep politician.

Raz. Ay! I am glad the poor people of Jamaica will have Florida peat to burn.— [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*The Upholsterer's House*

Enter BELMOUR *and* HARRIET.

Har. Mr. Belmour, pray Sir—I desire, Sir, you'll not follow me from room to room.

Bel. Indulge me but a moment.

Har. No, Mr. Belmour, I've seen too much of your temper—I'm touch'd beyond all enduring at your unmanly treatment.

Bel. Unmanly, Madam?

Har. Unmanly, Sir, to presume upon the misfortunes of my family, and insult me with the formidable menaces that, "Truly you have done; you'll be no more a slave to me."—Oh fie, Mr. Belmour, I did not think a gentleman capable of it.

Bel. But you won't consider.

Har. Sir, I wou'd have Mr. Belmour understand, that though my father's circumstances are embarass'd,

I have still an uncle, who can, and will, place me in a state of affluence; and then, Sir, your declarations—

Bel. My dearest Harriet, they were but hasty words; let me now intreat you suffer me to convey you hence, far from your father's roof, where we may at length enjoy that happiness, of which we have long cherish'd the lov'd idea——What say you, Harriet?

Har. I don't know what to say——'my heart's at 'my lips.—Why don't you take me then?'

Enter TERMAGANT.

Ter. Undone, undone! I'm all over in a flustration—old Jimini Gomini's coming.

Har. O lud, what is to be done now?

Ter. The devil! what can be done? I have it—don't flustrate yourself—I'll find some nonsence news for him—away with you both into that room. Quick, quick. [*Exeunt Bel. and Har.*

Let me see—have I nothing in my pocket for the old hocus pocus to read? Psha! that's Mr. Belmour's letter to Miss Harriet——I envelop'd that secret for all pains to purvent me.—Old Politic must not have an idear of that business——Stay, stay, is there ne'er an old trumpery newspaper?—this will do—(*Puts it in her pocket.*) Now let the Gazette of a fellow come as soon as he will.

Enter QUIDNUNC.

Quid. Fie upon it——fie upon it!—all the coffee-houses shut up—Where is my Salmon's gazetteer

and my map of the world?—in that room, I fancy—I won't sleep till I know the geography of all these places. [*Going.*

Ter. Sir, Sir, Sir!

Quid. What's the matter?

Ter. Here has been Mr.———he with the odd name.—

'*Quid.* Mr. D— that writes the pretty verses upon all public occasions——

'*Ter.* Ay, Mr. Reptile—the same'—He says as how there are some assays of his in this paper—— (*Searches her pockets.*) and he desires you will give your idear of them.

Quid. That I will—let me see!——

Ter. The deuce fetch it—here is something distintangles in my pocket—there it is—(*Gives the paper, and drops the letter.*) Pray amuse it before you go to bed—or had not you better go and read it in bed?—

Quid. No, I'll read it here.——

Ter. Do so—he'll call in the morning.—I'll get him to bed, I warrant me; and then Miss Harriet, may elope as fast as she will.—— [*Exit.*

Quid. Hey! this is an old newspaper, I see.—— What's this? (*Takes up the letter.*) Here may be some news.——"To Miss Harriet Quidnunc."—Let me see—(*Reads.*)

"My dearest Harriet,

"Why will you keep me in a state of suspence? I "have given you every proof of the sincerest con- "stancy and love. Surely then, now that you see "your father's obstinacy, you may determine to

" consult your own happiness; if you will permit
" me to wait on you this evening, I will convey you
" to a family, who will take the tenderest care of
" your person, till you resign it to the arms of

" Your eternal admirer,

" Belmour."

So, so, here's policy detected—Why Harriet, daughter! Harriet!—She has not made her escape, I hope—So Madam—

Enter HARRIET *and* BELMOUR.

Hey, the enemy in our camp!

Har. Mr. Belmour is no enemy, Sir.—

Quid. No! What does he lurk in my house for?

Bel. Sir, my designs are honourable; you see, Sir, I am above concealing myself.

Quid. Ay, thanks to Termagant, or I shou'd have been undermined here by you.—

Ter. (*Looking in.*) What the devil is here to do now?—I am all over in a quandery.

Quid. Now, Madam, an't you a false girl—an undutiful child?—But I can get intelligence, you see—Termagant is my friend, and if it had not been for her——

Enter TERMAGANT.

Ter. Oh my stars and garters! here's such a piece of work—What shall I do?—My poor dear Miss Harriet— [*Cries bitterly.*

Quid. What, is there any more news! What has happen'd now?

Ter. Oh Madam, Madam, forgive me, my dear Ma'am——I did not do it purpose—I did not; as I hope for mercy, I did not.

Quid. Is the woman crazy?

Ter. I did not intend to give it him—I would have seen him gibbeted first.—I found the letter in your bed-chamber—I knew it was the same I deliver'd to you—and my curiosity did make me peep into it. Says my curiosity, "Now, Termagant, you "may gratify yourself by finding out the contents "of that letter, which you have so violent an itch-"ing for."—My curiosity did say so—And then I own my respect for you did say to me, "Hussy, how "dare you meddle with what does not belong to "you? Keep your distance, and let your mistress's "secreets alone." And then upon that, in comes my curiosity again, "Read it I tell you, Termagant; "a woman of spirit should know every thing." "Let it alone, you jade," says my respect, it is as "much as your place is worth." "What significa-"tion's a place with an old bankrupper?" says my curiosity; "there's more places than one; and so "read it, I tell you, Termagant."—I did read it, what could I do?—Heav'n help me—I did read it—I don't go to deny it, I don't—I don't—I don't—

[*Crying very bitterly.*

Quid. And I have read it too; don't keep such an uproar, woman.

'*Ter.* And after I had read it, thinks me, I'll 'give this to my mistress again, and her geremano-'cus of a father shall never see it—And so, as my

'ill stars would have it, as I was giving him a news-'paper, I run my hand into the lion's mouth.

['Crying.

'*Bel.* What an unlucky jade she has been. [*Aside.*

'*Har.* Well, there's no harm done, Termagant; 'for I don't want to deceive my father.

Quid. 'Yes, but there is harm done.' (*Knocking.* Hey, what's all this knocking?—Step and see, Termagant.

Ter. Yes, Sir—— [*Exit.*

Quid. A waiter from the coffee-house, mayhap, with some news——You shall go to the round-house, friend,—(*To Belmour.*)—I'll carry you there myself; and who knows but I may meet a parliament man in the round-house to tell him some politics?

Enter ROVEWELL.

Rove. But I say I will come in; my friend shan't be murder'd amongst you——

Bel. 'Sdeath Rovewell! what brings you here?

Rove. I have been waiting in a hackney-coach for you these two hours; and split me but I was afraid they had smother'd you between two feather-beds.

Enter TERMAGANT.

Ter. More misfortunes—here comes the watch.

Quid. The best news I ever heard.

Enter WATCHMEN.

Quid. Here, thieves, robbery, murder, I charge 'em both; take 'em directly.

Watch. Stand and deliver in the king's name; seize 'em—knock 'em down——

Bel. Don't frighten the lady—here's my sword—I surrender.

Rove. You scoundrels—Stand off, rascals——

Watch. Down with him—down with him. [*Fight.*

Enter RAZOR, *with the Gazette in his hand.*

Raz. What, a fray at my Master Quidnunc's—knock him down—knock him down——

[*Folds up the Gazette, puts himself in a boxing attitude, and fights with the watchmen.*]

Quid. That's right—hold him fast——

[*Watchmen seize Rovewell.*

Rove. You have overpower'd me, you rascals.——

Ter. I believe as sure as any thing, as how he's a highwayman, and as how it was he that robb'd the mail.

Quid. What! rob the mail, and stop all the news—Search him—search him—he may have the letters belonging to the mail in his pockets now—Ay, here's one letter—"To Mr. Abraham Quidnunc."—Let's see what it is——"Your dutiful son, John Quidnunc."

Rove. That's my name, and Rovewell was but assumed.

Quid. What, and am I your father?

Raz. (*Looks at him.*) Oh my dear Sir, (*Embraces him and powders him all over*) 'tis he sure enough—I remember the mole on his cheek—I shaved his first beard.

Quid. Just returned from the West Indies, I suppose?

Rove. Yes, Sir; the owner of a rich plantation.

Quid. What, by studying politics?

Rove. By a rich planter's widow; and I have now fortune enough to make you happy in your old age.

Raz. And I hope I shall shave him again.

Rove. So thou shalt, honest Razor—In the mean time let me intreat you bestow my sister upon my friend Belmour here.

Quid. He may take her as soon as he pleases—'twill make an excellent paragraph in the newspapers.

Ter. There, Madam, calcine your person to him.

Quid. What are the Spaniards doing in the bay of Honduras?

Rove. Truce with politics for the present, if you please, Sir—We'll think of our own affairs first—before we concern ourselves about the balance of power.

Raz. With all my heart; I'm rare happy.

Come, Mr. Quidnunc, now with news ha' done,
Bless'd in your wealth, your daughter and your son;
May discord cease, faction no more be seen;
Be high and low for country, king and queen.

7 6